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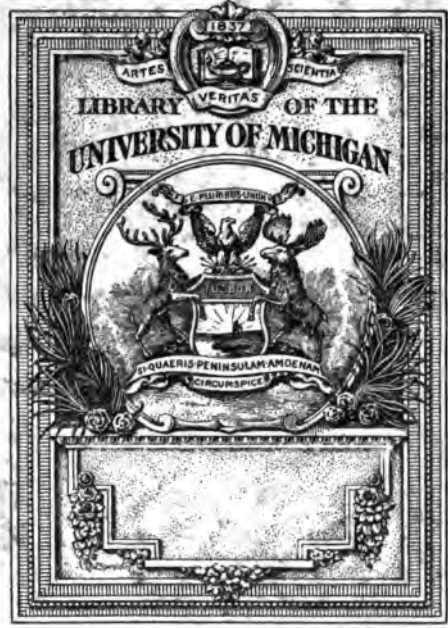
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THE

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ERNOON LECTURES ON

ITERATURE AND ART.

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PREFACE.

THE ſucceſs which attended both the delivery and the publication of the "Afternoon Lectures" of 1863, encouraged the Committee to organize a ſecond ſeries for this year. The preſent volume of Lectures is the reſult of their efforts. They were delivered, like the preceding courſe, during the months of April and May, in the Muſeum of Iriſh Induſtry, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

It will be obſerved that the preſent ſeries is entitled "Lectures on Literature and Art," in place of the original title, "Lectures on Engliſh Literature;" a ſlight alteration, made with a view to include a wider range of ſubject.

The Committee take this opportunity of offering their thanks to the ſeveral gentlemen

who have contributed Lectures to the course, as well as to Sir Robert Kane and the authorities of the Department of Science and Art, who a second time so kindly placed the Museum at their disposal.

ROBERT H. MARTLEY,
R. DENNY URLIN, } *Hon. Secs.*

October, 1864.

OPENING ADDRESS

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND SESSION OF THE AFTERNOON LECTURES ON LITERATURE AND ART.

BY THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH NAPIER.

OPENING ADDRESS.

THE volume of Lectures on Literature which were delivered in the ſeſſion of the laſt year, is the appropriate prologue to the courſe for the preſent ſeſſion. The reſearch and the genius which theſe lectures exhibit have been much appreciated.

It was, however, thought that it might be acceptable, at the opening of a new ſeſſion, to have ſome general view preſented of the deſign of the Lectures, and to have attention directed to the opportunity for the thoughtful of both ſexes, to hear from ſome of our diſtinguiſhed profeſſors and their aſſociates, ſuggeſtive leſſons drawn from the refreſhing ſources of literature.

The programme of this year has been extended to Art, and the courſe includes the labours of conſtructive and imitative genius. Theſe are worthy of being placed with the finer creations of poetry.

Man is the miniſter and the interpreter of Nature. But what is Nature that he is appointed to interpret? Is it merely that outer world of matter—that phyſical

order of things, regulated by laws which we can collect by patient and philoſophic induction? Or does it not include a kingdom within—"the human heart by which we live, its tenderneſs, its joys and fears?" This to interpret is the privilege of man, and it gives to literature a heavenly and a human miſſion. I ſpeak of literature in all its catholicity, without ſeparating it into ſecular and ſacred. It is (I have ſometimes thought) a fertile ſource of moral miſtake, to place what is called "*ſecular*," in ſuch a contraſt with what is called "*religious*," as to ſuggest contradiction, and in ſome degree to ſtamp the former as the currency of unbelief. In the ſame ſpirit, time is contraſted with eternity, as if the one was but a paſſing ſhadow, and the other an enduring reality,—in forgetfulneſs that to all of us, time is the very part of eternity that is eminently and vitally real. It is that portion in which everything that elevates the mind and refines the feelings; that expands the affections and puts kindlineſs in the heart; everything that deepens and widens ſympathy, acts permanently on man as an immortal being.

We cannot interpret truly the world without and the world within; we cannot trace the analogies, the inward connection, the ſecret harmonies and unity of the whole, without cultivating faculties which rank among the myſteries of our being. Of theſe, imagination has been deſigned to exerciſe a powerful influence, and it ſeems to have been given for a purpoſe that has not been ſufficiently conſidered in the comprehenſive work of Education.

To this faculty, literature and art in their higheſt

achievements muſt appeal; on its enlightened culture they are mainly dependent. The hiſtory of man, and the hopes which have cheered him onward in his progreſs, point out how "the ideal" is adapted to ſuſtain and to elevate. The faculty by whoſe intervention the heart and ſpirit of man have been thus influenced, cannot be ſafely regarded as of inferior importance; it cannot be neglected without obvious peril:

> "There lives
> No faculty within us, which the ſoul
> Can ſpare, and humbleſt earthly weal demands
> For dignity not placed within her reach
> Zealous co-operation of all means
> Given or acquired, to raiſe us from the mire
> And liberate our hearts from low purſuits."

Theſe were the words of the gentle poet who, as Dean Alford has happily ſaid, "has taught us many feelings which we knew not that we had, or which, if we knew, we were aſhamed to own." His pure and peaceable wiſdom has inſtructed us to look for the value of things in their inward realities, and not in their mere outward diſplays, which we are too apt to look upon

> "Unrectified, unguided, unſuſtained,
> By God-like inſight!"

The miniſter of Nature muſt be ſubmiſſive and patient; the interpreter, intuitive and enlightened, bringing the creative energies of his own ſpirit to bear on all that comes under his obſervation. He will find that the book of Nature and the book of Revelation, with the whole hiſtory of man between, are but integral and coherent parts of one comprehenſive whole. Lord Bacon has

obſerved, that "Poeſy ſeems to beſtow upon human nature thoſe things which hiſtory denies to it, and to ſatisfy the mind with the ſhadows of things when the ſubſtance cannot be obtained. For if the matter be attentively conſidered, a ſound argument may be drawn from poeſy to ſhow that there is agreeable to the ſpirit of man a more ample greatneſs, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety, than it can anywhere (ſince the Fall) find in nature, whence it may be fairly thought to partake ſomewhat of a divine nature." We find that "the ideal" attends upon the outward and the actual to give it a truer ſignificance, and, as it were, a moral finiſh:

> "Nothing reſting in its own completeneſs
> Can have worth or beauty; but alone
> Becauſe it leads and tends to further ſweetneſs,
> Fuller, higher, deeper than its own."

The fine thought of Bacon re-appears in a ſuggeſtive ſentence of Hooker: "All things beſides, God excepted, are ſomewhat in poſſibility, which as yet they are not in act." True it is, that one example (and one only), ſtands out in all hiſtory without a parallel, the perfect embodiment of an ideal tranſcending all our conceptions, in which the Divine and the human meet in the fulneſs of perfection; the higheſt ſubject for the underſtanding—the nobleſt object of the affections.

By the aid of the imaginative faculty we gain an increaſe of power over nature; we are the better enabled to enter upon the ſtudy of human life and to interpret the hearts of men. And we may alſo be enabled more vividly to apprehend and be the more intenſely impreſſed

by the character of our Great Exemplar, in the fullneſs of its hiſtoric reality and its heavenly beauty. It was not for the purpoſe of raiſing the ſelfiſh affections of hope or fear that the imagination would ſeem to have been deſigned; it was given not to encourage us in idealiſing the future, but that we might ſpiritualiſe the preſent, and, above all, to influence thoſe affections of our nature which find their completeneſs and ſatisfaction in the love of God.

Literature then, in its true conception, has a high moral element. The poet deſcends and lives beneath the ſurface of life, and in his reading of its outward form, he muſt have ſpiritual diſcernment as well as creative power. Hiſtoric inſight is another form of the power of interpretation; an intuitive perception into the nature of man, the purpoſes of ſociety and the relations of things. Hiſtory belongs to literature.

The delicate appreciation of character, the exhibiting of the movements of the inner life of humanity, the preſenting to the mind and heart ſuch adequate and diſtinct conceptions as are worthy of being called "philoſophy teaching by examples," the embodiment of the real in the language of fiction, the leſſon of truth in the legend, the ſymbol or the repreſentative fact,—this it is that has placed hiſtory by the ſide of poetry. The hiſtorian and the poet deal with man in his moral and ſocial relations. They increaſe the common ſtock of imperiſhable truth, which is the inheritance of the human family, and neither can execute his high functions without the human heartedneſs and genial ſpirit which give life to all literature.

The imagination may go to waſte in rank luxuriance; its energy may be exhauſted in unreality and exaggeration; it will drift, if it is not ſteered; it will be occupied with evil if it is not exerciſed in good. Nature abhors a vacuum. Can we doubt then that this faculty was intended to be reſponſibly cultivated? Burke, with his characteriſtic wiſdom has obſerved, that however impatient of control or impulſive in its infancy, "imagination cannot be uſefully exerciſed without a ſtock of knowledge, and that the active faculties of man are at firſt employed in ſelecting and rejecting materials for that ſtock." It is of paramount importance that we ſhould learn to read to underſtand and appreciate the beauty and order of the world around us; that we ſhould ſtudy the workings of the human heart; the preſent in the light of the paſt, and the future in the light of both.

To know—to think—to feel—to act—are the prerogatives of our nature; literature keeps theſe prominently before us as functions of our daily life.

There is an aſpect of modern literature which may not be unintereſting or unprofitable to notice, and it may ſuggeſt topics which deſerve a more critical treatment than I can attempt to give on this occaſion. I allude to the influence that has been exerciſed by the female writers who have ſhed a luſtre upon the literature of the nineteenth century. We have had Woman ſketched by our greateſt poets, from Shakeſpeare to Tennyſon, but woman's account of Woman muſt be her own revelation. The ſong of the Troubadour, the romance of Chivalry, and many a tale has told of woman's love and

woman's devotion, but we muſt have in her own living words, the ſympathy, the tenderneſs, the ſelf-ſacrifice of her nature; the weakneſs that is ſtrong, the gentleneſs that is earneſt; the intenſity of emotion, the quick and delicate perception of the true and right that is peculiarly her own.

If woman in her diſtinctiveneſs has an appropriate place in the economy of human life, ſhe ſhould alſo have an appropriate place in literature, which is the expreſſion of life in its reality and completeneſs. I I cannot better fortify what I have ſuggeſted as to the moral value of literature, than by calling attention to the acknowledged fact, that in its progreſs it has opened a place for woman to come forward as an interpreter of the heart which throbs in the inner life of that humanity, in which ſhe ſhares and ſuffers by the law of her being. She is a help meet for man in the houſehold, for the training of the young and tender, and in all the offices that ſanctify human affection; meet in the intercourſe of life, to refine and chaſten feeling; meet in both, to give to humanity its deſigned completeneſs. Therefore has ſhe her proper ſphere in literature, the character of which ſhe has helped to purify and exalt in its leading departments.

It might have the air of pedantry, if I were to parade a liſt of names. But there is one much to be remembered—one whom I had the privilege of knowing, though but for a ſeaſon,—I allude to the late Elizabeth Barrett Browning. To her, literature is deeply indebted. In one of her early poems ("The Drama of Exile,") ſhe has given in words of truth and tenderneſs a portraiture

of woman—woman ſuffering and rejoicing; with bleſſing in her tears, ſtrength in her weakneſs, peace in her conflict, and triumph in her ſubmiſſion. She has taken a wide ſurvey, with a boldneſs of imagination, that makes it difficult at times to follow her; but there are paſſages of exquiſite beauty, which ſpeak in the trueſt idiom of the heart. One extract may here ſuffice:

"Something thou haſt to bear through womanhood
Peculiar ſuffering anſwering to the ſin:
Some pang paid down for each new human life,
Some wearineſs in guarding ſuch a life:
Some coldneſs from the guarded; ſome miſtruſt
From thoſe thou haſt too well ſerved,—from thoſe beloved
Too loyally, ſome treaſon. . . . . .
. . . . . Thy love
Shall chant itſelf, its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiſs
Set on thy ſighing lips ſhall make thee glad;
A poor man ſerved by thee, ſhall make thee rich;
A ſick man helped by thee, ſhall make thee ſtrong.
Thou ſhalt be ſerved thyſelf by every ſenſe
Of ſervice which thou rendereſt."

It is ſomewhat more than three years ſince I ſaw her for the laſt time:

"A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command."

She lay weak and waſted, in the ſubdued ſoftneſs of a Roman ſunſet; her eye ſparkling with genius and her voice trembling with emotion, as ſhe pleaded the cauſe of her loved Italy. It was the cauſe in which ſhe took an intereſt that never abated until the day of her death.

In words of wiſdom ſhe pointed to the moral aſpect of events then paſſing; ſhe expreſſed her abiding faith in the wiſdom and goodneſs of God, and her undying hope of human progreſs. Nor can I forget the lofty ſpirit in which ſhe ended with reflections on the reſponſibilities of public men and the ſacred rights of humanity committed to their charge. The light of declining day, as it melted into the ſhades of evening, ſolemnized the ſcene which I have vividly before me; the ſetting ſun—the ſinking life; his ſoftened ſplendour—her chaſtened ſpirit: the fair promiſe of a morning, bathed in brighter ſunſhine—the better promiſe from above,

> "Daughter of genius! bright ſhall be
> Thy morrow of eternity."

It ſeems to be generally admitted, that in the literature of novels woman has been peculiarly ſucceſsful. It is her diſtinctive excellence to take notice of the ſmaller incidents of life in their natural occurrence and their natural connection. Of theſe, after all, much, very much, of the intereſt of life is made up. Literature that ſearches into the inner workings of humanity cannot be complete without the contributions of ſuch an interpreter. The houſehold facts, the variety of circumſtances which are linked together in the order of Providence are more vividly obſerved by woman, with her tender nature, her delicate perception and her peculiar inſtinct. Her opportunities bring under notice the home department of life, and quick ſympathy and purity of feeling enable her to give the ideal finiſh to the fiction of the novel.

It has been obſerved, that woman ſtudies character in its bearing upon the happineſs or unhappineſs of others. There are caſes in which it is difficult to diſcover any ſpecial or diſtinctive characteriſtic of the ſex of the author. Some female writers exhibit qualities which we would have expected to find in males only. On the other hand, feminine qualities are to be found in eminent male authors, in ſome remarkable inſtances.

There is perhaps a peculiar excellence and a peculiar deficiency connected with the reſpective characteriſtics and conditions of each ſex.

The progreſs of ſociety and the benign influence of Chriſtianity have been bringing woman back to the poſition from which ſhe had been diſplaced, and as we advance towards "the times of the reſtitution of all things," woman gradually regains her place and office as a help meet for man. This is the caſe in modern literature. Exceptional inſtances occur (as I have ſuggeſted) in which contributions to literature have been made which have not the ſpecial ſtamp of male or female, but may be ſimply and accurately deſcribed as *human;* yet we ſhould not overlook the broad diſtinctive characteriſtics, the generic differences; we ſhould not encourage imitation or rivalry, nor induce the aſſumption of independence that might only foſter jealouſy and contempt.

There is much that peculiarly belongs to woman to reveal, much that her nature and the opportunities of her poſition enable her beſt to know, and moſt to feel. When this is given as her own experience of life, and

eſpecially when it is her own interpretation of a woman's heart, ſhe takes up a poſition and ſhe has a province in literature which cannot be called in queſtion.

There is in literature (as in other things) a diviſion of labour, by which the work as a whole is profitably conducted. But in aſſigning to woman what ſeems to be a ſomewhat limited province in literature, I am far from ſeeking to impoſe a like limitation on her ſtudies. "We wiſh," (ſaid the late Mrs. Jameſon, and this excellent lady had a right to demand attention,) "we wiſh to have ſome higher kinds of induſtrial profeſſional and artiſtic training more freely acceſſible to women. We wiſh to have ſome ſhare, however ſmall, in the advantages which moſt of our large well endowed public inſtitutions extend to men only. . . . As I am ſure men have no reaſon to fear women as their rivals, ſo I hope women will in all noble ſtudies be allowed henceforth to be their aſſociates and companions."

This in ſome degree repreſents the laudable and enlightened feeling with which theſe Lectures have been founded, and the generous reſponſe of ſeveral of our diſtinguiſhed Profeſſors, who have come from their Colleges to give you the ripe reſults of their learning, the mellow fruit of literature, cultivated by native genius.

If I have taken a correct view of the true character of literature, you will underſtand why it appeals to every nation and each ſucceſſive age, to male and female. It is their teſtimony to the truth of life,—the interpretation of *man;* that is, of *collective* and

complete humanity. Literature may exhibit the deep impreſs of nationality, the diſtinctive characteriſtics of ſex, or lineaments individual and peculiar. Like the light of heaven, radiated and reflected from ſurrounding objects, it is not a moſaic of fragments, but an aſſemblage of colours, in themſelves diſtinct, which in and by their intimate coaleſcence animate and cheer the world. The ſcattered rays of truth converge from every quarter.

It is in the combined effect of the whole that we are to ſeek for the profitable reſult, to which it *may* have been the privilege of *any* to have contributed, and by which it *ſhould* be the privilege of *all* to be inſtructed.

The recent ſucceſs of female authors has been accompanied by a remarkable movement in ſocial reformation, which has been greatly advanced by the excellence of woman's teaching and the influence of woman's example. She has faithfully pourtrayed character in its bearing on human happineſs and miſery; ſhe has ſhown the healing power of ſympathy, the moral and myſterious action of heart on heart. Our own Goldſmith, with the tenderneſs and ſimplicity of his genial nature, had long ago ſuggeſted how evil might be overcome with good. In this reſpect, indeed, we may trace in him and may obſerve in Dickens the quick and delicate perception of the unequal preſſure to be found in life with its attendant ills and ſorrows which ſympathy can mitigate and the charity which "ſuffereth long and is kind" may lighten, if not remove. So far they have excellencies in common with

female writers who have been diſtinguiſhed in modern literature, and have adorned our human nature.

Woman fails in the literature of imitation: ſhe was not deſigned for a copyiſt. She fails in the literature of rivalry: ſhe was intended to be the companion, not the competitor of man. She ſucceeds in a literature that is in harmony with her nature—a literature of gentle influence, of kindly natural inſtruction; the inſtruction of pure and tender feeling; the inſtruction which is gradually unfolded in exhibiting the growth of character under the influence of events, which in the moral economy and by the diſcipline of life mould and mature an undying perſonality. This literature will gain by every freſh endeavour to be more true to nature; not indifferent to the moral intereſts of man, for it muſt never underrate their value; but it muſt not forget that it is not more perilous to make vice attractive, than to make virtue nauſeous. Moral platitudes or vapid ſentiment, commonplaces threadbare and conventional, without life or intereſt, never influence living thinking men.

The greateſt of moraliſts has warned us of the danger of "going over theories of virtue in one's thoughts, talking well and drawing fine pictures of it; that this may harden the mind and render it gradually more inſenſible to all moral conſiderations." It is a leſſon of wiſdom faithfully to exhibit man, not under the ſuppoſed influence of mere ſelfiſh paſſions or governed by cold calculations of intereſt or utility, but with the natural affections which God has given him, affections to be nurtured by the charities and chaſtened by the

diſcipline of life. Our intercourſe in ſociety, our whole treatment of human nature may be modified by the view which we take of the motives by which that nature is influenced. It is worthy to be remembered that the human affections do not come forth at command; they are called out by their appropriate objects, around which they entwine themſelves and grow after a law of their own. To exhibit this law in operation, is a high function of a true literature. Nor is it merely to give a photograph—we muſt have a painting, in which "the ideal" of the artiſt has a noble office to diſcharge. Pſychology, moral mental and phyſical ſcience, in truth whatever bears on the life the duty or the deſtiny of man, may have an influence to exerciſe on the author's work. Literature grows with the growth of truth, with the interpretation of nature. It would be more than intereſting to explore the ſources and to follow the tributary ſtreams; to notice where they have been diverted or obſtructed; to ſhow how the general advance of knowledge, and the mild wiſdom of thoughtful men, have given to literature a truer direction. I merely advert to the excellence of the delicate perception and nice delineation of character and of its natural growth under the normal influences of life, an excellence for which we are mainly indebted to the accompliſhed female authors by whom our modern literature has been purified and adorned.

There are thoſe indeed who grovel in ſenſation incident, or mawkiſh ſentimentality; others who exhauſt their energy in maſculine imitation, and in their diſobedience to nature they have not prevailed; they are

non-natural interpreters. They have neither part nor lot in the matter with thoſe who have nobly won their laurels in literature; who have enriched it with pure thought, tender feeling, healthy morality and chaſte expreſſion.

Nor is the laſt of ſmall importance. Language ſhould be exact and elegant. A power is gained when we have language ſo at command, that we can uſe it with eaſe in the natural and harmonious expreſſion of thought and feeling. To the female, this is eſpecially important, on account of the influence which belongs to the mother's teaching. This it is that blends one generation with another, and it ſeals the importance of having woman familiar with literature that is true to nature and rich in expreſſion.

In the lectures of the laſt ſeſſion there was much to encourage the ſtudy of ſuch literature. The admirable reading on Shakeſpeare has ſuggeſted to me that it might be followed up by a courſe that would lead to a complete ſtudy of the great poet of human nature. A freſh delight has already been imparted by the learned and excellent Profeſſor, and he might confer a further boon that would (I am ſure) be very gratefully acknowledged. Mrs. Jameſon has left a memorial of woman's ſtudy and woman's appreciation of Shakeſpeare.

Mr. Blewitt, the reſpected and efficient Secretary of the Literary Fund Aſſociation, has furniſhed me with one or two anecdotes about the works of Shakeſpeare, which I will give you in his own words.

"During my reſidence in Rome, I was on terms of friendſhip with the late celebrated Cardinal Mezzofanti,

whom Lord Byron has ſo graphically deſcribed as a Briareus of languages, adding that 'parbleu, he beat me in my own idiom.' I believe that when he died, the Cardinal ſpoke at leaſt fifty languages. In one of our converſations on Engliſh literature, he mentioned his admiration of Milton and Shakeſpeare, and ſaid that he had never poſſeſſed a copy of the latter. I always carried with me in my travels a copy of Tilt's beautiful pocket edition, illuſtrated by Stothard and Harvey, and bound by Charles Lewis, the facile princeps of Engliſh binders. I ſhowed him this copy, and he was ſo delighted with it I begged him to accept it. A ſhort time afterwards, being about to viſit Naples, I called to take leave of him, when his ſiſter ſaid that the Pope (Gregory XVI.) had that morning ſent for him very early to go to the Vatican and ſpend the day with him. At the ſame time ſhe ſaid, 'I don't think I ſhall ſhake hands with you to-day, for I am very angry with you. You have given my brother a book, and he has taken into his bedroom all the pieces of candle he could find, and I am quite ſure he is reading that book half the night.'"

He mentions another anecdote of having gone to ſee one of the fineſt works of Albert Durer at Nuremberg; a young lady, the daughter of the proprietor, acted as cicerone. In reply to a remark upon the picture, in German, ſhe anſwered (writes Mr. Blewitt) in ſuch beautiful Engliſh, that I concluded at once that ſhe had been in England. She ſaid, however, that ſhe had never been out of Germany; and on my complimenting her on her command of our language, ſhe ſaid that ſhe

had been induced to acquire it, by the desire to read Shakespeare in the language in which he wrote.

The literature of Germany has not been overlooked in our programme. It will be duly honoured by the genius and learning of my friend Dr. Anster.

We can scarcely be familiar with literature, and not be friendly to art. "There are ideas," says Butler, "which we express by the words—order, harmony, proportion, beauty—the furthest removed from anything sensual. Now what is there in these intellectual images, forms, or ideas, which begets that approbation, love, delight, and even rapture which is seen in some persons' faces, upon having these objects present to their minds? 'Mere enthusiasm!' Be it what it will, there are objects, works of nature and of art, which all mankind have delight from, quite distinct from their affording gratification to sensual appetites, and from quite another view of them, than as being for their interest and further advantage. The faculties from which we are capable of these pleasures, and the pleasures themselves, are as natural, and as much to be accounted for, as any sensual appetite whatsoever, and the pleasure from its gratification."

It would be a cold and cheerless world, if order and beauty, taste and feeling—if (in a word) all the grace and poetry of life were to be exchanged for a selfish and material grossness. The laws of beauty and order are of God's appointment. The application of these laws constitutes art.

There is a desire implanted in man to symbolize the spiritual, to embody and express the ideal, in outward

and viſible repreſentation. The artiſt interprets this deſire. His office is to ſuggeſt an unſeen perfection. He muſt purify and elevate his own ſpirit, for (as Kingſley has well ſaid), "It is only the pure ſoul that will perceive purity; the noble ſoul, nobility; the beautiful ſoul, beauty, whether in earth or in heaven itſelf."

The help of art as a handmaid to literature is ſtrikingly ſhown in the uſe of wood-engraving in the illuſtration of books of natural hiſtory and ſcience. The perfection to which this has been brought, has been appreciated by ſcientific travellers. The author can incorporate his figures with the text in a volume that is portable and eaſy of reference. This could not be done with copperplate illuſtrations. When Mr. Bates undertook his exploration of the Amazon region in South America, one of the few works of reference he took with him, was the "Pictorial Muſeum of Animated Nature," written by the late William Charles Linnæus Martin. The Indians, to whom he ſhowed the book, recognized the native animals from the accurate figures in it.

But the artiſt is not merely a copyiſt; there are departments of art in which there is ſcope for the fineſt cultivation of true genius. In theſe, art deals with generic forms, to which all that is perſonal, local, or tranſient, muſt be ſubordinated. The ideal muſt be completed within, before it can receive its outward expreſſion. Barry (to whom Edmund Burke addreſſed the memorable letters), is ſaid to have been repulſive in his exterior, and coarſe and vehement in his language.

But (ſays Iſaac D'Iſraeli), "a pious and learned lady, who had felt intolerable uneaſineſs in his preſence, did not, however, leave this man of genius that very evening without an impreſſion that ſhe never had heard ſo divine a man in her life. The converſation happening to turn on that principle of benevolence which pervades Chriſtianity, and on the meekneſs of the Founder, it gave Barry an opportunity of opening on the character of Jeſus with that copiouſneſs of heart and mind which, once heard, could never be forgotten. That artiſt indeed had long in his meditation an ideal head of Chriſt, which he was always talking of executing. 'It is here,' he would ſay, ſtriking his head. That which baffled Leonardo da Vinci, who left his Chriſt headleſs, having exhauſted his creative faculty among the Apoſtles, this imaginative picture of the myſterious union of the Divine and human nature, never ceaſed (even when converſing) to haunt the reveries of Barry."

The embodiment of art can only be compared generally with that of language. In both there ſhould be a faithful rendering of minute details, but in due ſubordination to general truth. There are in both higher qualities of expreſſion, the ſuggeſtion of ſecondary meaning, and the appeal to the deep feelings within, by which we are brought under the wand of the artiſt or the author.

It was a happy thought to introduce art into the programme of theſe lectures. Our people have exhibited many ſtriking proofs of excellence in works of deſign and artiſtic ſkill. In ornamental art, Ireland has a hiſtoric reputation. It is the excellence of decoration

that it ſhould be ſo modulated as not to interfere with the form and outline of the object. In no country has this quality attained the perfection which it reached in Ireland. The carvings and ornament of the rudeſt ſtone-work were the richeſt and fulleſt, and at the ſame time the moſt ſubmiſſive to the form deſigned by the author for the ſubject to be ornamented. That ornament ſhould appear to grow naturally out of ſtructure is the ſimple and beautiful leſſon of Nature, ever bland and maternal, teeming with inſtruction that is infinite in its variety and unſearchable in wiſdom.

I obſerve that in the programme for this ſeſſion, architecture has found an accompliſhed exponent in my friend Mr. Samuel Ferguſon. I can leave this intereſting ſubject in his ſafe keeping. But I muſt here ſuggeſt that as by the laudable efforts and munificence of the Lord Chancellor, a National Gallery has been founded, and already richly ſupplied, it is but natural to expect that we may have ſome competent lecturer to conduct us into the attractive domains of painting and ſculpture.

It may be aſked—nay, it has been aſked, is it meant to ſet up literature and art to reform and renovate mankind? Is revealed religion and all its appointed agencies to be ignored or diſplaced? Far from it. For myſelf I will ſay, I would not lend my humble ſanction to any aſſociation, or to any ſcheme, however ſpecious, that would diſplace or diſhonour that religion which is enſhrined in the hearts of the beſt and wiſeſt of men. But the circle of knowledge has a circumference as well as a centre; the firmament lit up with ſtars, "the

poetry of Heaven, a myſtery and a beauty," ſpeaks a language as univerſal as that of the ſun in his ſtrength. In all that is around me in creation, I can trace the wiſdom and the goodneſs of God; and in the ſtudy of the laws by which Nature is governed, of the motives by which man is influenced, and the ways in which character is moulded, I find an incentive to unceaſing diligence and alſo an inducement to pious ſubmiſſion. The laws of the moral and the material world are ordered for the diſcipline and the happineſs of man, and the ſearch for theſe laws, in order to form our habits and mature our character, opens out that hopeful courſe of human progreſs, in which man is invited to be a fellow-worker with God.

There is a marvellous oneneſs and conſiſtency in truth—a harmony that will be diſcloſed in proportion as man is the more dutiful to God and obedient to Nature. In the hiſtory of man we can trace a continuous though unequal progreſs, and there is not a reverſe that may not be referred to ignorance or diſregard of ſome diſcoverable or revealed law of the Divine Economy.

Our own admirable literature has diſcloſed to us harmonies of nature, man, and heaven, and it has taught us to trace the links of good by which all human things are connected. To the ſincerely religious, this kindly inſtruction is peculiarly adapted. Partial and narrow views of God's diſpenſations, ignorance of the great laws of human aſſociation, inſenſibility to influences by which life is penetrated, may not diminiſh the depth of

religious feeling, but it aſſuredly contracts the affections of the heart. And on the other hand—

> "Creed and teſt
> Vaniſh before the unreſerved embrace
> Of catholic humanity."

It has been beautifully ſaid by one who loved literature with pure and ſimple affection, "Charity muſt in its comprehenſiveneſs embrace everything human, muſt ſhed its light upon the juſt and the unjuſt, detect the ſoul of good in things evil, ſteal rigidity from virtue, and bring into gentle relief thoſe truths which are of aſpect the moſt benign, and thoſe ſuggeſtions and hopes for the erring which are moſt full of conſolation."

The works of literature that thus ſpeak to the heart of man, come to us as meſſengers with food from heaven—

> "Silent companions of my lonely hour,
> Friends who can never alter or forſake."

They reſcue man from the iron graſp of a groſs materialiſm; from the fangs of a heartleſs and a falſe philoſophy. Such literature combines the wholeſome teaching with the loving ſympathy of a mother. It appeals to the whole complex nature of man, as God has framed it—"fearfully and wonderfully made." In the gradual diffuſion of knowledge, the freer intercourſe of nations, and the interchange of preſent thought and paſt experience, we are each and all encouraged to be hopeful yet humble, tolerant but truthful.

The leaven of truth is ſeen everywhere fermenting in the whole maſs of knowledge; there is a preſent confuſion and a ſeeming diſturbance, but is not this the

natural antecedent of clearneſs and repoſe? Here you are invited to take a more thoughtful intereſt in literature and art. You are offered the guidance of learning and experience; your attention will be judiciouſly concentrated on ſelect authors, ſo as to make the ſtudy of them profitable, and alſo pleaſant. There is much of education that muſt be conducted by ourſelves: much that depends on our uſe of opportunity; and, ſo far as the ſcientific ſtudy of literature is concerned, I know no better (for I know no other) opportunity available to many of thoſe whom I have the honour to addreſs.

I have endeavoured to direct your attention to the moral influence of the imagination, its connection with thoſe affections of our nature which are nurtured by what is paſſing and periſhable, but are themſelves imperiſhable as immortality. I have pointed out its connection with literature, and I have demanded for literature that it ſhould be judged by its genuine tendencies, by the uſes to which we may make it ſubſervient.

I have adverted to the immutable laws of beauty, harmony, and order. There is beauty in form and colour, beauty in the bluſh of the roſe, and greater beauty in the bluſh of maiden modeſty; a heavenly beauty in all that is pure and chaſte and ſpiritual. "If" (to put the queſtion home, in the impreſſive words of Butler), "if we are conſtituted ſuch ſort of creatures as from our very nature to feel certain affections or movements of mind, upon the ſight or contemplation of the meaneſt inanimate part of the creation, for the flowers of the field have their beauty,"—and here I may interpolate,

" The meaneſt flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,"—

" certainly there muſt be ſomewhat due to Himſelf, the Author and Cauſe of all things; there muſt be ſome movements of mind and heart which correſpond to His perfections, or of which thoſe perfections are the natural object. And that when we are commanded *to love the Lord our God with all our hearts, and with all our mind, and with all our ſoul,* ſomewhat more muſt be meant than merely that we live in hope of rewards or fear of puniſhments from Him; ſomewhat more than this muſt be intended, though theſe regards themſelves are moſt juſt and reaſonable, and abſolutely neceſſary to be often recollected in ſuch a world as this."

The allegory of Homer, the philoſophy of Butler, the ſublime and immortal ode of Wordſworth, the choiceſt leſſons of literature and art, point to " the golden chain which has again bound the earth, with all its varied intereſts, to the throne of God."

OUR ARCHITECTURE.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON.

OUR ARCHITECTURE.

THE extended ſcope of your programme, which now includes art as well as letters, gives me this opportunity of directing a large amount of cultivated intelligence to the preſent ſtate of Britiſh architecture. Our generation has gained for itſelf an eminent place in the hiſtory of literature. It has ſtamped its impreſs on a National School of Painting; but, after a long period of indeciſion, it has as yet come to no determination on the form to be permanently aſſumed by its moſt laſting and characteriſtic material exponent. It is only by the control of educated judgments that the public taſte, in ſuch a period of irreſolute and tentative ſelection, can be reſtrained from caprices which might conſtitute a permanent reproach to our century; and I addreſs you in the hope that ſome of that mental activity which ſeeks its gratification in theſe re-unions, may apply itſelf to the formation of opinions definite enough to be felt in the final adoption of ſomething that ſhall be beautiful in itſelf and ſuitable to that civilization which it will have to repreſent among ſucceeding generations.

The ſchools which divide our taſtes I may deſignate as the Regular and the Mediæval; including, under the former, all varieties of the Claſſical type; and under the latter, the different forms and modifications of the Byzantine, Gothic, and Saracenic ſtyles. By the uſe of the word "Regular," in reference to the one ſchool, I do not intend to caſt any reproach of irregularity on the other. Both ſtyles have rules. The architecture even of thoſe nations whom we eſteem barbarous, has rules as fixed as our own. There is a regular order, gradation, and harmony in the parts of a Chineſe tower or temple, any marked departure from which would hurt the educated Chineſe eye. A Hindoo pagoda ſtrikes the European obſerver as a medley of incongruities; yet each one of its members is deſigned on a fixed pattern, and has a definite proportion to every other. Subjection to rule not being the criterion, I therefore aſſume no abſtract ſuperiority for the ſtyles which we derive from Greece and Rome in calling them Regular; but uſe the word only for purpoſes of diſtinction. It may ſeem ſtrange to ſome of my elder hearers that in ſpeaking of the Claſſical ſtyles I ſhould employ language ſo apologetic; but by a ſtranger fluctuation of taſte, one is now obliged to uſe ſome degree of caution in beſpeaking even a tolerant conſideration for thoſe forms of conſtruction which ſo much delighted the beſt judges of the two laſt centuries. A century has hardly elapſed ſince one would have incurred the ſcorn of all cultivated perſons who ſhould have ventured to hint that the Mediæval ſtyles poſſeſſed any merit whatever. As an example of the tone prevailing in our city little more

than one hundred years ago, let me refer to the "Treatiſe on Architecture," by Mr. John Aheron, publiſhed in Dublin in 1754. Diſcuſſing the varieties of vaulting and archwork, Aheron, with the complacency of a man well aſſured of a good reception for what he is about to ſay, reproduces for his Iriſh readers what had been written for the wits of England by Sir Henry Wotton, in his "Elements," in 1650:—"As for thoſe arches, which our artizans call of the third and fourth point (he ſpeaks of the pointed Gothic), I ſay, theſe, both for the natural imbecility of the ſharp angle itſelf, and likewiſe for their very uncomelineſs, ought to be exiled from judicious eyes, and left to their firſt inventors, the Goths and Lombards, amongſt other reliques of that barbarous age." And, judging from the illuſtrious names found in his liſt of patrons and ſubſcribers, Aheron may be taken as reflecting the ſentiments of the moſt eminent of our nobility and gentry of his time. Nothing, indeed, could exceed the contempt for Mediævaliſm which prevailed during the architectural revival of the ſeventeenth century. John Evelyn, in 1687, dedicating his "Account of Architects and Architecture" to Sir Chriſtopher Wren, expreſſes the cultivated Engliſh opinion of that day in terms which curiouſly contraſt with the commendations we are now in the habit of hearing beſtowed on the very features he moſt condemns. "It was," ſays he, ſpeaking of the decadence of Claſſic Art, "after the irruption of ſwarms of thoſe truculent people from the North, the Moors and Arabs from the South and Eaſt, over-running the civilized world, that, wherever they fixed themſelves,

they ſoon began to debauch this noble and uſeful art; when, inſtead of thoſe beautiful orders, ſo majeſtical and proper for their ſtations, becoming variety, and ornamental acceſſories, they ſet up thoſe ſlender and miſquine pillars, or rather bundles of ſtaves, and other incongruous props to ſupport incumbent weights and ponderous arched roofs, without entablature. Let any man of judgment that has the leaſt taſte of order and magnificence, after he has looked awhile at King Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Weſtminſter, gazed on its ſharp angles, jetties, narrow lights, lace and other cutwork and crinkle-crankle, then turn his eyes to the Banqueting Houſe, built at Whitehall, by Inigo Jones, after the ancient manner, &c. Not," he adds, "that there is not ſomething ſolid and oddly artificial, too, after a ſort: but then the unreaſonable and univerſal thickneſs of the walls, clumſy buttreſſes, &c., nonſenſical inſertions of various marbles impertinently placed, turrets and pinnacles thick ſet with monkeys and chimæras, and abundance of other buſy work and incongruities, diſſipate and break the angles of the ſight, and ſo confound it that one cannot conſider it with any ſteadineſs where to begin or end."

To have doubted, in thoſe days, that Wren's reſtoration of the towers of Weſtminſter Abbey was an improvement, would have been deemed as grave an artiſtic hereſy as it would now be to queſtion that they are a diſfigurement. Such are the mutations in taſte; and it is impoſſible to deny to the advocates of the one ſchool, or of the other, ample credit for learning, argumentative ability, and eloquence. But there is ſuch a

thing as æſthetical fanaticiſm; and, as I dareſay you have detected ſome traces of that ingredient in the haughty periods of Wotton and Evelyn, ſo it is not to be denied that a good ſtrong infuſion of it mingles with the Mediæval Renaiſſance in the midſt of which we find ourſelves and our buildings at the preſent day. In this, as becomes us in every caſe of ſpeculative diviſion of opinion, let us invoke a ſpirit of tolerance, and examine calmly, and in ſome detail, the grounds on which the Regular ſyſtem has been principally impugned.

I put out of conſideration the admitted unſuitableneſs of the pure Greek temple for the uſes of modern civilization in a northern climate. Requiring as we do light and warmth within doors, we cannot diſpenſe with windows and abundance of internal accommodation, in whatever edifice we erect, whether it be a church, a palace, or a dwelling-houſe. In an ancient Greek temple erected under the ſun of the Levant, the object was to attain ſhade and coolneſs with the free acceſs of the open air. The porticos and lateral colonnades ſurrounding the cell were perfectly adapted to this purpoſe; and their beauty reſulted as well from the harmony of fitneſs as from that of form; but what conſtituted fitneſs then and in that locality is utter unfitneſs now and here. The ſpace occupied by the portico is in great meaſure loſt for purpoſes of utility; that covered by the lateral external colonnades is wholly ſo. Of the three chief examples at this ſide of the Alps, the Walhalla—that pantheon of the worthies of Germany, erected by King Ludwig of Bavaria—is the happieſt. Yet with all its great advantages of ſite and climate it is

felt to be an exotic; and when ſeen with the recollections of Munich ſtill preſent to the mind of the ſpectator, ſeems rather a detached ſpecimen from the Architectural Muſeum than a natural product of the bank of the Danube. The comparatively bright ſkies of Paris fail to relieve the colonnades of the Madeleine from an aſpect of blankneſs and monotony, made even more remarkable by the ſumptuouſneſs and diverſified ſplendour of the Boulevard; and when we come northward to Edinburgh, and look at the tranſplanted Doric porticos of the Scottiſh capital, ſeen as they too often are through Scottiſh miſts, and under the chilling influence of northern winds, the ſenſe of incongruity becomes painfully ſtrong. It is not around theſe forms of art that the battle of the ſtyles is really waged; the objects of ſerious attack and defence are the claſs of ſtructures which I may generally term Palladian, thoſe adaptations of the elementary forms of Greek and Roman building to the civilization of Weſtern Europe, which Palladio, in the ſixteenth century, advanced to diſtinguiſhed excellence in Italy, and which his followers in theſe iſlands have carried to great perfection in ſuch ſtructures as we find in the pages of the "Vitruvius Britannicus," and more directly amongſt ourſelves in the civic buildings of Dublin of the laſt century. It is againſt this claſs and character of edifice that the advocates of a mediæval revival direct the objections which have to ſo great an extent prevailed in alienating the public taſte from the Regular ſtyle. Theſe objections range themſelves under two heads—ſtructural untruth and poverty of deſign.

The charge of being ſtructurally untrue is that which finds the readier acceptance. We have, in literature, for the laſt twenty years been taught ſuch a horror of what are called *ſhams*, that the imputation of being in any reſpect a *ſham* is almoſt as damaging to an architectural as to a moral feature; but a little conſideration will, I think, reconcile us to the neceſſity of admitting forms in ornamented conſtruction which muſt to ſome extent be obnoxious to this ill-ſounding name; and will alſo ſatisfy us that *ſhams* are by no means peculiar to the Regular ſchool.

So much has been made of this charge of unreality that we ſhall find it convenient to examine it ſyſtematically; and you will probably be ſurpriſed, after putting aſide theſe unrealities which are common to every work of decorated conſtruction, to find ſo little that really is unreal in Regular architecture.

Unreality may be in point of material, or in point of form. I paſs the firſt by, as not being ſpecially alleged againſt Regular buildings; obſerving merely, that a ſmooth ſurface of plaſter, even though it ſhould be ſcored with lines ſuggeſtive of non-exiſtent cut ſtone, would probably be preferred by any but an enthuſiaſt to the reality of brick and mortar or rubble maſonry, which conſtitutes the actual interior facing of the walls of moſt modern edifices. As regards unreality in point of form, it conſiſts in features which either preſent the ſemblances of things that never exiſted in the ſituations where they are repreſented; as, for example, the lions' heads for diſcharging the water from the gutter of a claſſical cornice; or ſuggeſt the continued exiſtence of

things no longer preſent; as, for example, a pediment without a roof behind it.

If we were to baniſh unrealities of the former kind, we ſhould have no ornamentation at all. The leaves of plants do not, and never did, in fact, grow round the capitals of columns; and this is equally true of the thiſtle or the coltsfoot cluſtered round the head of the Byzantine or Old Engliſh ſhaft, as it is of the Claſſical forms of foliage which decorate the Orders. You will remember it was not on a pillar-top but on the flat of his garden plot the artiſt remarked that beautiful combination of ſtructural and vegetable forms preſented by the acanthus leaf curling up the ſides of the flower baſket, from which he deſigned the Corinthian capital. In truth, we decorate, not in architecture merely, but in every ornamental art, by transferring the images of beautiful objects from the places where Nature puts them, to new places of our own deſigning; and it is its very unreality, in this ſenſe, which makes decoration the congenial and delightful thing to the imagination that it is. But there is a propriety in the mode of preſenting thoſe images ſo that they ſhall not appear too real—juſt as, in a theatre, the footlights and the proſcenium ſerve to reaſſure us when the fictions of the ſcene become painfully actual—a propriety which we underſtand by the phraſe of the objects being conventionalized. The lions' heads, which form the claſſical ſpouts for the rain water from the roof, are examples of this kind of conventionalized decoration. When the mediæval ſculptor preſents the whole animal, lion, or bear, or hippogriff, crawling down the face of the

wall, to form his gurgoyle, he deals, like the claſſical artiſt, in a decorated unreality; but, he has not, like him, had regard to conventional propriety. When improved methods have provided for the diſcharge of the water from the roof by a convenient ſyſtem of down-pipes, both lions' heads and gurgoyles fall into the more legitimate category of unrealities, and being made ſolid to prevent the paſſage of the water, becomes ſtructurally falſe as indicating arrangements which have ceaſed to exiſt.

Features open to this objection are unqueſtionably to be found in Regular architecture. They ariſe from the original employment of wood as the material for ornamented conſtruction. The principal example may be ſeen in any Doric entablature. You have obſerved above the columns and in the interſpaces of the frieze thoſe oblong panel-like projections divided by vertical channels which are technically called triglyphs, having plummet-like objects depending from them, termed *guttæ*. The eye is ſo familiar with their appearance, that, ſave for purpoſes of criticiſm, one would hardly think of inquiring what it is they repreſent. But if the queſtion be preſſed, it muſt be admitted that the *triglyphs* are imitations in ſtone of the ends of thoſe beams which, in the days of wooden conſtruction, uſed to croſs from ſide to ſide of the building, and project beyond the face of the timber lintels conſtituting the primitive entablature. And the *guttæ*, what were they? Simply the raindrops gathered on the edge of the projection ſo as to be let fall clear of the face of the lower lintel, which we now call the architrave. Re-

ſearches within our own time in Aſia Minor have confirmed in a ſingularly complete manner the account given by Vitruvius of the origin of the triglyph and other details of the orders from timber conſtruction. We find the Lycian peaſant of the preſent day building his reſidence with its columns of tree-trunks, and entablature of ſquared wooden lintels, through the mortices of which project the tenons or ends of the croſs-beams, tying the whole together, just as we find the ſame parts imitated in the earlieſt marble temples of Greece. But why not rather conclude the wooden ſtructure an imitation of the marble one? The rock-cut tombs of the adjoining hill-ſides give the anſwer. Theſe miniature temples are hewn to ſo accurate an imitation of woodwork that you may trace all the details of the carpentry, not only in architraves pierced by projecting beam ends, but in rafter ends projecting over theſe and demonſtrating that the *dentils* and *mutules* of the Claſſical cornice have their origin in the ſame ſort of timbered framing, which we now employ to form the eaves of a cottage roof. Now all theſe features, being ſtereotyped in marble, have been preſerved as the external characteriſtics of the Order thouſands of years after the croſs-beams have diſappeared from the interior, and the roof has ceaſed to reſt on the cornice. And in theſe particulars no one can deny that the Order does embody a double untruth in ſtone: firſt, by holding itſelf out as a form of conſtructive carpentry, and next by ſuggeſting that there are beams and rafters of which the ends could be diſplayed in thoſe poſitions. But, if we muſt diſcard all ſtone imitations of the forms of

wooden conſtruction, I fear it would go hard with all columnar edifices, whether Regular or Mediæval. For, originally, all columns were trunks of trees. The fillet at the neck is but a trace of the band that kept the timber from ſplitting above: the fillet at the foot marks the place of the ferule which ſerved the ſame office below. The bundle of ſtaves to which the Gothic cluſtered column is likened by Evelyn is nothing new in ſtone. In ſome of the earlieſt Egyptian buildings, pillars are ſeen compoſed of palm ſtems bound together, ligatures and all wrought out of the ſolid by the chiſel of the ſtonecutter: and one form of Egyptian moulding, of frequent occurrence, ſhows in ſtone the croſſings and overlappings of the bands by which the bundles of reeds forming it are held together. An ingenious formula for the Mediæval column—deviſed apparently with a view to prevent its partaking of the reproach to which the Claſſical ſhaft muſt ſubmit—is found in the Stones of Venice. In this ſyſtem the column is derived from the wall—is conſidered as a fruſtrum or portion of wall, interrupted and gathered into one point. The baſe courſe becomes the pedeſtal; the wall veil, or plain face of the wall, becomes the ſhaft, and the terminal ſtring courſe and coping conſtitute the capital. But the difficulty is evaded, not removed: ſomething imaginative, and in one ſenſe unreal muſt be ſuggeſted, or the parts remain mere ſtone blocks and cylinders, without abſtract grace for the eye or aſſociative charm for the mind. The bell of the capital, no matter what be the ſtyle or order, muſt ſeem to curve with a yielding contour, as if under preſſure; the ſhaft muſt taper with

a ſwelling roundneſs, and the mouldings both above and below muſt preſent the combinations of convex and concave outlines, which material of different degrees of plaſticity and elaſticity would aſſume, if interpóſed between the heavy and more rigid members. All theſe are ſuggeſtions of unrealities which are juſt as eſſential to the beauty of a Byzantine as to that of an Ionic column; and which no derivation from the elements of the wall can evade or conceal, ſave by puſhing them a ſtep back, and making them inherent in the formation of the wall itſelf.

The charge of ſtructural falſehood, as it reſts mainly on the appearances of projecting beam-ends and rafters externally; ſo, as regards Regular conſtructions within doors, is chiefly preferred againſt cornices hiding the junctions of internal walls and ceilings. Formerly the floors of upper ſtoreys were ſupported on corbels projecting from the internal facings of the walls. Theſe projecting members, decorated and connected with a band of aſſociated ornamentation, conſtituted a real feature, reſembling, inſide, the ſame arrangement of parts which externally carried the eaves of the roof. When, in proceſs of time, builders found it more convenient to let their joiſts or floor-beams into the thickneſs of the wall, the neceſſity for the real weight-carrying features in ſtone ceaſed, and the corbels diſappeared; but the eye, accuſtomed to their effect, demanded ſomething to break the abruptneſs of the junction between ceiling and wall; and the modern cornice in plaſter came into their place. True it is, its modillions and dentils are the ſemblances of things

which do not exiſt in fact. It carries no weight; on the contrary it is in great part ſtuck to and carried by the ceiling which it affects to ſupport. The real members of the ſtructure are the walls, the joiſts, and the boarding which forms the flooring of the ſtorey above. Out of theſe, without the help of any cornice, a rich and dignified effect may be produced, where the beams are large, and the apartment long and not over lofty, by gilding and decorating the under ſurfaces of the joiſts, as we ſee in ſome Venetian and Northern Italian interiors; and as is the faſhion alſo in Oriental apartments, where a band of emblazoned inſcription often ſerves the purpoſe of a frieze running along the wall top. But with our ſlighter woodwork and neceſſity for keeping our interiors warm and quiet, we find the coat of plaſter between us and the floor above indiſpenſable; and, having the coat of plaſter there, we muſt either break the junction of the wall and ceiling with the conventional cornice, or be ſatisfied to contemplate an interior in no reſpect differing from the inſide of a deal box. Under theſe circumſtances, ought we to allow our logic to be ſo inexorable? or fret becauſe we cannot affirm that each member of ſo ſubordinate a compoſition performs a real ſtructural function?

Such and ſo inconſiderable are the principal, if not the only, inherent unrealities chargeable againſt Regular conſtruction. Its accidental unrealities depend, of courſe, on the taſte or want of taſte of the builder. A pediment, for example, which does not terminate a gable, but ſtands up like a ſignboard, will offend the leaſt

educated eye; but reaſonable perſons will, I think, lay the blame of an anomaly of that kind on the architect rather than on the ſtyle. Other ſtructural deceptions are incident to particular ſorts of edifices. The ſide walls, for inſtance, of a great church, built in the Regular manner, will, to the extent of their upper halves, in moſt caſes, play merely the part of ſcreens concealing the roofs of the ſide aiſles and the upper conſtruction of the nave and cleresſtory; as we ſee them in fact employed at St. Peter's in Rome and St. Paul's in London. Our own Bank of Ireland exhibits a ſtructural deception of this kind; the greater part of its façade being merely a ſcreen concealing an aſſemblage of courtyards and minor buildings irregularly grouped behind. This conſequence of carrying out the Greek unwindowed manner, is however, nowhere elſe ſo happily reconciled with the other features of the building; and after viewing the Bank of England and the great Hall of Liverpool, the eye reſts with increaſed ſatisfaction on our own, which, as it is the firſt, is by far the fineſt example of what may be done without material departure from the unwindowed Greek model.

I have intimated that ſtructural untruths are not confined to Regular Architecture; and it will not be out of place to trace the proceſs by which they have grown up to the conſiderable extent in which we find them in ſome of the higheſt developments of the Mediæval.

Some of the forms of the Mediæval are, indeed, perfect in conſtructive truth, as well as in the open, yet unoſtentatious diſplay of it. Such are the Baſilican

churches, derived directly from the practical genius of ancient Rome. The Basilica was, in fact, a long house lighted by windows placed high in the side walls; having what is commonly called a "lean-to" at each side, with which the lower area of the interior communicated by open colonnades. An alcove at one end constituted the tribunal of the magistrate. The hall, with its lateral areas, served as an Exchange and Assembly-room. Every part of the construction, up to the timbers bearing the roof, was open to the eye, and was proper and adequate to the purposes it subserved. On this pattern have been modelled the Christian churches of Western Europe. The central hall has become the nave; the "lean-to's," the aisles; the high-placed range of windows, the clerestory, or "clear-story," properly so called, as opening above and clear of the lateral roofs; and even the transepts, giving the appropriate outline of the cross to the ground-plan, appears to be but an extension of corresponding arrangements in the Roman original. When I speak of the original, I do not mean to ascribe to the Romans the invention of the Basilican mode in building. The combination of a nave and aisles is a form of construction suggested by necessary conditions of light and space, equally seen in the halls of Egyptian Thebes and in the Crystal Palace of 1851. Vitruvius, in his description of an Egyptian banqueting hall, presents us with a perfect picture of such a structure, with this difference only, that the openings in the Egyptian clerestory were square-headed, and the roofs, at least of the lateral aisles, flat, and terraced over covering slabs of stone. It was the effort to replace

the periſhable wooden roof of the Baſilica by ſuch a covering as ſhould correſpond in durability with the reſt of the edifice that led to the next ſtep in Weſtern European church building. The Pantheon, the Baths of Caracalla and of Diocleſian, the Temple of Peace and other ſtructures at Rome afforded examples of dome and arch vaulting in ſtone and brickwork. But to apply ſuch a covering to the walls of the primitive Baſilica, neceſſitated important changes in the walls themſelves, and in the character of their ſupports. It is quaintly ſaid, "an arch never ſleeps," and, to provide ſufficient reſiſtance to the thruſt, or tendency to ſpread inherent in all arched conſtructions, the ſide walls of the Baſilica had to undergo a material increaſe in thickneſs. The horizontal entablature of the colonnade being inadequate to the additional weight, had, as a conſequence to give place to a ſeries of arches. The columns which had carried the entablature being at once too lofty and too ſlender to ſuſtain the arches, became, in their turn, metamorphoſed into piers of maſonry, or pillars ſo thick in proportion to their height, that none of their claſſical features could be retained with any degree of propriety. Then it was that, in lieu of the old Ionic volutes and Corinthian foliage, a new form of capital, bulky and bulging outward ſo as to bring it into harmony with the adjoining curves, was invented or imported from the Eaſtern capital; and with the completion of theſe changes the Early Baſilican church paſſed into the form of Early Romaneſque, ſo called rather from the prevailing uſe of the round Roman arch than from its having

actually originated in Rome, and now better known among us in its early French and Tudeſque development under the appellation of Norman. The pillar thus ſet free from the rules of its Order, became applicable in a variety of ſituations in which the Claſſical column would have been out of place. Inſtead of the five Regular forms of capital, it could now aſſume any variety which the invention of the workman might deviſe. The wall, left featureleſs by the loſs of the entablature, compenſated itſelf by offering its ſurface to panellings and inlayings, to moſaics and pictorial freſco; the change of conſtruction thus entailing a complete change of aſpect throughout the whole interior.

The builders of Lombardy and Provence next took up the vaulted Romaneſque, and, following the example of the Byzantine artiſts, who appear to have at all times employed the dome in preference to the vault, covered the edifice in with a ſeries of ſtone cupolas protected from the weather by a cloſe-fitting coat of tiles; and ſo carried their fabric to what may be called the logical perfection of conſtructive truth; but without either the claſſical beauty of the old pillared Baſilica, on the one hand, or the lofty pictureſqueneſs of the later Gothic, on the other.

Meanwhile, the pointed arch, a form of conſtruction known and practiſed in the earlieſt antiquity, which, though it never ſeems to have gone entirely out of uſe in the Eaſt, had lain forgotten in the underground conſtructions of the Etruſcans for perhaps two thouſand years, came again to light; but how, or by whom firſt uſed in that new application of it which was deſtined

to work ſo great an architectural revolution, I do not pretend to tell you. Neither will I venture to ſay whether it or the round arch is the more ancient. Colonel Vyſe has found the round form under the ſepulchral chambers of Egypt; Mr. Layard, the pointed form, under the mounds of Nineveh. I have, myſelf, in a boat from the Tyber, penetrated ſome diſtance up the ſecond greateſt ſewer of ancient Rome, the Gorlado San Giovanni, which is as diſtinctly pointed in conſtruction as its better-known neighbour, the Cloaca Maxima, is round. But the pointed arch, however it may have been brought anew to light in Weſtern Europe, would have made no material alteration in conſtruction, but for an appliance which had already come into uſe as ſubſidiary to the employment of the round ſyſtem of vaulting.

I have ſpoken of the tendency of the arch to ſpread, and of the neceſſity of meeting that thruſt by adequate reſiſtance. This neceſſity, met in the dome of the Pantheon by the effectual, but inelegant expedient of loading the flanks of the hemiſphere with a weight of maſonry, ſeems in the larger vault of St. Sophia's to have called forth the ingenuity of the Byzantine builders in the appliance, amongſt other expedients, of at leaſt two lateral buttreſſes radiating from points of preſſure through the lower ſurrounding parts, and ſo neutralizing the thruſt by diſtributing it into maſſes which abſorbed it. Whether either of theſe can ſtrictly be called a flying buttreſs, in the ſenſe of being carried clear over the roofs of the ſurrounding conſtructions, I am not ſufficiently acquainted with the details of St. Sophia's

to ſay. But in one of the earlieſt copies of the Byzantine maſterpiece in Italy, the church of San Vitale, at Ravenna, the balance of the building is preſerved, I can ſtate, in at leaſt one inſtance, by the true *arc-boutant*, ſpanning with a bow of maſonry the ſpace over two lateral chapels, and carrying the thruſt from the central dome downward to the external wall. At Ravenna alſo exiſts what ſeems to be an unſuſpected example of a Byzantine dome ſurrounded by flying buttreſſes, in the monolithic covering ſtone of the tomb of Theodoric. This vaſt block, chiſelled into the contour of a low cupola, above and below, has externally, cut out of the ſolid, a ſeries of what have been thought to be *anſæ*, or handles, for the reception of the apparatus, by which it may have been elevated. But looking at theſe bars of ſtone radiating from the middle curve of the cupola, and each abutting on a ſpecies of pinnacle riſing round the margin, a ſpectator familiar with Tranſalpine building can hardly doubt that what he here ſees imitated in ſtone in this work of the ſixth century are the rudiments of thoſe important members which ſeven hundred years later carried northern Gothic architecture to the acme of conſtructive achievement. For without the aid of the flying buttreſs the introduction of the pointed arch would only have ſharpened the upper outlines of the parts without affecting the principles of the conſtruction. But when it was found that almoſt any weakening of the ſide walls could be compenſated by erecting theſe external conductors of the preſſure from the roof, a new ſet of changes, even more remarkable than thoſe which attended the im-

poſition of a ſtone covering on the walls of the Roman Baſilica, developed themſelves both within and without the Romaneſque edifice. The reſtriction to openings which would not materially diminiſh the ſolidity of the ſide wall had hitherto kept the northern interior in a ſtate of gloomy obſcurity. The neceſſity for increaſed light in a northern climate as well as the temptation to the diſplay of ſtained glaſs, had urged to the employment of every means by which the clereſtory windows could be enlarged. All that had been needed was to throw the preſſure out of doors, and this the flying buttreſs accompliſhed. Once again the revolution in internal feature extended itſelf downward through all the members of the compoſition. The wall, relieved of its old burthen, could now not only be pierced with openings to the verge of becoming a lantern of glaſs, but could be hollowed beſides into pictureſque galleries below, while its ſupports could be reduced to dimenſions as graceful or as ſlender as taſte or ambition might deſire. Practically there was no limit, but the ſenſe of exceſs, to the height at which the builder might ſuſpend his vault, or the fineneſs to which he might draw out its ſeeming ſupports. Under theſe elevating inducements, all the features ſprang upward in forms of graceful aſpiration, and an interior was achieved which ſatisfied that love of the lofty and pictureſque peculiar to the Gothic races. The flying buttreſs, the agent in theſe feats of conſtruction, acquiring a development proportioned to the increaſed duty impoſed upon it, became, itſelf, an object of ſtudy and decoration. Its *foible* was the point where it ceaſed to act as an oblique

prop or ſhoring beam, and took the downward line of the outer buttreſs. Here, the ready expedient was deviſed of loading the point of junction with ſuch a weight as might keep the ſloping beam of maſonry from ſlipping paſt its point of ſupport; and the maſs of ſtone erected for that purpoſe aſſumed the form of a decorated pinnacle. Stopped in its tendency to puſh outward, by the preſſure of the terminal pinnacle, the *arc-boutant* ſometimes ſought to diſburthen itſelf of the tranſmitted thruſt by leaping upwards. This tendency again was counteracted by puſhing it down by the preſſure of an intermediate pinnacle, riding on its back; or pulling it down by the ſuſpended weight of a cuſped arch below; each new expedient producing a new architectural feature, and each new feature offering the inducement to further decoration. Then, as the inſtrument became more pliable in hands accuſtomed to its uſe, it was ſeen that its ſtride was not limited to the breath of a ſingle aiſle. The aiſles were doubled and even trebled, affording endleſs combinations of perſpective within, while tier above tier of flying buttreſſes roſe without, ſurrounding the building on three ſides with an intricate, but ſymmetrical framework of decorated ſupports. The aſpiring forms of the pinnacles mingling with the ſteep outlines of the external roof, carried the eye through a delightful gradation to where the work culminated in the ſpire; and the Northern Gothic church had attained its final development.

Examine, for a moment, the ſources of the emotion you experience on entering ſuch an edifice. You per-

ceive, at a vast height, broad fields and vallies of ſtone impending overhead, with nothing viſible to ſupport them ſave the ſlender ſlips of wall left between the openings of the clereſtory. Is it quite clear that the ſenſe of awe is not in ſome degree compounded of the ſentiment of phyſical fear? You may be ſure the vault will not fall, however inſufficient for its ſupport be the viſible parts of the ſtructure; for while the buttreſſes outſide ſtand it cannot get down. But, conſider whether the Regulariſt, reproached with his imitation beam-ends and innocent untruths in plaſter, might not, with ſome ſhow of logical conſiſtency,—ſtanding, ſay, in the nave of Amiens, of Weſtminſter, or of Cologne,—express himſelf to ſome ſuch effect as this: "The awe which I experience partakes of uneaſineſs, which it requires a proceſs of reflection and an effort of reaſoning to allay. It is the reſult of ſtructural impoſition. Theſe attenuated ſhafts, theſe delicate groinings, theſe evaneſcent threads of ſide-wall, are *ſhams*. They make a pretence of holding up thoſe thouſands of tons of ſtone, which, if free to obey the laws of gravity, would in one moment cruſh them and us." Looking at the edifice on the outſide;—ſuppoſe him contemplating the Apſe of Cologne or of Notre Dame de Paris, might he not with a certain amount of reaſon, exclaim: "Look you, I cannot ſee the church for the buttreſſes. It reſembles a ſick general kept up in his ſaddle only by the ſupport of a dragoon at each ſide. Theſe balancings and counterpoiſings which you conſider the triumphs of conſtructive art, I regard as conſtructive jugglery and legerdemain. I claim," he might ſay, "a more intelligent admiration for thoſe exteriors from which

apparatus of props and ſcaffoldings can be removed,
: the builder's work is complete; and for thoſe
riors in which, though there may be unreality in
r conventional details, all the ſupporting members
manifeſtly adequate to the weight impoſed on
n; in which nothing mechanical mingles in the
luction of religious ſentiment; and where, as one
he moſt æſthetic of men, Beckford, has ſaid, ſpeaking
he glorious concave of St. Peter's, you walk with
:ure delight, 'as if under a new firmament.'"

f, as a ſtructural expedient, the flying buttreſs be
onably open to ſuch criticiſm, where it performs
proper functions as a ſupporting part of the fabric,
it ſhall we ſay of it in thoſe caſes where, from mere
: of its pictureſqueneſs, we find it aſſociated with
ls quite ſubſtantial enough for the wooden-framed
s which cover them? You might knock away
y buttreſs, and leave the body of the edifice un-
en. Certainly in thoſe caſes, where, on entering
odern Gothic interior, we ſee a truſſed timber roof
pable of ſpreading, reſting perpendicularly on ade-
te ſupports, and, on iſſuing from it, obſerve the
ding externally ſhored up on all ſides by flying and
:r buttreſſes, with their array of crocketed pinnacles
pierced and trefoiled ſpandrils, we may moralize
ſome purpoſe on the inconſiſtencies of thoſe who
a to think the temptation to ſtructural falſehood
uliar to the Regular ſtyles.

have thus fully examined the charge againſt Regular
hitecture of being, in ſome of its features, unreal,
he expectation that, on a fair balance of the ſcales,
will be diſpoſed to come, with me, to the concluſion

that the logic would be too exacting which ſhould lead us either to the baniſhment of the Orders on the one hand, or of the *arc-boutant* on the other, by reaſon only of ſuch objections as, we ſee, lie pretty fairly againſt both; and that if nothing worſe could be ſaid of it than that it perpetuates ſome elegant inaccuracies, the Regular ſtyle has undeſervedly fallen into its preſent ſtate of neglect and rejection.

But a much more ſerious charge, and the one to which is chiefly owing that disfavour which obliges me to aſſume ſo much the tone of an apologiſt, is grounded on the frigid and monotonous character of the works which have emanated from the Regular School during the laſt half or three quarters of a century. If aſked to account for this retrogreſſion, which I do not mean to deny, I muſt own it appears to me that it reſults from the art having fallen into the hands of maſters too eager to diſtinguiſh themſelves by the affectation of originality, and by the ſhow of recondite claſſical accompliſhments. To be original is a privilege but rarely vouchſafed to the architect. The laws of epic or dramatic unity impoſe no ſhackles on the man of letters at all to be compared with the rigor of thoſe which bind the artiſt who muſt expreſs himſelf Regularly in ſtone. If he can impreſs with a ſenſe of majeſty, if he can elevate and at the ſame time expand the ſoul; if he can communicate a perception of elegance, grandeur and harmony, theſe will be his triumphs; but in proportion as he riſes towards theſe heights of his art, he will leave individual peculiarities behind, and in the attainment of perfection paſs far

beyond the reach of any influence of egotiſm. If he have a ſtyle by which his works may be known from thoſe of other men, it will be felt in their general impreſſion, not offered to attention in their details; for of ſo univerſal and abſolute a character is architectural perfection, ſuch as we may conceive it, that, as in ſculpture, the very teſt of excellence might be that the maſterpiece ſhould ſeem worthy to be the work of any maſter. But as there is no art in which excellence more demands of the maſter that he ſhall mortify the egotiſtical ſentiment, ſo there is none in which the temptation is greater or the way more eaſy to manneriſm. To underſtand how this is, conſider that within certain elaſtic limits there are ſettled proportions for all the parts of a Regular elevation. A column with its baſe and entablature compriſes from forty to ſixty members, all having definite relative ratios of dimenſion and projection. A window, a niche, a doorway, all have well-defined lengths, breadths, and proportionably aſſociated members. So of the projection of cornices, pilaſters, friezes, in ſhort, of all the parts that together make up the ſtructure. To combine theſe into new maſſes of ſtructural and utilitarian propriety is the work of original genius. To achieve ſingularity in detail is the eaſy reſource of mediocrity and vanity. It needs only to exaggerate particular parts, upward, downward, laterally, or in projection. It requires no quality but inſenſibility to recogniſed proportions, and audacity in departing from them. But the true artiſt will not condeſcend to theſe departures. He knows that in Regular art every detail

has already been elaborated into the moſt refined ſymmetry of which it is ſuſceptible. If he cannot achieve new combinations of maſſes, he will be content to reproduce exiſting models, and rather bear the name of a copyiſt than purchaſe the reputation of having a ſtyle of his own by ſingularities of detail. Unhappily, the architects of the period I refer to could not reſiſt the temptation to experiments on the public taſte, in which they endeavoured in ſucceſſion to impart the characteriſtics of individual manner to their art, and in proportion to their ſucceſs brought it down from the poſition in which, while it repreſented all the wants, it ſatisfied all the taſtes of the nation. The Palladian method had indeed been adapted to our conditions of ſociety and climate in a form delightful to the eye and ſatisfactory to the underſtanding. Men even of moderate ability as well as of great genius, had ſhown practically in their works that material exiſted for abundant variety in the combination of thoſe forms and features on which the public taſte was agreed. A Britiſh ſtyle had in fact been eſtabliſhed, as characteriſtic as the national ſtyles, growing out of the ſame Palladian revival, of Italy or France. We ſee it here in the civic buildings of our own city in as high a ſtate of advancement as any where in Great Britain. We live, indeed, in Dublin, in the midſt of great but unnoticed beauties. If our Cuſtom Houſe ſtood on the Grand Canal at Venice, we ſhould ſoon ſee ſomething in the windows of our photographers that would ſtrike every eye as a lovely novelty. I do not dwell on other architectural features of our city familiar to all eyes, but

which I wiſh my words could render more familiar to public perception and appreciation. For all our works of that period are thoſe of an intellectually advanced and intellectually conſiſtent people; and no better anſwer could be given to thoſe who make the charge of tameneſs and monotony againſt Regular art than the variety, the freedom, and yet the fitneſs, ſtrength, and dignity of the public buildings of Dublin of the laſt century. Nor is there really any want of variety in the works of the Regular School in its better days in London. Every compoſition of Wren, if we except alone his greateſt and his leaſt ſucceſsful one, is an original conception. Gibbs's church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, is rich and harmonious as an Italian interior of the beſt Roman epoch, yet it is wholly and proudly Engliſh. The river front of Somerſet Houſe affords a ſource of endleſs pleaſure to all who care to receive its ſucceſſive impreſſions of ſolid grandeur, and open, airy magnificence. Such a ſtyle in the hands of men of ability, gifted only with the modeſty of genius, might well have ſatisfied the æſthetic wants of an intellectual and magnificent people. But no ſtyle can endure the miſchiefs of affectation. Neither can we always count on an average ſucceſſion of capable men in a purſuit requiring peculiar intellectual gifts. It may be that the higher modes of genius are eſſentially non-competitive; and the preſent century has been in a peculiar manner a period of individual ſelf-aſſertion. Or poſſibly it may be that the infuſions of genius meted out to the generations of mankind have their ſecular periods of increaſe and diminution, and that after the

days I have ſpoken of there came an ebb. Whatever the cauſe, the fact remains that the Regular Architecture became in its later tranſmiſſions more and more cold and affected. Firſt, it loſt the hold, which indeed it had never laid with any great tenacity, on eccleſiaſtical building; next, it yielded to more pictureſque and cheaper forms of domeſtic conſtruction; and finally, when the nation was called on to provide a new home for its Legiſlature, it was, temporarily at leaſt, diſmiſſed from the ſervice of the State.

Other influences, beſides the diſtaſte engendered by a ſeries of feeble and conceited performances, contributed to determine the national will in preferring a form of the Mediæval for the new Houſes of Parliament. The writings of Sir Walter Scott had given the popular imagination a chivalreſque, romantic turn which found ſomething congenial in the forms (however much it deprecated the reality) of feudaliſm. The labours of the Camden Society had made Mediæval conſtruction the ſubject of elegant and intereſting reſearch. The reſtoration of baronial and eccleſiaſtical remains had become a favourite occupation of the wealthy claſſes. It gratified the national ſelf-love to find that there exiſted a variety of the Gothic which could, with propriety, be called Old Engliſh, the ſpontaneous growth of an anceſtral civiliſation. The conſiderations may to many ſeem ſentimental, and in oppoſition to the ſuppoſed utilitarian, and ſtrong common-ſenſe character of the nation; and it will long remain a ſubject for philoſophic reflection that a people ſo practical ſhould have choſen as the embodiment of its æſthetic feeling, a ſtyle

of ſtructure ſo elaborate in the fripperies of decoration, that its grandeur with difficulty emerges through its littleneſſes.

To others it will appear, that the new Houſes of Parliament are a monument of the perſiſtency of ethnological character. There is in the Indo-Germanic races of the north of Europe a ſtrain of Aſiatic ſentiment delighting in a barbaric profuſion of carved ornament. The filigree work which drapes the weſt front of an Engliſh or French cathedral is different in detail from the carvings which cover an eaſtern pagoda; but the taſtes to which they appeal are fundamentally the ſame; and a Greek or an Italian would regard both with equal repugnance. This, in its crudeſt ſtate, was the taſte which the Goths brought into Italy, and which the northern energy forced into reluctant fuſion with the broken members of Roman civilization. It was then wholly barbaric. It poſſeſſed the exuberant life of a new faculty, covering with monſters and groteſques of its own creation everything it received from the civilization it overthrew. It ſeized with equal avidity on the forms of Byzantine Moſaic, of Greek tracery, of Mooriſh fretwork, and aſſimilated them all in *bizarre*, but vigorous, combinations from Aix and Treves to Palermo and the coaſts of Africa. All this it did before it found the outlet for its aſpiring energies in the flying buttreſs, and the correction for its original coarſeneſs, in theſe parts of the world, in the more elegant inſtincts of the mixed Celtic populations of France and Britain. Nowhere had it mingled ſo happily with the flowing and graceful forms

of Eaſtern taſte, as at Venice. Northern ſtrength and Oriental delicacy are here blended in an harmonious and refined union: but the Oriental element preponderates, and the ſtyle appears to have reached its perfection after the Gothic energy had begun to wane in Italy. The Italians proper had never forgotten their nobler traditions, and as they regained their independence, returned to Roman models. Long before the reſtoration by Palladio, the Italian palace had become a perfect example of ſimplicity and convenience, combined with the utmoſt ſtrength and dignity. Then came the revival of the Orders, by common conſent adopted throughout the world as the architecture of civilization; while the Mediæval, as if exhauſted by its own reſtleſs efforts after ſomething new during the Flamboyant and Tudor periods, ſank into that obſcurity from which we have juſt ſeen it recalled to ſo eminent a place in the national ſervice. But whether this be due to a freak of national ſentimentaliſm, or whether it be the ſign of an innate ſympathy with the old barbaric taſtes of our forefathers, the leading intelligences of England ſeem to have conſidered the ſtep a retrogreſſion; and now fall back for the completion of the group of Governmental buildings on the French development of the Regular School.

We naturally aſk, what ſuperiority does this form of Palladian Art poſſeſs over the variety we had already worked out for ourſelves? and we naturally conclude, that the ſuperiority is ſuppoſed to conſiſt in that feature which the French edifice poſſeſſes, and the Britiſh does not, a high-pitched roof. One ſees roofs enormouſly

and intolerably high throughout Germany and the north of France. Thoſe who admire the feature tell us that it is deſigned to throw off the ſnow; that Vitruvius adviſes we ſhould increaſe the ſteepneſs of our roofs as we go northward; that it is a paramount point of fitneſs in reſpect to which the French pavilion is a real roof, and the Engliſh, as uſual, a ſtructural falſehood; and you may remember how Victor Hugo ridicules the idea of the man with the beſom going out to ſweep the ſnow off the roof of the Paris Bourſe. But if it were not for the parapets conſtructed at the foot of thoſe ſteep roofs to keep the ſnow from ſliding off them, the paſſers-by, in a thaw, would be in danger of their lives; and I would ſuggeſt whether it be not a greater unfitneſs to erect a towering maſs of timber and ſlate for the oſtenſible purpoſe of performing an office which you will not ſuffer it to perform, than to lay the covering of your houſe at an inclination ſufficient to keep it dry, yet not ſo lofty as to dwarf the reſt of the building, or withdraw the eye from what is more ornamental. The high roof is a feature to which the Italian has never been reconciled; the roof of the Italian palace has a pitch ſomewhat lower than our own. The white marble ſlabs which ſerve the office of ſlates on the ſumptuous covering of the Cathedral of Milan, might have been ſupported at a ſtill greater height at even a reduced coſt, if the Italian eye could have reconciled itſelf to the wedge-like Tranſalpine outline. There is a general, but erroneous, impreſſion that the light and brilliant character of the Frenchman pervades his architecture. On the contrary, the architecture of

France, eſpecially of the northern provinces, ſtill partakes of the Tudeſque bulkineſs; and this in a conſpicuous degree in its roofs. At one time the Gaul appeared to have emancipated himſelf from the Gothic influence; and in the eaſt end of the Louvre combined a roof of Italian proportions with the charming colonnaded front which ſeems to turn away in dignified diſdain from the clumſy maſſes of the Tuileries; but in completing the quadrangle, he has allowed the ruder element in his æſthetic organiſation once more to predominate; and now, the huge old ſlate pavilion not only riſes triumphant over the lateſt efforts of Regular Art in Paris, but is deſtined, as it would appear, to caſt off the ſnows of Whitehall alſo. Let us hope that the avalanche will be intercepted before reaching the pavement, and detained in proper receptacles behind a compenſating parapet.

Such being the poſition of Regular Art in relation to our civic architecture, let us caſt a rapid retroſpective glance on the condition of Art Eccleſiaſtical. The Romaneſque interior was that which the Italian revival found moſt adapted to receive its method of treatment and decoration. Retaining the arched roof and lateral arcades, it reſtored the entablature, elevating it above the range of the arches, on pilaſters attached to the intermediate piers, and making amends for the expulſion of the old modes of wall-decoration by a liberal uſe of poliſhed marbles in variety of colour. The cupola whoſe baſe was a circle inſcribed within the ſquare formed by the interſection of the nave and tranſepts, it enlarged into a dome, whoſe baſe was the circle de-

ſcribed *about* that ſquare, under whoſe great concave all the interior was united, and the mind of the beholder at once uplifted and expanded. By ſuch arrangements the vaſt features of St. Peter's have been brought together with indeſcribable majeſty. If St. Paul's in London had at all approached its prototype in beauty of interior, Regular Art might ſtill have retained its ſupremacy in eccleſiaſtical architecture. But there are certain features in Wren's deſign which detract from the unity of the effect; and the abſence of colour gives a frigid air to the ſmooth expanſes of Portland ſtone. The devotional ſentiment ſoon aſſerted its ſympathy with the pictureſque and ſolemn forms of the Mediæval, and ſtruggled back through various efforts of imitation and compromiſe, until within the laſt quarter of a century the revived Gothic has been reſtored in its pureſt as well as its moſt characteriſtic forms. But in the effort after ſomething new, even the pure Gothic of the twelfth century fails to ſatisfy the reſtleſs ſpirit of the age. It is, as we have ſeen, in ſome of its ſtructural details, open to objections from which the Romaneſque and Lombardic modes are comparatively free. Theſe are now preſſed on our adoption, with much perſuaſiveneſs of reaſoning and influence of example. Here we ſee a Baſilican, there a Byzantine, there a Venetian deſign, and the variety becomes daily more incongruous; ſo that as regards our church-building, we may be ſaid to ſtand at the preſent moment in almoſt as irreſolute a poſture as with reſpect to our civic architecture.

In ordinary ſtreet and domeſtic building, there exiſts,

as might reaſonably be expected, a ſtill more motley diverſity. Here the excellent good ſenſe and practical character of the French people have preſerved them from a thouſand extravagances into which the unconſcious ſentimentaliſm of the Engliſh character betrays us. Under their great roofs they adhere to an elegant conſiſtency of fabric, always ſolid under whatever amount of decoration, and the decoration, to whatever extent imparted, always of the definite national type. In one ſenſe, leſs oſtentatious than we, they cultivate their privacy, and expend a large proportion of ornament on their garden fronts. I would willingly purſue this theme, but time compels me to reſume my conſideration of the more ſerious intereſts of art in thoſe ſtructures deſigned to laſt for many generations, and tell the coming ages what were the conceptions of beauty and grandeur which the men of ſteam were able to impreſs on their palaces and temples.

An expectation has exiſted that poſſibly out of the crowd of ſtyles placed before us, ſomething new and characteriſtic of the age might be elaborated. This hope, which was very generally indulged at the time of the conſtruction of the firſt Cryſtal Palace, does not ſeem to have any reaſonable proſpect of fulfilment. Iron and glaſs conſort together too crabbedly for ſtructural union. Acres of ground may be covered in with a tranſparent roof, ſupported on pillars, or hung, like the roadway of a ſuſpenſion bridge, from catenary curves; but the reſult will be an engineering, not an architectural ſucceſs. It ſeems, indeed, as if we can now as little deviſe a new ſtructural method in building

we can a new ſyſtem in proſody, and that as all ɛtrical combinations reſolve themſelves into the old niliar ſucceſſions of long and ſhort ſyllables, ſo the ıterials at our diſpoſal will not group themſelves into cover from the weather otherwiſe than in ſome of ɛ modes already deviſed by thoſe who have preceded . And when we reflect, that the new ſtyles which ve modified the originals of Greece and Rome have ly ariſen concurrently with the infuſion of new tional blood, through the medium of barbarian con- eſt, we may well reconcile ourſelves to the probable ɛeſſity that lies before us of having to ſelect from ıongſt exiſting types that form in which our civi- ıtion muſt expound itſelf to the future.

Let us review the candidates as they preſent them- ves for our choice. There are the three modes of ɛ Regular—the Italian, French, and Britiſh. The ɛuliar dignity of the Italian is owing to the large ɔportion of wall to window, incident to a ſouthern mate. We may obſerve how the too cloſe imitation thoſe proportions in one of the palatial club-houſes London reminds us uncomfortably of our difference latitude. As we come northward the windows muſt ɛeſſarily be larger, and to this neceſſity the principal ferences of the three modes are to be aſcribed. To npenſate for their diminiſhed breadth of wall, the ɛnch and Engliſh ſtyles rely on a greater diſplay of lared ſupport. *Their* main difference is as we have n in their roofs; and, if your judgments have gone ng with mine on that head, you will probably con- de that of the three Regular modes our own much-

cenſured Britiſh is the one moſt conſonant to our notions of beauty, propriety, and utility.

Of the Mediæval modes there are three kinds, and many varieties. The Gothic,—Northern, high-pitched; and Southern, low-pitched, with a multitude of minor denominations; the Byzantine, impregnated with the Gothic, becoming Lombardic or Tudeſque; with the Saracenic becoming Venetian; and the Romaneſque retaining its near affinities to the Regular, and capable of aſſuming either character. Of all theſe the one variety which is native and peculiar to England is the modification of Northern Gothic known as the Tudor, which in this group has the ſame claim to preference as the ſtyle of Wren has amongſt the forms of the Regular. This claim appears ſtronger the more we conſider it. In other things beſides Architecture we find, that what has been ſpontaneouſly evolved amongſt us is generally the beſt of its kind for our cravings of taſte and purpoſes of uſe. This conſideration is the beſt juſtification for the employment of a form of the Tudor in the New Houſes of Parliament. And when we come to aſk what are the features which give the Mediæval ſtructures of Northern Italy their great charm of pictureſqueneſs, and obſerve that they mainly conſiſt of belvederes, loggias, and arcades fitted for taking the open air, we will acknowledge that the large windows and well-encloſed chambers of the Engliſh Tudor, have been as happily deſigned for our latitude, as thoſe beautiful but unattainable features have been for the ſkies of Venice. We ſee in the Gothic of Lombardy and the Rhine a rudeneſs beſpeaking unſettled times, and

an intimation of the fortreſs behind the civic exterior, from which the Tudor is exempt. Theſe conſiderations ſhould go far in ſuſtaining the pretenſions of the Tudor, though neither ſo beautiful as the elder Gothic, nor ſo ſolid and palatial as the Lombardo-Venetian. If then, inſtead of ranſacking the valleys of the Loire, of the Rhine, and the Po, for a national ſtyle, we are to look for it at home in what our forefathers have already done on the banks of the Thames, the choice, at leaſt in civic architecture, will probably be found to lie between the two candidates repreſented by the Palace of Weſtminſter on the one hand, and the Palace of Somerſet Houſe on the other. If I have led you fairly to the point of ſelection I have accompliſhed my principal purpoſe. I do not ſeek to diſguiſe my own preference for the Regular, which I am perſuaded is juſt as capable of new forms of beauty, in combinations as yet unimagined, as it was in the days of Palladio; but whether the public taſte ſhall ultimately fix on one or the other, or poſſibly on ſome of the many rivals of both, I ſhall diſcharge a wiſh I have long entertained, if, by this review of our poſition, I ſhall have turned other minds to the clearer contemplation of a ſubject delightful in itſelf, and valuable to ſociety, in proportion to its power of exalting the ſoul and refining the intellect.

TWO ENGLISH ESSAYISTS:

CHARLES LAMB AND CHARLES DICKENS.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.

TWO ENGLISH ESSAYISTS.

THE complete collection of the more reſpectable Engliſh eſſayiſts fills, I believe, ſome forty or fifty volumes. The line of deſcent, reaching, ſay from Swift to the Country Parſon, is almoſt unbroken; for to every generation it has been a welcome ſhape of literary diet. Yet, taken in the bulk, the fifty volumes are bald reading, and certainly fall within that auſtere claſs of volume which Charles Lamb ſo pleaſantly ſays, "No gentleman's library ſhould be without," and which, it will be recollected, included "Court Calendars," "Directories," "The Statutes at Large," "Joſephus," and draught-boards bound and lettered on the back. Tracing back this ſucceſſion of eſſayiſts, it is almoſt amuſing to ſee how the ſhape has changed and the uniform altered—how with Swift it was political and bitterly ſatirical; with Addiſon, Steele, and Goldſmith a miracle of pathos, humour, and poliſh; how with Johnſon it became a ſolemn ſermon; with Coleridge a metaphyſical treatiſe; and, in our time, a happy vehicle for interminable perſonal experiences and mild egotiſm.

Yet, of this long line of ſkilful maſters who have gone before, there is, perhaps, not one ſo unique, ſo original, ſo diſtinguiſhed by a ſpecial manner of his own, as the author of the "Eſſays of Elia." Addiſon and Steele—though the former is immeaſurably above the latter—are pretty much in the ſame key. But Lamb has a quaint old inſtrument of his own, and almoſt a ſeparate gamut. There is a fantaſtic charm about him—a flavour, as it were, of the olive. A fine line of irregular oddity is to be traced through his writings, quite ſingular, and not to be matched in other eſſay writers. In general, with men of this marked original ſtamp, there is a hint—a ſuſpicion behind, as of ſomething like affectation, or verging on the artificial; and the dialect of Mr. Carlyle, ſo often hovering on the groteſque, has expoſed a really great thinker to the charge of being theatrical and unnatural, and of forcing his free and vigorous limbs into a maſquerading dreſs. But, in Charles Lamb's inſtance, the quaintneſs of the dreſs fits with the quaintneſs of the mind. Through this cloudy medium of language which always hangs as a curtain between reader and author, we ſee glimpſes of the real man—his ſhape and colour, even his gait and manner. He takes the reader by the button, as he would his friend, and pours out upon him a current of delightful humours, and fine mental oddities, almoſt too delicate to be ſeen by vulgar eye. He is the Montaigne of Engliſh eſſayiſts, and has all the engaging confidence of the Frenchman. Yet never does he ſlide into an offenſive familiarity, which is ſure to be the fruit where the lower journeymen of letters begin to talk with the ſame

freedom. He, in truth, ſeems to be only thinking aloud, and we are behind the tapeſtry liſtening.

There was one thing in common with him and another delightful writer, Leigh Hunt: both literally feaſted on books. The taſte of certain delicious volumes ſeems to linger on their palates, as the memory of ſweet diſhes does on that of other men's. They enjoyed the flavour of a rare paſſage of poetry with an exquiſite reliſh, as though it were a morſel of ripe and juicy fruit. It is impoſſible not to admire this genuine enthuſiaſm, which extended itſelf even to the handling of books with reverence. The ſecret lay in the ſpecial direction of their reading. Lamb delighted in the ripe old paſtures of the purer Engliſh—in the language ſo full and ſo deep, ſo rich in imagery and picturesque effect, and yet ſo ſimple, which is to be found in Taylor, in Sir Thomas Brown, in Biſhop Hall, and in rare old Fuller. The pages of theſe books ſeem ſtrewn all over with lumps of gold and ſilver; the words ſeem to chink melodiouſly. Such veterans of the libraries, who ſleep ſide by ſide in their duſt, would ſeem about as unintereſting to common eyes as old ſoldiers are ſometimes found to thoſe of the young. For literary treatment, at leaſt, they might ſeem a bald and unprofitable ſubject; yet, in the following charming paſſages are old books dealt with as were old books never dealt with before, and the tenets of that faith touched with a ſurpaſſing lightneſs and delicacy. "I dream away my life," he ſays, "in others' ſpeculations. I love to loſe myſelf in other men's minds . . . I cannot ſit and think. Books think for me. I have no repugnances. Shafteſbury is not too genteel for me,

nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call book. There are things in that ſhape which I cannot allow for ſuch. I confeſs that it moves my ſpleen to ſee theſe things in books' clothing perched upon ſhelves, like falſe ſaints, uſurpers of true ſhrines, intruders into the ſhrines of others, thruſting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound ſemblance of a volume, and hope it ſome kind-hearted playbook; then, opening what ſeem its leaves, to come bolt upon a withering population eſſay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged aſſortment of blockheaded Encyclopædias, ſet out in an array of ruſſia or morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably re-clothe my ſhivering folios—would renovate Paracelſus himſelf, and enable old Raymund Tully to look like himſelf in the world. I never ſee theſe impoſtors but I long to ſtrip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their ſpoils."

Modern "ſmart" writers, as they are called, have little inſtinct for this nice balance—for this ſly ſmiling in one's ſleeve, joined almoſt to the very pathos of gravity. *Their* meaſure of burleſque is as broad and as exaggerated as the monſtrous maſks in a pantomime. With what fancy and dignity can the *real* maſter elevate ſuch trifles as the phyſiognomy and clothing of books!

"To be ſtrong-backed and neat-bound is the deſideratum of a volume: magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be laviſhed upon all kinds of books indiſcriminately. I would not dreſs a

ſet of magazines, for inſtance, in full suit. The deſhabille, or half-binding (with ruſſia backs even) is *our* coſtume. A Shakeſpeare or a Milton (unleſs the firſt editions), it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The poſſeſſion of them confers no diſtinction. The exterior of them (the things themſelves being ſo common), ſtrange to ſay, raiſes no ſweet emotions, no tickling ſenſe of property in them. Thomſon's 'Seaſons,' again, looks beſt (I maintain it) a little torn and dog's-eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the ſullied leaves and worn-out appearance, nay, the very odour, beyond ruſſia, if we would not forget kind feelings in faſtidiouſneſs, of an old "circulating library" "Tom Jones," or "Vicar of Wakefield!" How they ſpeak of the thousand thumbs that have turned over their pages with delight!—of the lone ſempſtreſs whom they may have cheered—milliner or harder-working mantuamaker—after her long day's needle-toil, running far into midnight, when ſhe has ſnatched an hour, ill-ſpared from ſleep, to ſteep her cares in ſpelling out their contents! Who would have them a whit leſs ſoiled?"

This is very pleaſant and very graceful. Again, the inconſiſtency of dreſſing out the ripe and ſtately old Engliſh writers—the greybeards of the ſhelves, as it were—in bright new print and paper, comes home in a ſmall degree to everybody. Yet with what a dignity and humour he puts forward a quaint proteſt againſt this diſcordant ſtyle of coſtume. "On the contrary," he ſays, "I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher but in folio. The octavo editions are painful to look

at. I have no ſympathy with them. I do not know a more heartleſs ſight than the reprint of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.' What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantaſtic old great man, to expoſe them in a winding-ſheet of the neweſt faſhion." Then for the fitting times and places for reading particular books: "Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or ſix impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the 'Fairy Queen' for a ſtop-gap, or a volume of Biſhop Andrews' Sermons.

"Milton almoſt requires a ſolemn ſervice of muſic to be played before you enter upon him . . . . Winter evenings—the world ſhut out—with leſs of ceremony the gentle Shakeſpeare enters. At ſuch a ſeaſon 'The Tempeſt,' or his own 'Winter's Tale' . . ."

There is no one who plays ſo delightfully, and in ſo ſpecial a manner of his own with the moſt unfruitful ſubjects. With him they become embroidered with the moſt ſurpriſing imagery. This, as I ſaid, is to be ſet down to his familiarity with ripe old Engliſh; and indeed it were well if our modern tongue were enriched with ſome of this older blood. The topic of "Grace before Meat" has in itſelf nothing very abundant, either by way of thought, ſuggeſtion, or pure fancy. The tether would be reached, one might fancy, very ſoon. Yet how Charles Lamb can goſſip on this theme. The origin, he ſays, of the cuſtom was, moſt likely, in the early times of the world, and in what he calls "the hunter-ſtate of man, when dinners were precarious

things, and a full meal was ſomething more than a common bleſſing. In the ſhouts and triumphal ſongs with which, after a ſeaſon of ſharp abſtinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's fleſh would naturally be uſhered home, exiſted, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace." This is the humourous ſide; but, taking the thought in a more ſober view, what a ſoft, fanciful air he can impart to it! "I own," he ſays, "that I am diſpoſed to ſay grace upon *twenty* other occaſions in the courſe of the day, beſides my dinner. I want a form for ſetting out upon a pleaſant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books—thoſe ſpiritual repaſts! a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakeſpeare, a devotional exerciſe proper to be ſaid before reading the 'Fairy Queen?'" And why not, we of this generation may add, a form of thanks before ſitting down to the piquant dainties furniſhed by Charles Lamb himſelf?

From Grace to tangible food in the pure concrete, which grace precedes, is an eaſy paſſage. This ſubject, too, does not ſeem to be overlaid with much poetry, or even humour. The immortal Eſſay on Roaſt Pig will be familiar to all. Never was the gravity of burleſque carried out ſo daringly; never was the difficult problem of finding expreſſion for pure gaſtronomic raptures—whoſe dialect is but limited—at the ſame time with diſtinctneſs and a ſurpriſing humour, ſo *uniquely* ſolved. We ſhould conſider the difficulties, as if any one were to ſet himſelf to deſcribe the faſcinations of the commoneſt recurring diſh, ſtill more to do it with anything like humour;

yet, in the hands of Charles Lamb, what a riot of wit and fancy! I do not quote it becauſe it is ſo well known; but it does appear to me that, for variety of idea and expreſſion, and for what might be called cumulative humour—at the ſame time utterly redeemed from the vulgarity on which ſuch a ſubject might ſeem to hover dangerouſly near—that this deſcription is almoſt unſurpaſſed. In ſuch feats we recognize the maſter.

It has always ſeemed to me that the ſtudy of theſe writings is like growing into acquaintance with a mind, and another man's life. It is a gradual and an increaſing knowledge—the whole is in ſuch unconſcious harmony, and given out with ſuch perfect nature and lack of affectation. There is nothing inconſiſtent. And thus we may ſit with him, and talk with him, and know him better every day; and as we know him better, we ſhall get to the ſecret of that exquiſite irony, more the very beginnings of irony rather than the pure irony itſelf, which ſo delicately overlays all he ſays. He thus finds a grave language for what others do not care to ſpeak out; and inveſts with a dignified air little earthy motives, whoſe workings we are conſcious of, but are aſhamed to hint at. Thoſe who are *acquainted* only in a ſuperficial way with Lamb, might be ſcandalized at this confeſſion. "In proportion as the years both leſſen and ſhorten, I ſet more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the ſpoke of the great wheel. I am not content to paſs away like 'a weaver's ſhuttle.' Thoſe metaphors ſolace me not, nor ſweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. . . I am in love with this green earth: the face of town and country: *the unſpeak-*

able rural ſolitudes, and the ſweet ſecurity of ſtreets." (How quaint and harmonious theſe two laſt expreſſions!) "I would ſet up my tabernacle here. I am content to ſtand ſtill at the age to which I am arrived; I and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handſomer. . . . . A new ſtate of being ſtaggers me. Sun and ſky and breeze, and ſolitary walks and ſummer days, and the greenneſs of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fiſhes, and ſociety and the cheerful glaſs, and candle-light and fireſide converſations, and innocent vanities, and jeſts, and *irony itſelf*—do theſe things go out with life? . . . . And you, my midnight darlings, my folios! muſt I part with the intenſe delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embraces? Muſt knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by ſome awakened expreſſion of intuition, and no longer by this familiar proceſs of reading? Shall I enjoy friendſhips there, wanting the ſmiling indications which point me to them here—the recognizable face—the ſweet utterance of a look?" The quaint oddity of the laſt two ſuppoſitions are admirable; and any one who took the whole deſcription for more than a pleaſant exaggeration of a keen reliſh of nature and of all God's gifts, would utterly miſconſtrue him. His *own* readers underſtand, as the men he knew in life underſtood him.

Like Sidney Smith, he could ſee a comic ſide to certain alluſions which verged a little into Scriptural; but, unlike that great jeſter, he never ſlided into what bordered on the profane. His own exquiſite ſenſe of humour, as it kept him from vulgarity, ſaved him from this failing.

"In my father's book-closet," he says, "the 'History of the Bible,' by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds—one of the Ark in particular, and another of Solomon's Temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture too of the witch raising up Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes; and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could manage, from the situation which they occupied upon an upper shelf." This acquaintance with Stackhouse was cut short by what he calls "a fortunate piece of good fortune. Turning over the picture of the Ark with too much haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric, driving my inconsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds, the elephant and the camel, that stare (as well they might) out of the two last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was henceforth locked up, and became an interdicted treasure."

All his ruminations and conceits are in the same odd key. Who has so well analysed the selfishness of the convalescent? "If there be regal solitude, it is a sick bed. How the patient lords it there! What caprices he acts without control! How king-like he sways his pillow—tumbling and tossing, and shifting and lowering, and thumping and flatting and moulding it. . . . Within the four curtains he is absolute. He keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage, under lock and key, for his

own uſe only. He lies pitying himſelf, honing and moaning to himſelf; he yearneth over himſelf; he is even melted within him to think what he is; he is not aſhamed to weep over himſelf. He is for ever plotting how to do ſome good to himſelf—ſtudying little ſtratagems and artificial alleviations. He makes the moſt of himſelf, dividing himſelf, by an allowable fiction, into as many diſtinct individuals as he hath ſore and ſorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates, as if a thing apart from him, upon his poor aching head; or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compaſſionates himſelf all over, and his bed is a very diſcipline of humanity and tender heart." This mention of the heart ſuggeſts another diverting ſpeculation to be found in his paper on St. Valentine's Day. "That three-cornered exponent," he calls it, "of our hopes and fears; the beſtuck and bleeding heart, twiſted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera hat. What authority," he goes on to aſk, "have we in hiſtory or mythology for placing the headquarters and metropolis of god Cupid in this anatomical ſeat. Elſe, we might eaſily imagine, upon ſome other ſyſtem which might have prevailed for anything which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addreſſing his miſtreſs, in perfect ſimplicity of feeling—'Madam, my liver and fortune are entirely at your diſpoſal.'" So, too, his comic partiality for chimney-ſweeps. "I have a kindly yearning towards theſe dim ſpecks, poor blots, innocent blackneſſes. I reverence theſe young Africans of our own growth, theſe almoſt clergy imps, who ſport their cloth without aſſumption." Two expreſſions here—

the "innocent blacknesses," and "these almost clergy imps"—convey in a small space the best instance of Lamb's peculiar and most favourite form of humourous expression. So, too, in the instance of the Unitarian minister who used to read a volume of Lardner along the crowded Snow-hill. "I used to admire," says Lamb, "how he sidled along, keeping clear of secular contacts. An illiterate encounter with a porter's knot, or a bread-basket, would have quickly put to flight all the theology I am master of." And here again the expressions, "secular contacts," and "illiterate encounter," are truly piquant and characteristic. So, too, with that odd paper where he complains of the behaviour of young married people towards bachelors, of which he takes a truly Shandean view. He complains not of the open preference which they have for each other, which, he says, is reasonable enough, but of the way "they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that you are not the object of this preference."

But perhaps the most pleasant, because the most fantastic of his writings, is that sheaf of homely and established saws which every one receives with the homage due to an axiom, but which he gravely proceeds to refute as though they were dangerous fallacies. "Enough is as good as a feast," is a hoary proverb; but Lamb says, "it was made in revenge by somebody who was disappointed of a regale. It is a vile cold-scrag-of-mutton sophism: a lie palmed upon the palate, which

knows better things. And yet under this agreeable irony there is a ſerious hint, that theſe old-faſhioned commonplaces had ſerved their turn, and might as well be ſuperannuated. And thus he diſpoſes of "Handſome is that handſome does," with a wonderfully fanciful ſketch of a certain ugly Mrs. Conrady, arriving at the concluſion that "if one muſt be plain, it is better to be plain all over, than, amidſt a tolerable reſidue of feature, to hang out one that ſhall be exceptionable." The *tout enſemble* in Mrs. Conrady defies particulariſing. "It is not as if ſome Apelles had picked out here a lip and there a chin, out of the collected *uglineſs* of Greece; it is a ſymmetrical whole: we are convinced that true uglineſs, no leſs than true beauty, is the reſult of harmony."

The beſt part of the entertainment is that in Lamb himſelf we read Elia's Eſſays. Now that we have his Life and his Letters, we find that everything he ſaid and did, fits harmoniouſly with what he wrote. The loſs of his writings would actually leave a fatal gap in his hiſtory. He was as natural, when he held his pen in his hand, as when he held his pipe, and gathered his friends together at thoſe ſimple ſuppers which were ſo long wiſtfully remembered. This is indeed the charm of reading "Elia," for we are never diſquieted by the bitter doubts which Mr. Thackeray ſays occurred to him, when reliſhing the "ſurpriſing humour" and ſentiment of Sterne; "that is how much of the point and emphaſis is neceſſary for the fair buſineſs of the ſtage, and how much of the rant and rouge is put on for the vanity of the actor."

Sterne's life we know to have been as Shandean as

his writings, and in Lamb's inſtance there was no acting, no rouge, and no rant. As a pretty inſtance of this happy correſpondence between his life and writings, a daughter of Sheridan Knowles uſed to tell how, as a very little girl, ſhe had been taken out by Charles Lamb for a day's holiday to ſee all the ſhows, and how on meeting a Punch's ſhow, they ſat down together on a door-ſtep and ſaw the entertainment through—not only one, but a whole ſeries, which for him as well as for his little companion ſeemed to have an inexhauſtible charm.

"Elia" is of that rich quality of book which is as inexhauſtible as a fruitful mind: every freſh reading turns up ſome new thought or new beauty; it is a book for the pocket, like the "Pocket Shakeſpeare,"—a book to be ſelected where trunk room is precious, and where a hundred favourites invite with diſtracting claims, becauſe it has the ſubſtance of a ſmall library. There are few books "both good and rare, where the individual is almoſt the ſpecies, whoſe contents have ſuch a proportion to their bulk." "I ſhould not care," he ſays in his half burleſque way, "to be caught in the ſerious avenues of ſome cathedral alone, and reading 'Candide.'" For Candide the reader may ſubſtitute Elia.

Yet with all his quaintneſs and diſorderly current of thought, the mere "Engliſh" of Lamb is wonderful. In this apparent no-art, there is everywhere an abundant artfulneſs. Thoſe little "daſhes" which he uſes ſo profuſely are diſpoſed with the niceſt harmony both for eye and ear. Somehow it has always ſeemed to me, that he extracts a new force out of italics, which he uſes very

ſparingly. He has charming little forms of his own, which fit him, and him only. They are truly Lambeſque, if we may uſe the word. Thus, "what a noble ſimplification of language (*beyond Tooke*),"—"nay the very odour (beyond Ruſſia)." He gives a double force to epithets, by a faſhion peculiarly his own; as, for inſtance, "in the ſerious avenues of ſome cathedral;" "the *elder* repoſe of MSS.;" "ſome ſeldom explored Preſs;" "thy wife too, that part French woman, better part Engliſh woman;" "you are glad to put up with an *inferior* ſpring of action"—*i. e.*, cards; "I love to get a tierce or a quatorze;" "I am ſubdued to an inferior intereſt."

Here are ſome true Elia phraſes, refreſhingly new in turn, whoſe very turn is part of the ſecret of the humour: "Can I forget thy honeſt, yet ſlender crew, with their coy, reluctant reſponſes (*yet to the ſuppreſſion of anything like contempt*) to the raw queſtions" etc., "conciliating interpreters of their ſkill to our ſimplicity;" "Sunday, that unfortunate failure of a holiday;" "Such one might have muſtered for a tall ſcapula."

In truth, a volume would not do juſtice to this engaging writer. The difficulty has been what portion of him to dwell on. It is all charming. The tendency is to glide into a commentary on the whole. Leigh Hunt, in the old "London Journal," had a delightful way of what he called "giving a reading" for his public; that is, taking a Poem like Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes," and going through it, ſtopping to make remarks and point out beauties. Such a courſe one would be tempted to take with Lamb.

His admiration for "*Fool*" eſpecially the ſcripture

inſtances is very comic: "I grudged at the hard cenſure pronounced upon the quiet ſoul that kept his talent; and —prizing their ſimplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehenſion, ſomewhat *unfeminine* warineſs of their competitors—I felt a kindlineſs, that almoſt amounted to a *tendre*, for thoſe five thoughtleſs virgins." Again, too, in another paper: "I remember their effigies by the ſame token in the old *Baſket* Prayer Book. There hung Peter in his uneaſy poſture—holy Bartlemy in the troubleſome act of flaying, after the famous Marſyas by Spagnoletti. I honoured them all, and could have mourned the defalcation of Iſcariot—ſo much did we love to keep holy memories ſacred: only methought—I a little grudged at the coalition of the *better Jude* with Simon—clubbing (as it were) their ſanctities together, to make up one poor gaudy day between them, as an economy unworthy of the diſpenſation."

The ſubjects, too, of theſe little treatiſes are ſo odd, ſo original in choice and treatment, that there was ſcarcely need for him to announce that "out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with ſome diverting twiſt in them —pleaſe me moſt." As an inſtance of variety in treatment of one idea, the analyſis of a Scotch mind is marvellous. He adds ſtroke after ſtroke, returns to the charge freſh and unbreathed; and I think it has ſcarcely been remarked how Sydney Smith imported this *tactique* into converſation, and, as in the deſcription of a ſtout old lady, worked it with ſucceſs. Never were Chimney-ſweepers—witneſs the quaint hypotheſis to account for the finding of the young ſweep in the ſtate bed—Jews, Beggars, Poor Relations, Benchers, Actors,

and—coming from perſons to things and ſpeculations—Valentines, Ears, Whiſt, and a hundred ſuch ſubjects, ſo dealt with before. The charm is the irregularity, the remoteneſs even of the title, and the ſubject into which it finally ſtrays away—as in that delicately-pathetic paper on "Old China," as lightly touched as a bit of precious old china itſelf.

From Lamb to Dickens is an eaſy tranſition. The world is familiar with the works of the great Engliſh ſtory-teller—with the ſtream of tales which the enchanter of the Thouſand-and-one Engliſh Nights' Entertainments has poured out, with an amazing variety, and an abundance of fancy which, even now, ſeems like a newly-diſcovered ſtorehouſe. Where other men fall away and drop out of faſhion, his preſtige has only increaſed; he has controlled the habitual fickleneſs of his great public; and at the firſt page of every new book he acknowledges to having had an audience larger by many thouſands than for his laſt. His men and women are as diſtinct, and about as ſure of living, as are the men and women of hiſtory; and his ſtories will draw tears and laughter ſo long as pathos and humour ſhall have power to exact that homage. Not ſo familiar, perhaps, becauſe chiefly anonymous, are the light eſſays and ſketches which dot the well-known journal ſo long aſſociated with his name. Yet, though more or leſs ſubject to the fatal butterfly deſtiny, which waits on all periodical literature, they are yet marvellouſly artiſtic, are quite worthy of his more serious works,

and have beſides all the charm of a pleaſant abſence of grave reſponſibility.

It has always ſeemed ſtrange to me that the attention of the public ſhould have ſettled upon the older "Eſſays by Boz," than upon the more modern and finiſhed efforts to be found in the "Reprinted Pieces" and the charming "Uncommercial Traveller." There is preſent a wonderful delicacy of detail coloured by a pleaſant gaiety—but a gaiety refined, and the gaiety of wit, without the noiſe and roughneſs which wait on our profeſſionally gay writers. Nor yet are theſe ſketches chilled by what is called Dutch painting, and which is fooliſhly ſuppoſed to be a high expreſſion of commendation. Such is the baldeſt and drearieſt of literary forms, and is about as lifeleſs as the inevitable book and china platter, and half-peeled lemon, on which the Dutch artiſts expended their ſkill. Nor yet, at the ſame time, would it be eaſy to analyſe the ſpecial charm of theſe cabinet gems. If wit, as we have been told over and over again, conſiſts in the ſurpriſe that ariſes from the diſcovery of a relation between ideas which have not the leaſt ſimilitude, there is an abundance of wit preſent in theſe eſſays. But there is a good-humoured tone of modulated ſatire, and a charming groteſqueneſs, without the leaſt violence, which, either by ſuggeſtion or ſhape, link the thouſand material objects about us to our mental ſympathies, and delightfully bridge over the ſpace between mind and matter. Charles Lamb has not the leaſt of this ſpecial gift. His appreciation moved in a different groove. This delicate play of analogy, ſo luxuriant in the noveliſt, was quite

oreign to him. His ſkill lay in a knowledge of the crannies and queer paſſages of the mind, in the old cracked china, laid up in certain mental corner cupboards. On one ſubject, however, they ſtrike a common chord. Every one familiar with Mr. Dickens's writings muſt have felt his wonderful acquaintance with the ways, feelings, and manners of children; with their pleaſant logical no-logic, their odd views of things, the gravity with which they inveſt trifles, and the thouſand little marks and tokens which raiſe a child's life to the dignity of a ſpecial world. Many journeymen hands have been tried on this delicate inſtrument; but in the deeper knowledge, and the graces of poetry, and a ſurpaſſing intereſt reaching almoſt to a faſcination, no one has even approached Mr. Dickens. From the little life of Paul Dombey, over whoſe death all England was ſaid to have wept as over the death of ſome real child, to the little pair who ran away and put up at the Holly-tree Inn—a ſituation of comic improbability to which no other living writer could have imparted *vraiſemblance*—he has explored the whole world of child-life.

So delicate and airy is this old bloom of infancy, ſo fine the pathos, that though we look back with a wiſtful intereſt on ſuch early impreſſions, ſtill moſt graſps are too rough and clumſy to deal with them. Yet ſee what humour, and even poetry, can be fetched out of ſuch things as children's toys. "I never wondered," he ſays—looking back to his childiſh feſtivals in the charming paper called "A Chriſtmas Tree"—"what the dear old donkey with the panniers—there he

is!—was made of then. His hide was real to the touch I recollect. And the great black horſe, with round red ſpots all over him—the horſe that I could even get upon—I never wondered what had brought him to that ſtrange condition, or thought that ſuch a horſe was not commonly ſeen at Newmarket. The four horſes of no colour, next to him, that went into the waggon of cheeſes, and could be taken out and ſtabled under the piano, appear to have bits of fur-tippets for their tails, and other bits for their manes, and to ſtand on pegs inſtead of legs; but it was not ſo when they were brought home for a Chriſtmas preſent. They were all right then; neither was their harneſs unceremoniouſly nailed into their cheſts, as appears to be the caſe now. The tinkling works of the muſic-cart I did not find out to be made of quill toothpicks and wire, and I always thought that little tumbler in his ſhirt-ſleeves, perpetually ſwarming up one ſide of a wooden frame and coming down head foremoſt on the other, rather a weak-minded perſon, though good-natured."

He then ſpeaks of the Doll's Houſe, "the entire houſe-front of which opened all at once (which was a blow, I admit, as cancelling the fiction of a ſtaircaſe) which contained a ſitting-room and bed-room elegantly furniſhed, and, beſt of all, a kitchen with uncommonly ſoft fire-irons . . . and a tin man-cook in profile, who was always going to fry two fiſh. What Barmecide juſtice have I done to the noble feaſts wherein the ſet of wooden platters figured, each with its own peculiar delicacy, as a ham or turkey, glued tight on to it, and garniſhed with ſomething green which I recollect as

moſs! . . . And if the two legs of the ineffectual little ſugar-tongs did tumble over one another and want purpoſe, like Punch's hands, what does it matter? And if I did once ſhriek out, as a poiſoned child, and ſtrike the faſhionable company with conſternation, by reaſon of having drunk a little teaſpoon, inadvertently diſſolved in too hot tea, I was never the worſe for it, except by a powder!"

Not much is to be made of a Noah's Ark, yet, by a few touches, it becomes what Lamb would call "a glorified Noah's Ark," and is lifted into the domains of poetry and humour; and it will be noted how happily the proper key is found, juſt as the French compoſers find delicate, airy ſtories for their operas, and fit them with muſic as airy and as delicate. "I felt," he ſays, "that if I could have married a Little Red Riding Hood, I ſhould have known perfect bliſs. But it was not to be; and there was nothing for it but to look out the wolf in the Noah's Ark there, and put him late in the proceſſion, as a monſter who was to be degraded. Oh the wonderful Noah's Ark! It was not found ſeaworthy when put in a waſhing-tub, and the animals were crammed in at the roof, and needed to have their legs well ſhaken down before they could be got in, even there—and then ten to one but they began to tumble out at the door, which was but imperfectly faſtened with a wire latch, but what was that againſt it! Conſider the gooſe, whoſe feet were ſo ſmall, and whoſe balance ſo indifferent, that he uſually tumbled forward, and knocked down all the animal creation. Conſider Noah and his family, like idiotic tobacco-ſtoppers; and

how the leopard ſtuck to warm little fingers; and how the tails of the larger animals uſed gradually to reſolve themſelves into frayed bits of ſtring."

So, too, with a more advanced ſtage of childhood, which has alſo its humorous ſide, as with that ſchool, where the "principal currency" was ſlate pencil. "It had ſome inexplicable value, that was never aſcertained, never reduced to a ſtandard. To have a great hoard of it was ſome way to be rich." And when the holidays were coming round, he tells us, public feeling was evoked in behalf of certain poor boys, known as "holiday ſtoppers," whoſe relatives were in India, and who would have to remain; and "perſonally we always contributed theſe tokens of ſympathy, in the form of ſlate-pencil, and always felt that it would be a comfort and a treaſure to them." It was at this very ſchool that there flouriſhed the white mouſe, who was kept secretly by the boys, and "lived in the cover of a Latin dictionary; who ran up ladders, drew Roman chariots, ſhouldered muſkets, turned wheels, and even made a very creditable appearance on the ſtage as the Dog of Montargis. He might have achieved greater things, but for having the misfortune to miſtake his way in a triumphal proceſſion to the Capitol, when he fell into a deep inkſtand, and was dyed black and drowned. The mice were the occaſion of ſome moſt ingenious engineering in the conſtruction of their houſes and inſtruments of performance. The famous one belonged to a company of proprietors, ſome of whom have ſince made railroads, engines, and telegraphs; the chairman has erected mills and bridges in New Zealand." We ſhould notice

here the force of this laſt touch, and with what art a mere child's dream, which ſome would diſmiſs with childhood, is linked to the realities of the preſent.

Dipping into another charming paper of his on an Engliſh Sea-bathing Place, the ſame light hand touches in little child ſketches worthy of Collins or Wilkie. "In the afternoons," he ſays "you ſee no end of ſalt and ſandy little boots drying on upper window-ſills. At bathing-time in the morning, the little bay re-echoes with every ſhrill variety of ſhriek and ſplaſh; after which, if the weather be at all freſh, the ſands teem with ſmall blue mottled legs. The ſands are the children's great reſort. They cluſter there like ants, ſo buſy burying their particular friends, and making caſtles with infinite labour, which the next tide overthrows, that it is curious to conſider how their play, to the muſic of the ſea, overſhadows the realities of their after lives." And with that ſtroke about the children "burying their particular friends," may be compared an equally profound truth in Chuzzlewit, where Mrs. Gamp—who may be pronounced the moſt original low-comedy character ever introduced into a ſtory—deſcribes the undertaker's children as appropriately "playing at funerals and a follering the caſh-book to its long home in the iron ſafe."

"Our French watering-place" is a delightful piece of gaiety. Here is the market which "ſuddenly reappears behind the great church, ſhooting itſelf into a bright confuſion of white-capped women and blue-blouſed men, poultry, vegetables, fruits, flowers, pots, pans, praying-chairs, ſoldiers, country butter, umbrellas and

other ſun-ſhades, girl porters waiting to be hired with baſkets at their backs, and one weazen little old man in a cocked-hat, wearing a cuiraſs of drinking glaſſes, and carrying on his ſhoulder a crimſon temple fluttering with flags, like a glorified paviour's hammer without the handle, who rings his little bell in all parts of the ſcene, and cries his cooling drink." Here too was the old ſoldier, M. Loyal, with whom the writer lodged, and whoſe veneration for his great Captain took the ſhape of ſo many ſtatues and medallions, that "it was our affliction," Mr. Dickens ſays, "to be conſtantly knocking down Napoleon. If we touched a ſhelf in a dark corner, he toppled over with a craſh; and every door we opened ſhook him to the ſoul." This ſame M. Loyal had a wonderful genius "for making taſteful little bedrooms in angles of his roofs. We have ourſelves repoſed deliciouſly in an elegant little chamber of M. Loyal's conſtruction, with our head as nearly in the kitchen chimney-pot as we can conceive it likely for the head of any gentleman not by profeſſion a ſweep, to be."

During one ſummer, the conductor of "Houſehold Words" went away with his friend, Mr. Wilkie Collins, on a little northern excurſion. They went up mountains, ſtopped at rude inns, and ſaw Doncaſter races; but what is of more importance, wrote an account of their adventures. They called it "a lazy tour," and they were the Idle Apprentice and the Induſtrious Apprentice. The whole makes a curious bit of literary joinery, but the ſeparation is very marked and diſtinct. For the "Woman in White" had not yet been written, and

the younger partner was only in his apprenticeſhip. In literary joint-ſtock concerns the liabilities cannot be limited. But ſide by ſide with ſome of Mr. Collins' gloomieſt narratives, flaſh out bits of the true maſter, written in his gayeſt vein ; and the following photograph of a buſy Through Station, by day and by night, will be accepted by all, for its wonderful truth and vitality.

" The ſtation was either totally unconſcious or wildly raving. By day, in its unconſcious ſtate, it looked as if no life could come to it—as if it were all ruſt, duſt, and aſhes. One awkward ſhave of the air from the wooden razor of a ſignal poſt, and—everything changed. Light office doors flew open, panels yielded, books, newſpapers, travelling caps and wrappers, broke out of brick walls—money chinked, conveyances oppreſſed by nightmares of luggage came careering into the yard—porters ſtarted up from ſecret places—the ſhining bell, who lived in a little tray on ſtilts by himſelf, flew into a man's hand and clamoured violently. The pointſman aloft in the ſignal-box made the motions of drawing, with ſome difficulty, hogſheads of beer. Down train ! more beer. Up train ! more beer. Cattle train, more beer. Goods train, ſimmering, whiſtling, trembling, rumbling, thundering. Trains on the whole confuſion of interſecting rails, croſſing one another, bumping one another, hiſſing one another, backing to go forward, tearing into diſtance to come cloſe. People frantic. Exiles ſeeking reſtoration to their native carriages, and baniſhed to remoter climes. More beer and more bell. Then in a minute the ſtation relapſes into ſtupor, as the ſtoker of the cattle train, the laſt to depart, went gliding

out of it, wiping the long nose of his oil-can with a dirty pocket handkerchief."

"By night, in its unconscious state, the station was not so much as visible. Something in the air, like an enterprising chemist established on business in one of the boughs of Jack's bean-stalk, was all that could be discerned of it under the stars. In a moment it would break out a constellation of gas. In another moment, twenty rival chemists on twenty rival bean-stalks, came into existence. Then the furies would be seen waving their lurid torches up and down the confused perspectives of embankments and arches. Then the station would be full of palpitating trains—and the station walls starting forward under the gas like a hippopotamus's eyes, dazzled the human locomotives with the sauce bottle, the cheap music, the bedstead, the distorted range of buildings where the patent safes are made, the gentleman in the rain with the patent umbrella, the lady returning from the ball with the registered respirator and all the other embellishments. And now the human locomotives, creased as to their countenances, and purblind as to their eyes, would swarm forth in a heap, addressing themselves to the mysterious urns and the much injured women; while the iron locomotives, dripping fire and water, shed their steam about plentifully."

With the thirty-ninth number of "Household Words," and in the year 1850, its first year, began that delightful series of Christmas presents which have never once failed. Remarkable among which was the little picture of the old Rochester Almshouse, founded by

Richard Watts, Eſq., for ſix poor travellers, who, not being *rogues* or *proctors*, may receive gratis, for one night, lodging, entertainment, and fourpence each. Perhaps the beſt and moſt natural of all the ſeries ſo quiet and ſimple—and in its deſcriptions of the adminiſtration of Watts' charity, which dealt with the ſeven poor travellers as an incumbrance, and hoped eventually "to take off a bit of the back yard," and get them out of the houſe altogether, aiming a ſly ſtroke of ſatire at the wanton and coſtly management of the Literary Fund.

Then came the "Holly Tree Inn" with the runaway little children. And while "The Gueſt" ſits in the principal room over the fire, having read out the literature of the eſtabliſhment, which conſiſted of "A Book of Roads," "A Little Song Book," terminating in a collection of "Toaſts and Sentiments," and an odd volume of "Peregrine Pickle" and the "Sentimental Journey," the whole poetry and romance of old inns, and thoſe floating, ſhapeleſs ſpectres we aſſociate with them, but cannot bring into ſhape within a ſhort compaſs, viſit him, crowded into a ſort of ghoſtly epitome. No one has ſuch art as Mr. Dickens in thus giving ſhape, with a ſtroke or two, to images dear and acceptable to all, but which are an immenſity in mere detail.

Then followed "The Wreck of the Golden Mary," the happieſt imitation of the quaint ſimplicity of the mariners of Defoe's creation. This brochure was remarkable as reaching the unprecedented ſale of a hundred thouſand copies. After which came "The Perils of certain Engliſh Priſoners"—a ſimple narrative clearly

ſuggeſted by the Cawnpore and Lucknow tragedies—then engroſſing public attention. It was a curious bit of marqueterie, the firſt and third portions being written by Mr. Dickens, the intermediate part by Mr. Wilkie Collins. Even here the touchings and ſtray chiſellings of the maſter could be pointed out. Still the ſtory is of abſorbing intereſt, and Commiſſioner Pordage, who, by the agency of his "diplomatic coat," gives the *coup de grâce* to the Circumlocution Office, would have done honour to a more ſerious effort. Followed then "The Haunted Houſe," the "joinery" of which was all by Mr. Collins. It introduced, however, another child's ſtory from the old ſkilful hand—a whimſical conceit about a Seraglio, and a Commander of the Faithful in the child's world. The "Houſe to Let" had no very ſpecial feature. Then came the pretty and touching "Meſſage from the Sea," with its ſeaſide fiſhing village, its ale-houſe club, and its rough generous captain, "Silas Jorgan," who "played the organ;" and another genuine bit of the true metal—quaint, original, and deliciouſly-worded—"The Tom Thumb of the Fair," who went about in a "wan," "walked three times round," became rich, and ended much like the dwarf Borulowſki. Then came "Tom Tiddler's Ground," ſtill freſh in the public memory, and remarkable for a really comic ſtory by Mr. Wilkie Collins; and "Somebody's Luggage" with its wonderful Waiter, and a charming French ſtory, which is yet no ſtory, written by Mr. Charles Collins. The memory of "The Lodgings" which Mrs. Lirriper

let laſt Chriſtmas to Major Jackman is ſtill freſh; and it will be admitted that, for *ſuch* apartments, never was ſo light a rent demanded.

When the "through ſyſtem" between London and Paris in eleven hours was opened Mr. Dickens flew acroſs with the reſt. Cuſtom has ſomewhat dulled the wonder with which that performance was regarded, and ordinary people ſwoop from London Bridge to the Place Roubaix with the ſame indifference as they would from London to Brighton. But no ordinary perſon could have given the marvellous photograph, the pages of life, colour, and motion, with which Mr. Dickens has deſcribed the journey. Never did language help us ſo near to reality. We ſeem to be ſitting in the carriage, to be rocking with the motion, to have the very burr and roar in our ears. "Bang," he ſays, "we have let another ſtation off and fly away regardleſs. Everything is flying. The hop gardens turn gracefully towards me, preſenting regular avenues of hops in rapid flight; then whirl away. So do the pools and ruſhes, hayſtacks, clover in full bloom, corn ſheaves, cherry orchards, apple orchards, reapers, gleaners, hedges, gates, fields that taper off into little corners, cottages, gardens. Now and then a church. Bang, bang! A double-barrelled ſtation! Now a wood, now a bridge, now a landſcape, now a cutting, now a ——. Bang! A ſingle-barrelled ſtation—there was a cricket match ſomewhere, with two white tents, then four flying cows, then turnips—now the wires of the electric telegraph are all alive and ſpin, and blur their edges, and go up and down, and make the intervals between each other moſt

irregular, contracting and expanding in the ſtrangeſt manner. Now we ſlacken. With a ſcrewing, and a grinding, and a ſmell of water thrown on aſhes, now we ſtop." Then comes the packet. "A lovely harveſt day, a cloudleſs ſky, a tranquil ſea." With "the piſton rods of the engines ſo regularly coming up from below to look (as well they may) at the bright weather, and ſo regularly almoſt knocking their iron heads againſt the croſsbeams of the ſkylight, and never doing it." Then the change to the French country, done with a few touches, but touches that make it riſe before us like a ſet ſcene. Railway ſtation. "Lunch or dinner; ladies and gentlemen. Large hall, long counter, long ſtrips of dining-table, bottles of wine, plates of meat, roaſt chickens, little loaves of bread, baſins of ſoup, little caraffes of brandy, cakes and fruit." Then "fields, windmills, low grounds, pollard trees, windmills, fields, fortifications, Abbeville, ſoldiering, and drumming"... "People waiting, houſes, uniforms, beards, mouſtaches, ſome ſabots, plenty of neat women and a few old-viſaged children ... Bugle, ſhriek, flight reſumed." And ſo the animated ſeries of pictures and figures continue, ſeeming to fly paſt the carriage window as we read, until at laſt evening ſets in, and with the great ſtory-teller we come rolling into Paris. It is night, and he ſtrolls out upon the Boulevards, and that curious feel of having been in London but a few hours back comes upon him—as it has come as curiouſly upon a many travellers. "The crowds in the ſtreet, the lights in the ſhops and balconies, the elegance, variety, and beauty of their decorations, the number of the theatres, the

brilliant cafés, with their windows thrown up high, and their vivacious groups at little tables on the pavement, the light and glitter of the houſes, turned as it were inſide out, ſoon convince me that it is no dream; that I am in Paris, howſoever I got there. I ſtroll down to the Palais Royal, up the Rue Rivoli, to the Place Vendome . . . I walk up to the Barriere de l'Etoile, ſufficiently dazed by my flight to have a pleaſant doubt of everything about me—of the lively crowd, the overhanging trees, the performing dogs, the hobby-horſes, the beautiful perſpectives of ſhining lamps, the hundred-and-one encloſures, where the ſinging is, in gleaming orcheſtras of azure and gold, and where a ſtarred-eyed Houri comes round for the voluntary offerings."

And here is the ſecret of the difference between theſe two great writers. Each has uſed what is called the "eſſay" for a different purpoſe: with Lamb it has become a profound and ſkilful analyſis of mental phenomena, lightened by a ſurpriſing humour; with Dickens there is the ſame humour preſent, working on a cloud of more material images, which imparts a more human intereſt. The material is different in both; but in the humour, both are ſurpriſingly akin, as any one may ſee who puts the paſſage on Stackhouſe's Bible and that about the Noah's Ark ſide by ſide.

But, in truth, compariſon is not fair. The fame of Lamb will always reſt upon his eſſays, which he filled and almoſt overweighted with the treaſures of his mind. Thought, fancy, wit, and profound mental knowledge are there—preſent almoſt too abundantly. They are his whole works. But in the caſe of Dickens we have been

looking at only one ſide of his genius; we have been dealing with what he perhaps conſiders only the play-things of his diſengaged hours. Nor yet does this exhauſt his gifts. What his fame reſts on need not be mentioned here. As the deliverer of what the French would call "a ſpeech of occaſion," no one is more happy. Upon the ſtage he is an actor of extraordinary power and originality; and the well-known "Readings" of his own books were admitted to be the moſt unique and delightful of exiſting entertainments. And over all, there is a geniality and warm ſympathy with living men and living things, which does not look forth merely, through the type lines of his books, as through grated bars—a ſympathy to which his friend Forſter has done homage in the graceful ſonnet prefixed to the Life of Goldſmith:

"Genius and its rewards are briefly told:
A liberal nature, and a niggard doom,
A difficult journey to a ſplendid tomb.
New-writ, nor lightly weighed, that ſtory old
In gentle Goldſmith's life I here unfold:
Thro' other than lone wild, or deſert-gloom,
In its mere joy and pain, its blight and bloom,
Adventurous. Come with me and behold,
O friend with heart as gentle for diſtreſs,
As reſolute with wiſe true thoughts to bind
The happieſt to the unhappieſt of our kind,
That there is fiercer crowded miſery
In garret, toil, and London lonelineſs
Than in cruel iſlands 'mid the far off ſea."

THE NATIVE LITERATURE OF INDIA.

BY CAPTAIN MEADOWS TAYLOR, M.R.I.A.

THE NATIVE LITERATURE OF INDIA.

I THINK I may ſafely premiſe this lecture by telling you that the native literature of India, though in many reſpects a moſt intereſting field of reſearch, is by no means a popular one. The prominent facts, that the beſt of it is from three to four thouſand years old: that it has lain, hidden as it were, under the thick veil of an ancient language extremely difficult of attainment by Europeans, and even by the natives of India themſelves: and that there is nothing new in ſcience or art to be gained from works which exiſt in Sanſcrit—ſtand like grim guardians, as it were, of its threſhold, with repellent aſpect which comparatively few have cared either to confront or conciliate. I have no doubt alſo, that there are many, even among the highly educated claſſes here preſent, who have never heard of Oriental literature (the "Arabian Nights" excepted) but as a dry and muſty ſtudy, fitted for learned pundits and ſevere metaphyſical ſtudents—the very Doctors Dryaſduſt of learning.

What chance have I, therefore, with a ſubject ſo vaſt, ſo ancient, to hope that I may intereſt you in it? I may well indeed heſitate ere I attempt to ſet before this intelligent and critical audience, ſome glimpſes of the profound ethical ſpeculations of Hindu ſages, of the religious belief which they tranſmitted to poſterity, of their drama, and of thoſe tender, loving thoughts recorded by their poets, which, each and all, recited as they have been, from day to day, to countleſs millions of people, have ſurvived to the preſent period. Will any of theſe prove acceptable to you? Can you, even in thought, go back with me to thoſe hoary ſages, and live awhile with them as part of your gay and happy life, without a ſenſe of wearineſs? If ſo, I bid you heartily welcome; and it will be my object, while I may hope to inſtruct in ſome degree, to amuſe alſo, and to prove to you that theſe old philoſophers, devotees, and poets were not, in eſſentials, very different to ourſelves, and that wherever the immortal Divine Beneficence has vouchſafed intellectual development, it has not been without that expreſſion which in all ages, and for all time, enſures ſympathy with the beſt chords in the human heart.

Such developments of mental capacity moſt of thoſe who liſten to me have already followed, in various forms, through Greek and Roman literature, and to neither have they refuſed their admiration. The grand deſcriptions of Homer, the tender narratives of Virgil, the ſtrainings after truth of Grecian and Roman philoſophers, intereſt and gratify all who read them; and the great ſtores of intellectual culture which the claſſic

authors of Greece and Rome poured out to the world have no more palled upon *our* imaginations, than they were able to ſurfeit thoſe who firſt heard them. If, then, they were writ for all time, theſe which I have to introduce to you are, I think, for all time alſo. If Indian literature does not poſſeſs all the grandeur, all the poetic charm, which abound in the ancient claſſic writers, it has, at leaſt, its own peculiar and national characteriſtics, much profound diſquiſition, much tenderneſs, much true pathos, combined with elegant and graphic deſcriptions of nature. I do not think, among the Greek and Latin claſſics, that there is any more heart-ſtirring adorative devotion, or ſimple, affecting definition of faith, than in the Bhugwut Gita, "The Lord's Song," of the Mahabharat; nor a more tender, elegant play of poetical fancy than in the Mègha Dutta, "The Cloud Meſſenger," of Kalidas.

But in the courſe of this lecture I truſt to provide you with ſome means of judging for yourſelves on theſe points; and I would rather do this than attempt, in a department of literature neceſſarily foreign to you, to lay down principles which, in any dogmatic ſpirit of my own, I could requeſt you to follow. The ſtudy of this ancient literature has proved faſcinating to many great minds of modern times; and it was only comparatively at a very recent period that the Sanſcrit language became known to any one, or that any of its treaſures were revealed to us by competent tranſlators. Sir William Jones, Wilkins, Colebrooke, Wilford, Marſhman, Horace Hayman Wilſon, Schlegel, and Max Müller, with many other diſtinguiſhed men whom I

cannot enumerate, have from time to time provided admirable tranſlations of ſome of the choiceſt works in Hindu literature; and with all theſe ripe ſcholars, the very difficulties of the noble language in which the original works were written, ſeem to have ſerved to increaſe the incentive, not only to maſter it, but to render into our own the beauties with which it abounds. The greateſt difficulty all complain of, however, is the comparative poverty of our own rich language to expreſs the beauty and vigour of the original Sanſcrit, whence you may derive aſſurance that the rendering of the ſeveral quotations I ſhall make are not only unexaggerated, but even fall ſhort of the ſpirit of the original.

Of the periods of Greek Philoſophy and of the claſſic authors whoſe works fill our libraries, there is no doubt; and in many inſtances the details of their biographies admit of no queſtion of authenticity. But it is very different with Hindus; their national diſpoſition to exaggeration has placed the firſt intellectual revelations to them at a diſtance of time ſo remote as to baffle chronology; and the beſt ſcholars admit that the concluſions arrived at in regard to exact dates are often unſatisfactory. Nevertheleſs, we can aſſume that the philoſophic era of Hindu writings correſponds in ſome degree with the Greek, becauſe the ſubjects diſcuſſed by both, though thoroughly independent of each other, aſſimilate in their general character as evidences of general intellectual progreſs.

But far antecedent to the Hindu metaphyſical and philoſophical era, we find diſtinct and moſt intereſting evidence of the gradual emerging of the Hindu mind from

the darkneſs of barbariſm to the light of devotion, in which, as was moſt natural, its firſt eſſay was made. At ſome remote period of time, now untraceable, a Scythic tribe, which we now know as Aryan, migrated to India, and made ſettlements upon the banks of the Indus. Thence they advanced as conquerors into India, and founded the monarchy of Haſtinapoor, near the modern Delhi. The firſt invaders were probably nomadic ſhepherds; and it is a curious fact that the migrations of this great Aryan race, traceable by its languages, Sanſcrit and Pracrit, extended eaſtwards to India and weſtwards to Europe, probably about the ſame period. It was, however, to the Indian branch of it that intellectual development was firſt vouchſafed—for you will remember what we and the Indo-Germanic tribes were, long after the Chriſtian era—and we ſhall have evidence in this lecture of the higheſt order of mental vigour and culture in the one, while the other remained wrapped in its diſmal mantle of ſavagery.

We ſeek then naturally the earlieſt dawn of progreſſive civilization among the Aryan Hindus, and we find it in the Vèdas, which are the evidences of tranſition from nomadic barbariſm to civilized ſettlement into the ſocial polity of communities. They are a collection of traditional texts, both devotional and philoſophical, hymns, liturgies, directions for ſacrifice and oblation, included in four works, the Rig-Vèd, Yajoor-Vèd, Sám-Vèd, and Utter-Vèd, by a Brahmin named Vèda Vyaſa, and hence ſtyled "The Vèdas," Of theſe the Rìg-Vèd, as the moſt obſcure and elementary, is undoubtedly the moſt ancient, and the antiquity claimed

for it by Hindu chronology is immenſe; but, as derived from evidences of authorſhip, the date of the collection of its contents, which were then in uſe as traditionary revelation, is placed at 1580 years before Chriſt, or, in round numbers, about 3500 years ago. The Aryan Hindus were then worſhippers of the elements, or of deified beings repreſenting them:—and Indra the thunder or firmament, Agni the fire, Varana the rain, and Vaya the wind, were thus the firſt objects of the adoration of this ſimple paſtoral people. If a conſciouſneſs of a Divine Author of theſe natural phenomena ſuggeſted their Deification, as it probably did, we may imagine how alſo gradually, a naturally poetic and inventive temperament provided in time attendants of various degrees and capacities upon the gods of the elements; and how alſo, as at enmity with theſe, and in recognition of a good and evil principle, evil ſpirits and malicious ſprites were alſo conceived.

Such, then, was the nature of the earlieſt religious belief among the Hindus of which we find record. It was followed naturally by the recognition of one Divine Eſſence, from which all had emanated, and to which all was ſubject, which was termed Bramh; and after this enſued thoſe philoſophical and metaphyſical portions of the Vèdas, which ſought to aſcertain and fix the principles of the Divine Nature, and define the ſeparation of ſpirit and matter, juſt as we know the ſame proceſs to have been followed by the ancient Greeks. But taking theſe phaſes of religious enlightenment in order, the hymns to Deified elements muſt have the precedence; and I think it will intereſt you to hear how praiſe was ſung to the

objects of their adoration by the Aryan Shepherds perhaps four thousand years ago or more. Here, then, is part of a hymn to the early dawn, which I quote from Mr. Griffith's metrical translation; and you will note not only the brilliant succession of images which are embodied in it, but the striking coincidence of thoughts with other poems on the same subject with which you are familiar. This hymn is a favourite with all Brahmin priests, and is sung or chanted to a particular measure or tune, which is not without melody. It may often be heard, accompanied by a low clash of cymbals, in temples, or private houses of the Brahmins, before morning breaks.

"Morning! child of Heaven appear!
Dawn with wealth our hearts to cheer.
Thou that spreadest out the light,
Dawn with food, and glad our sight;
Gracious Goddess, hear our words,
Dawn with increase of our herds.

"Morning comes, the nurse of all,
Like a matron at whose call
All that dwell the house within
Their appointed tasks begin.
Creatures frail to death she brings,
Now each warbler shakes its wings,
And to greet her coming sings.

"All that live, adore her light
Pray to see the joyful sight;
All good things to men she sends,
And her cheering radiance lends.
Morning shine with joyful ray,
Drive the darkness far away
Bring us blessings every day!"

Nor can I paſs by the Hymn to the Sun in the ſame collection, without extracting a few verſes. If the invocation to dawn—that ſweet, cool, dewy time in India —be like it, calm and gentle, we find in the Hymn to the Sun a flaſhing picture of ſudden glow, and blaze of heat in ſunriſe, which in India ſo rapidly follows the dawn: then the ſucceſſive dazzling effects of the ſun in its various changes of the day are deſcribed, and the hymn cloſes with a ſolemn alluſion to night and a prayer for Divine bleſſing. This hymn is chanted to a more joyous meaſure than the preceding. As the ſun riſes, the Brahmins iſſue from their temples, and perambulate them, ſinging the hymn accompanied by cymbals, and not uncommonly other muſic.

"Riſen in majeſtic blaze
Lo! the univerſe's eye,
Vaſt and wondrous hoſt of rays
Shineth brightly in the ſky.

"Soul of all that moveth not,
Soul of all that moves below,
Lighteth he earth's gloomieſt ſpot,
And the heavens are all a-glow.

"See, he followeth the dawn,
Brilliant in her path above—
As a youth by beauty drawn
Seeks the maiden of his love.

"Look! his horſes mounted high,
Good of limb, and ſwift and ſtrong,
In the forehead of the ſky,
Run their courſe the heaven along.

"When he rides in noontide glow,
Blazing in the nation's ſight,
The ſkies his boundleſs glory ſhow,
And his majeſty of light.

" Such the majeſty and power,
Such the glory of the ſun,
When he ſets at evening hour,
The worker leaves his taſk undone.
His ſteeds are looſed, and over all
Spreadeth night her gloomy pall.

" Hear us, O ye Gods, this day!
Hear us, graciouſly we pray!
As the ſun his ſtate begins,
Free us from all heinous ſins."

Here, too, are ſpecimens of prayer to Deified elements, which are generally in the form of ſhort texts or invocations.

" *To Varana, or Water.* O Waters! with your waters waſh away all the guilt which I, the ſacrificer have committed, with and without knowledge.

" *To Agni, or Fire.* O Fire! be thou the way of our happineſs. As a father to his children be thou near to us.

" O Agni! as birds at a great diſtance from their neſts, in return to their neſts, fly with all their ſtrength: ſo my mind, deſtitute of anger, and having no deſire to return to the enjoyment of great riches and wealth, flies to thee!"

The foregoing are brief ſpecimens of the earlieſt prayers and religious poetry of the Hindus of which there is any record, which lead us naturally into the ſacred period of expanding perception, when a ſole Deity was recognized. We follow the enlarged belief by the recorded prayers, and it will intereſt you, I think, to hear ſpecimens of adorative devotion ſo ancient and ſo devout. I ſay ſo ancient, becauſe, though all the matter of the

Vèdas is ſuppoſed, as I have already ſtated, to have been compiled from tradition, 1580 years before Chriſt, it is quite impoſſible to aſſign even approximate dates to the ſeveral portions of them, and much of it was doubtleſs in exiſtence very long before that period. Idolatry was evidently unknown, and the following prayers, taken from the Sám Vèda, are addreſſed to "God" as a ſpirit only, in recognition of, and praiſe for, his attributes.

"Bramh (or the Divine Eſſence) fills the heavens and the earth. He is whatever was, and whatever will be. He is ſeparate from all. His command is as the water of life. He is the ſource of univerſal motion. He is not ſeparate from the univerſe. He is the light of the ſun, of the moon, of the fire, of the lightning and all that ſhines. The primary elements are his ſight. In different forms he cheriſhes the creature, as in the form of fire he digeſts their food. In the form of air he preſerves them in exiſtence, in the form of water he ſatisfies them. The progreſſion of time forms his foot-ſteps. All the gods are to him as ſparks from the fire. Therefore I bow to him who was the univerſe."

And another: "Bramh is the life of life, mind of mind, ſight of ſight. He, without eyes, ſees whatever is, was, or ſhall be. His power is ſeen in the cooling draught, the burning fire, the ſcorching ſun. To the holy he is ever near, from the wicked he is afar off. He is the ſource of truth to aſſiſt men in their worſhip. He who takes refuge in him is a holy perſon. He whoſe face is turned from him is a blaſphemer. I therefore adore thee and bow to thee."

The "Gayatri" is conſidered the holieſt myſtic

verſe of all Hindu theology. When a Brahmin boy is being inveſted with the ſacred thread of his order, and by this ſacrament brought within the pale of the "twice born," this verſe is whiſpered in his ear, he repeats it in a whiſper till he learns it, and the words are never to be revealed. Sir William Jones, however, found means of tranſlating it, and it runs thus:

"Let us adore the ſupremacy of that divine ſun, the Godhead, who illuminates all, who recreates all, from whom we all proceed, to whom we muſt all return; whom we invoke to direct our underſtandings aright in our progreſs towards his holy ſeat."

One portion of the Vèdas, probably of a later date than the portions already noticed, is the Upaniſhads. Many, perhaps moſt of them, belong to the earlieſt era of the philoſophic or metaphyſical religion which followed the recognition of one God, and are characterized by a certain dim myſticiſm, as though the mind were ſtruggling in the definition of ſubjects beyond its power. They exhibit a tone of melancholy, a deſpair of good in life, which is very affecting. The ſolemn wail, as it were, of the following paſſage may be quoted as illuſtrative of that feeling, and is perhaps ſuggeſtive of paſſages in the book of Job.

"Verſe 8. Day and night, evening and morn, winter and ſpring, depart and return. Time ſports, age paſſes on; but deſire and the wind remain unreſtrained.

"9. While the body is tottering, the head grey, the mouth toothleſs; when the ſmooth ſtick trembles in the hand which it ſupports, the veſſel of covetouſneſs remains unemptied.

"10. So ſoon born, ſo ſoon dead! ſo long lying in thy mother's womb, ſo great crimes committed in the world! How then, O man, canſt thou live here with complacency!"

I could quote many other paſſages of the ſame elevated ſtamp, but enough has perhaps been adduced to prove to you how the ancient ritual of the Hindus abounded with noble proofs of a pure Theiſm. As you hear them, you will deplore the preſent darkened condition of the Hindu mind as debaſed by idolatrous worſhip. Of late years, many of the beſt educated Hindus, abandoning the polytheiſtic worſhip of the Puranic theology, have adopted the Monotheiſm of the Vèdas, and there is no doubt that this claſs of religioniſts is increaſing. But at beſt it is a cold Theiſm, affecting renewal of the ſecond or philoſophic era, without any moral ſtrength or vitality. Better, however, than a groſs and licentious idolatry, it may, as we will truſt, prove the precurſor of a purer faith.

It is to the third era in the Hindu religious literature that I would now introduce you, and in regard to ſubjects which have been illuſtrated by copious eſſays of our beſt Oriental ſcholars, the limits of this lecture would be quite inſufficient for any complete analyſis of the whole of them, or of the ſeparate ſchools of philoſophy to which the ſpeculations of the Hindu writers gave birth, while the extremely abſtruſe metaphyſical manner in which all the ſubjects relating to abſtract Divinity are treated, would, I fear, prove of comparatively little intereſt.

But it may be readily imagined, among naturally

dious and contemplative men, and after the Divine ence had been acknowledged as an article of faith, it the nature of that Eſſence ſhould form ſubjects of neſt diſquiſition. We find therefore, as ſubſequently ong the Greeks, that difference and yet analogy be- een matter and ſpirit, the eternity or otherwiſe of tter and its origin, with the nature and ſource of th, and means of attaining to the higheſt beatitude— re queſtions which the early Hindu philoſophers xiouſly and earneſtly diſcuſſed. We may compare eſe ſtruggles of the Hindu mind towards religious truth th thoſe of the Greek philoſophers, of whom Sopho- s, Æſchylus, and Simonides are examples; and it is ficult to ſay in the Hindu, whether the religious mere thinking ſenſe is the more predominant.

The earlieſt philoſophical ſchool is the Sankya, of hich a Brahmin, Kupila, in the ſeventh century before rift, was the founder. He taught the nature of ele- entary matter, then the difference between ſoul and irit, and matter and ſoul. He divided the two into aterial eſſence pertaining only to the body and its ſes, and ſpiritual eſſence as the Divine principle, iſting in man coequally; but the latter—as capable re-abſorption into the Divine Being—neceſſarily the perior. The material eſſence was the active ſenſual inciple, and this, which emanated from nature, was reconcilable with Divinity. Thus, in man, as com- ſed of matter and ſpirit, the active power ſuffered, iſted, tranſgreſſed, enjoyed, while the ſpirit was ſſive—a ſpectator as it were, of the acts of the ſenſes. Then the ſoul by tranſgreſſion paſſed into the material

portion of being, it became abſorbed in the cares and pleaſures of animal or carnal life, and its purity was loſt till, in a new but inferior birth, it was called to a freſh exerciſe of its power with increaſed and more painful efforts to attain perfection. All attachment to objects of ſenſe was therefore to be avoided, and the ſoul ſhould ſeek emancipation from ſenſual temptations by liberation from material eſſence, when it would be incorporated with God, and become therefore a portion of God itſelf.

This ſchool was followed by that of Patanjali, or it is poſſible the two may have exiſted contemporarily. It appears to me to have immediately preceded Buddhiſm in the fifth or ſixth century before Chriſt, and it was aſſuredly that to which the Hindu mind reverted after the expulſion from India of Buddhiſm in the fourth century B. C. The Patanjali philoſophy compriſed the ſame range of metaphyſical diſcuſſion as the Sankya. It taught that there was an eſſential difference between the quality of the human ſoul and the divine. The divine eſſence could not be affected by ſenſe or paſſion; the human was guided by both. The former ſchool had denied form to God; Patanjali maintained that it exiſted. The doctrine of creation of matter by divine will, was a bold one in compariſon of that taught by Kupila, that the principles of matter and ſpirit were co-exiſtent; and in the latter ſchool the creation of the univerſe and progreſſion of matter, were eſtabliſhed as an article of faith.

Out of theſe ſchools aroſe the practice of aſceticiſm. It was neceſſary to reſtrain the mind, and prevent its

following ſenſual deſires and objects, and this was to be effected by internal meditation. If confined, it was ſure to be fixed upon God; if ſuffered to ſtray, it wandered reſtleſsly into voluptuouſneſs. The object of the God-ſeeker, therefore, was to deliver his mind from ſubjection; in ſhort, to ſubject his ſenſes to his mind.

It would be impoſſible within the limits of this lecture, or indeed in a ſeries, were the ſubject worth it, which it is not, to deſcribe the proceſſes of argument by which theſe poſitions were maintained. Frequently ſubtle, able, logical, and always ingenious, the ſtudent becomes bewildered by their variety, while he is often ſhocked by their puerility. It is, however, impoſſible to withhold admiration from the grand perſiſtence in following up a high, and even divine ſtandard of excellence, and means for ſuppreſſing the evil deſires of the heart.

It was not enough to ſeparate mind and matter, ſoul and ſpirit, but to define cauſes for every emotion and every ſenſe. Every exertion of intellect or play of fancy was analyzed, reſolved into parts, and accounted for by fixed principles; while the commentaries on the original texts ſtill more ſubdivided theſe ſubjects, and led to an infinity of complex mental combinations. To give you an idea of the text of this philoſophy, I will quote part of the firſt chapter of the Patanjali, to ſhow the method by which the neceſſary mental elevation or abſtraction is to be gained; for it is, in fact, the key to the whole work, and to that portion of Hindu philoſophy which reſulted in aſceticiſm. This is the end of the proceſs.

"The yogee (or devotee), that he may not fall from

the elevation he has attained, ſtill ſeeks God by meditation on his names, or the import of his names, or on his exiſtence. After which he loſes all remembrance of the Deity, and of their import, and God becomes realized in the mind as pure light, and to this ſucceeds a ſtate of mind ſimilar to ſelf annihilation."

"Still, however, he is not delivered from ſubtle illuſion, though his ideas have received the impreſs of duty; but if he ſucceed in perfecting his abſtraction, God will ſhine forth in complete ſplendour; the mind of the yogee will become completely abſorbed in him, and he will poſſeſs univerſal preſcience."

Such is the aſpiration, which has a certain grandeur of deſign; but you will hardly ſuppreſs a ſmile when I tell you the means to be employed by the devotee in order to attain it. Eighty-four modes of ſitting are laid down, and a rigid poſture, we are told naïvely, may become eaſy by practice. While practiſing it, the devotee muſt raiſe his mind to the wonders of the heavens; and in the next place, in order to fix his mind, he muſt accompliſh the gradual ſuppreſſion of breathing, becauſe otherwiſe the animal ſoul and the mind act in conjunction. He muſt permit the exhalation of his breath to extend at furtheſt twelve fingers' breadth from the noſtril. He muſt alſo endeavour to fix the underſtanding by ſome act of the ſenſes, that is, he muſt place his ſight and thoughts on the tip of his noſe, by which he will perceive ſmell; then bring his mind to the tip of his tongue, when taſte will be realized; afterwards fix his mind at the root of his tongue, when ſound will be perceived; and thus the devotee, "fixing his eyes on

the tip of his noſe, ſubdues all his members, and all the powers of the elements over him."

Such are the ſources, abſurd and puerile as they are, and unaccountable as mixed up with the ſubſtance of the ſublime truths and ſpeculations already noticed, from which have ſprung the religious devotees of India, the moſt prolific aſcetics in the world. Hence are the Byrágees, Goſſávees, and other frightful examples of perpetual penance, over whom, no pain, no ſuffering, no fatigue, not even the elements themſelves, ſeem to have any power. There is no doubt that the aſcetic doctrine of Patanjali weakened original Hinduiſm, and in the mythological and polytheiſtic creations and doctrines of the ſubſequent Puráns, and the recognized diviſions of caſtes, what we now ſee of Hinduiſm was perfected more than two thouſand years ago.

The foregoing will have given you an idea of the two greateſt philoſophic ſchools of the Hindus, and there are many others which aroſe out of them, but which I need not follow. All theſe are united in the Bhugwut Gita, or "Lord's Song," of the Mahabharut, into which it is introduced as an epiſode. Here again we find the Hindu mind reverting to devotion, at the ſame time recognizing aſceticiſm as a means, yet not the ſole means, of holy progreſs. Enumeration of the twelve chapters or diviſions of this very remarkable work will ſhow you what ſubjects were diſcuſſed, and in what order. After two introductory chapters, the reſt follow—"Devotion through action: by ſpiritual knowledge: by renunciations of actions or works: by ſpiritual diſcernment: by the indiviſible Supreme Spirit: by means of kingly

knowledge: by the Divine virtue. Through worſhip: by attainment to the higheſt perſon; and finally, as regards the three kinds of faith."

This work has met with many tranſlators, and the Latin tranſlation by Schlegel, is perhaps neareſt to the original. Mr. Thompſon's is, however, one of the beſt; and I will read a few paſſages as exemplifying the doctrines of *pure* Hinduiſm, for the Bhugwut Gita, as containing the eſſence of all their Divine philoſophy, and all knowledge neceſſary to ſalvation is, in fact, read daily, or parts of it, by every devout Brahmin in India.

Texts on Faith. "The Faith of mortals is of three kinds. It ſprings from each one's own diſpoſition. It is in the nature of goodneſs, alſo of evil, and of indifference. Mortal man who is gifted with Faith, is of the ſame nature as that being on whom he repoſes his Faith."

"Sacrifice which includes worſhip, which is offered in accordance with Divine law by thoſe who do not look ſelfiſhly for its recompenſe, and who diſpoſe their hearts to the conviction that it is right to ſacrifice, is a good one; but by thoſe who hope for recompenſe, is a bad one."

"Whatever ſacrifice is performed, and whatever action is done without faith, is called untrue; nor is it of any uſe to us after death, or in this life."

"Thou art very much beloved of me, hear from me my ſupreme words moſt ſecret of all. I will tell thee what is good. Place thy affections on me, ſacrifice to me, reverence me. Thus wilt thou come to me. I declare to thee the truth, ſeek me as thy refuge. I will deliver thee from all ſin."

Here we find praiſe of active devotion in contradiction of the Patanjali theology.

" For one can never for a ſingle moment even exiſt without doing ſome action; for every one is forced, even againſt his will, to perform an action by qualities which ſpring from nature. He who remains inert, reſtraining the organs of action, and pondering in his heart on objects of ſenſe, is called a falſe pietiſt of bewildered ſoul. But he who reſtraining his ſenſes by his heart, and being free from any intereſt in acting, undertakes active devotion through the organs of action, is praiſeworthy."

" He who in acting offers his actions to the Supreme Spirit, and puts aſide ſelf intereſt, is not polluted by ſin: even as a lotos leaf is not ſo by water."

" Let him raiſe his ſoul by his own means; let him not lower his ſoul, for he is his ſoul's friend, and alſo his ſoul's enemy. His ſelf is a friend to the ſoul of that man who has ſubdued his ſelf by his ſoul. But from the enmity of what is not ſpiritual, his ſelf might be an enemy, as it were, to his own ſoul."

To ſhow you, however, what ſtrange contradictions exiſt in theſe writings, take the following text.

" He who neither rejoices or grieves or loves; who has no intereſt in good or in bad, and is full of devotion, is dear to me."

We can hardly reconcile the active devotion of the preceding texts with the ſtoical, lifeleſs, paſſive devotion of the laſt; but ſuch is Hindu theology, at beſt a maze or cloud of ſubtilty, with the Divine light breaking through, as it were, occaſionally; in which

majeſty of devotional thought and its perverſion, and ſublime aſpirations and miſerable puerilities, are ſtrangely blended.

The laſt work of the earlieſt period, and perhaps in many reſpects the moſt remarkable in the whole range of Hindu literature, is the Inſtitutes of Menu or Munoo. It was tranſlated by Sir William Jones in 1792, and his verſion is eſteemed—and is, ſo literally correct, that no one ſince has attempted another. By the Hindus, Divine revelation and an immenſe antiquity are claimed for this work; but it follows the Vèdas in order, and diſplays that undoubted evidence of a fixed ſtate of ſociety which is wanting in them. The Vèdas are believed to have been written or compiled 1580 years before Chriſt, and as the author of the Inſtitutes was deſcended from the author of the Vèdas, the intermediate genealogy gives the reſult of about three hundred years, which places Munoo 1280 or 1300 years before Chriſt, or rather more than three thouſand years ago.

When every daily act of a Hindu's life, whatever it may be, even to getting up and ſitting down—from his earlieſt riſing to his going to reſt—is, and muſt be, one of religious obſervance: and when every act of every claſs is provided for, you may well imagine an infinity of detail of which it would be impoſſible for me now to give you any adequate idea. Nor indeed is it neceſſary. The work of Menu, however, ſhows diſtinctly, that not only was Hindu civilization then advanced as far as it is at preſent, but that it had then been in exiſtence for a very long period. Thoſe who know the ſocial condition of Hindus now, find its picture faithfully drawn in theſe

Inſtitutes, though neceſſarily mingled with much that is ideal. Human laws, civil and criminal, are joined to religious precepts. Rules for diplomacy and kingcraft which might have been written for Machiavelli's prince, reſt ſide by ſide with wholeſome precepts of political economy. There is no ſparing of human feeling. Men's frailties and errors, the effects of human paſſion for good or evil, the ſtrength and weakneſs of our affections, we ſee to have been the ſame then as now; and the perpetual ſtruggle between high aims—a higher ſtandard of excellence than is poſſible of human attainment and crime and immorality—between folly and wiſdom—in ſhort, between the real and the ideal, are painful to read, though true to nature.

In ordinary relations and occurrences of life, we find, as evidences of a civilized ſociety which perhaps exiſted no where elſe in the world—banking regulations, intereſt on loans and on pledges, inſurances by ſea and land, bills of exchange and their acceptance and proteſt; regulations for tolls, boats, and carriers' waggons; contracts, relations of maſter and ſervant; gaming; theatrical performances and performers; ſlander, defamation, truth of witneſſes, procedure of law courts, civil and criminal: who may give evidence and who may not: rules for the army, for fortification, in ſhort, compriſing every poſſible ſubject of domeſtic and political conſequence, from the higheſt duties of kings down to regulations for the waſherman, who (and a very neceſſary caution that was) is not to mix people's clothes, nor take out their marks, nor waſh clothes except piece by piece.

But allowing all theſe diſtinctive marks of civilization to be no greater than the Greek, or Egyptian, or Chineſe, of the ſame period, there is one peculiar feature in the work of Menu which diſtinguiſhes it from all other Hindu books, and all other records of civilization in the world, and that is, the formal diviſion of the people into caſtes, of which the Brahmin, or prieſt, is the ſuperior. Never on earth were the chains in which prieſtcraft has held the human intellect in bondage forged ſo ſtrongly or ſo ſkilfully as theſe. What they were three thouſand years ago they are now; nor is their any apparent indication of their being broken. By Menu, the ſocial poſition of "Brahmin" or prieſt, "Kſhuttri" or military, "Vaiſa" or trader and artizan, and "Sudra" for the lower occupations, were laid down with a preciſion which has never been tranſgreſſed. That ſociety has ſought no change, nor has it been capable of any progreſſion. It could alter only with a total diſruption of all its principles, a chaos out of which ſome new life ſhould ſpring. Hitherto, domeſtic wars, foreign invaſions, and the ſucceſſive dominations of the Mahomedan and the Chriſtian, have had no effect whatever on the inert maſs of Hinduiſm.

It has been ſaid of Munoo, that he allotted the ſtation of women too low, and that in conſequence they have never riſen from it. My own idea is, that conſidering the ſtate of ſociety when he wrote, it is the reverſe of low, and is certainly as high as that of Greek or Hebrew women of whom we read. What evidence have we, for inſtance, that Hebrew women were generally educated? but many Hindus were; and in regard to their

houſehold rank, there is nothing left to be deſired. The wife is recognized as the honoured head of the family. "Let the huſband," it is written, "keep his wife employed in the collection and expenditure of wealth, in purification and female duties, in the preparation of daily food, and the ſuperintendence of houſehold utenſils."

"No confinement will ſecure a woman; but thoſe women are entirely ſecure who are guarded by their own virtuous inclinations."

"When females are honoured, the Deities are pleaſed; when they are diſhonoured, then all religious acts become fruitleſs." And again: "In whatever family the huſband is contented with his wife, and the wife with her huſband, in that houſe will good fortune aſſuredly be permanent."

Perhaps the ladies preſent will excuſe me if I make one more quotation from this old world wiſdom. Verſe 61 of Chapter iii., which, ironical as Munoo may have intended it to be, ſeems to me as true and needful now as it was three thouſand years ago.

"Certainly, if the wife be not elegantly attired, ſhe will not exhilarate her huſband."

And believing this to be true, can I doubt, as I look round on this brilliant aſſemblage of beautiful coſtumes, that all the male belongings of the lovely wearers are in the higheſt condition of hilarity!

So with this text we may diſmiſs Munoo, and turn out of the religious and philoſophic literature of India, into the more familiar and more eaſily comprehenſible departments of poetry and the drama. I am afraid that

ſcience would oppreſs you. I could tell you of Hindu aſtronomy, and prove that celeſtial theorems and their principles, the movements of the earth and planets in ſpace, and the calculation of eclipſes, were known to the ancient Hindus; how there alſo exiſt elaborate works upon mathematics, with trigonometry, plane and ſpherical; upon the deepeſt queſtions of arithmetic, and upon medicine and ſurgery; and finally, upon intellectual ſciences—muſic, proſody, grammar and compoſition, rhetoric, metaphor, logic, and ethics. But theſe are too wide a field to venture upon. Hindu authors have been very prolific, and Mr. Ward gives a liſt of two hundred and twenty ſeven original folios on philoſophy alone, within a time when we, if there was any population at all in theſe iſlands, were in the earlieſt condition of ſavagery and barbariſm.

The poetry and the drama of the Hindus, however, as emanations of intellect with which we can grow familiar, have intereſt for all ages. A beautiful thought, a ſubtle fancy happily expreſſed, as Keats wrote—

"A thing of beauty, is a joy for ever"—

and no matter if it be Pagan or Chriſtian, once it touches the heart, it lives there. Thus a few ſpecimens of theſe old poems and dramas may, I think, prove acceptable to you; for of the ancient Hindu poetry there is much that is pictureſque, and much that is tender and pathetic; while in the early Hindu drama, there is none of that prurient licence which renders ſome of our own, and that of the Latin and Greek in particular, ſo highly objectionable. In theſe depart-

ments of Hindu literature we have, thanks to many admirable tranſlators, a very large field of ſelection; but I ſhall only attempt illuſtration of thoſe portions which are ſtill popular, and which alike at the feſtivals of the rich, as among the humbleſt village communities, are ſung or recited to the people of India, either in the original Sanſcrit, or by verſions in their vernacular dialects.

The moſt ancient poem of all, perhaps, is the Mahabharut, written, it is aſſerted, by Vyaſa, author of the Vèdas, the epic already alluded to, which, with the Ramayun, by Valmiki, the hiſtory of the war between Rama, the king of the North, and Rawan of Ceylon and the South of India, are ſtill perhaps the moſt popular poems in the country; but till ſome patient tranſlator will give us the whole of both, we muſt be content with portions of their many epiſodes. In illuſtration of the earlieſt, the Mahabharut, I will quote portions of "Savitri," or the Faithful Wife, as rendered by the Rev. Mr. Griffith, an accompliſhed ſcholar; and it will prove to you, I think, how highly a Hindu poet, three thouſand years ago, could rate woman's devotion and woman's faith, and how tenderly he could deſcribe them.

Aſwapati, a monarch of the Madrás, is childleſs; but his prayers and auſtere penances are accepted by the gods, who give him at length a daughter, Savitri.

"Bright in her ſurpaſſing beauty, ſeemed ſhe to men's wond'ring eyes,
Like a child of the Immortals, new deſcended from the ſkies;
But at the fair maiden's glory, blazing in her youthful pride,
Every prince around was dazzled, and none ſought her for a bride.

When the king beheld his daughter, ripening in her virgin bloom,
Still unwooed by princely ſuitor, care came o'er his ſoul and gloom."

He tells her, therefore, to chooſe a bridegroom, and ſhe is to go forth, according to royal cuſtom, and make her choice. She does ſo, and on her return finds the heavenly ſage Narad with her father. She deſcribes what has befallen her, and how

" Satyavan my heart has choſen, Satyavan has all my love."

This is the only ſon of a monarch who, having been driven from his kingdom by treachery, has become a hermit, and reared his ſon in ſecluſion. Narad declares Savitri's choice to be a hapleſs one; for though the young prince poſſeſſes every virtue, it is of no avail, for he is deſtined to die within the year. Hearing this, her father entreats her to go forth again and chooſe; but Savitri is faithful, ſhe has made her choice once for all, and the old ſage eventually declares his admiration of her, and that " her choice is not to be interfered with." The loving pair are then married, and ſhe remains in the exiled king's foreſt hermitage:

" All the gems that decked her beauty, ſhe put off in lowlineſs,
And her gentle limbs ſhe covered, with a hard rough hermit's dreſs.
By her meekneſs and affection, by her miniſtering care,
Did the ſweet contented lady win the heart of each one there."

But, alas! time will not ſtay; the dreaded period arrives, and ſhe makes a vow to ſtand faſting for three days, if perchance it may avert the fatal ſentence againſt

her huſband. All try to diſſuade her from the undertaking, but ſhe replies,

" Grieve not, deareſt father; think not I ſhall ſink beneath its length,
Firm reſolve has made me vow it, firm reſolve will give me ſtrength,"

and for two days ſhe remains faſting,

" Like a fair and ſtately column, ſtanding motionleſs and ſtill."

Finally, her huſband, unable to bear the ſight of her ſufferings, takes his axe upon his ſhoulder, and is going into the foreſt, when ſhe implores him to allow her to accompany him. The penance has been completed, and this is the fatal day. He tells her the way is rough and weary, but this does not deter her,

" And Savitri lady fair,
Went out with her huſband ſmiling, though her heart was ſad with care."

He points out to her the beautiful foreſt ſcenery and the flowers, but ſhe can ſee nothing but him—doomed to death:

" But ſhe look'd upon him only, mourned him even as the dead,
As the word the ſage had uttered, ſhe again remembered.
Delicately walking onwards, after her dear lord ſhe went,
And expecting, fearing ever, her ſad heart in twain was rent."

And the fatal time comes at length. He is hewing down trees, and ſhe is gathering cool fruits to ſlake his thirſt, when—

" Sudden through his burning temples ſhot a thrill of agony:
Deareſt! cried he to Savitri, racking pains have ſeized my head,
Aching is my heart within me, and my limbs are wearied;

I muſt reſt awhile, my darling, pierced with arrows ſeems my brain,
Deareſt, I can ſtand no longer, reſt and ſleep will ſoothe my pain.
Down upon the ground ſhe ſate her, laid his head upon her breaſt,
And the loving, grieving lady, lull'd her Satyavan to reſt."

The ſleep is that of death. The King of Death, Yama, now appears to her, and ſays he muſt bind and take her huſband's ſpirit. She pleads earneſtly with him to ſpare it, but in vain. He takes the ſoul and binds it, departing ſouthward, and Savitri follows ſorrowing. Yama remonſtrates with her, but to no effect. She replies—

"Whereſoe'er my huſband goeth, in the way where he is led,
There Savitri, faithful ever, ſtill unfalteringly will tread.
Him that goes ſeven paces with thee, truthful ſages call a friend,
Thus I claim thy friendſhip, Yama, I will ſpeak, do thou attend."

Then ſhe claims three boons from him, which he grants, but with the reſervation of her huſband's life, but ſtill ſhe follows and ſtill pleads:—

"Nay, the good ne'er ceaſe well doing, and they know not wearineſs;
Never is their meeting fearful, never is it profitleſs;
Never when the good are near them, do the good faint wearily,
For the good uphold for ever, all that has been or ſhall be."

Her true faith and womanly pleading overcome Yama at laſt, and he ſays ſhe may now aſk him any boon. She replies paſſionately—

"Nought haſt thou excepted, Monarch, in this choice that thou doſt give,
I am dead without his preſence, let my deareſt huſband live!
I would ſpurn all earthly pleaſures, ſpurn all bliſs in heav'n above,
Earth can have no raptures for me, Heav'n no joy without my love."

Then Yama conſents, and ſhe returns to her huſband's form, nothing doubting:

" Still upon the ground ſhe found him, by his ſide ſhe gently bent,
And upon her faithful boſom, tenderly his head ſhe leant.
Spake he then to his Savitri, waking up to ſenſe and life,
Like one who has long been abſent—looking fondly on his wife:
Wherefore didſt thou not arouſe me; long have I been ſleeping here!
Where is he, that ſwarthy being, who in awful form ſtood near?"

She does not tell him what has happened, but ſoothes him, for he is very weary; ſhe will tell him in the morning and offers to remain with him there through the night, but he is anxious to return to his parents, and urges her to return home. Wild beaſts are roaring in the foreſt, and night has fallen, but ſhe is without dread now:

" Gently by the hand ſhe took him, aiding Satyavan to riſe,
Saying, as ſhe ſaw him ſadly on the burthen caſt his eyes,
Thou ſhalt fetch the fruit to-morrow; let the baſket be thy care,
And the axe, for thou art weary, on my ſhoulder I will bear.
The other arm ſhe threw around him, fondly on her neck he leant,
And ſupporting thus her huſband, joyfully the lady went."

It is a happy journey home. What in the morning had been the way to death but in faith, is now a bliſsful reward of that faith. The allegory is very ſimple, but I think very touching; and I have ſeen audiences of Hindu women, at recitations of this poem, ſobbing aloud as the terrible Yama took the ſpirit out of Satyavan's heart, and again exulting as Savitri followed it, in faith, till by her devotion and conſtancy ſhe ſets it free. Of courſe the ſtory ends happily. The loving pair find that Yama's promiſes have been true. The old hermit king has received his ſight, and welcomes his ſon in a

touching manner. Then heralds come, who tell the king that there has been a revolution in his kingdom, his foe is ſlain, and his ſubjects look anxiouſly for him; ſo they all ſet out:

"Carried in a fair ſoft litter, mid the people's welcoming,
Came the queen, and good Savitri, to the city of the king."

There they reign happily, and princes, to ſpread her fame, are born to the faithful lady:

"Thus herſelf, her father, mother, from diſtreſs and woe ſaved ſhe,
Saved her huſband, and his parents, and his coming family.
Whoſo hears this beſt of ſtories, of Savitri, faithful wife,
May his every wiſh be granted, happineſs be his for life."

Ah me! on how many millions has this ſimple benediction fallen in the courſe of centuries! Will you too, once more, after the cuſtom of ſuch Hindu audiences as I have ſeen, receive it for yourſelves, and bear witneſs to the ſtill exiſting eſtimation of this old Hindu poet's loving tale? It is one in which there are no oriental hyperboles or ſtrained ſimiles whatever, but on the contrary, much true and natural pathetic intereſt; and one great charm of Hindu poetry I think is, that it preſents nothing ſtrange or repulſive to us. Even the Hindu belief that Yama, the god and judge of death, ſends for or fetches every dying ſoul, is not difficult to follow.

While we are in company with our faithful guide and elegant tranſlator, Mr. Griffiths, I am tempted to quote many beautiful images and paſſages from his verſions of ancient Sanſcrit poets; but I muſt content myſelf with one only from the "Rita Sanhara," or the Seaſons, which, from the vivid and truthful imagery of the fierce

Indian ſummer, is worthy of notice, as proving to you that the Hindu poets in ſuch works kept nature eſſentially in view as ſtrictly as our own. In the ſummer months in India, a hot wind blows night and day, as from a furnace; trees ſhed their leaves, there is no cool dew or rain, graſs on the hills takes fire, and the want of water, for all ſmall brooks are dried up, diſtreſſes man and beaſt. But liſten to the poet's deſcription of this:

"Now the burning ſummer ſun
Hath unchallenged empire won,
And the ſcorching winds blow free,
Blighting every herb and tree.

* * * *

Lo the lion, foreſt king,
Through the wood is wandering,
By the maddening thirſt oppreſt,
Ceaſeleſs heaves his panting cheſt.
Though the elephant paſs by,
Scarcely turns his languid eye;
Bleeding mouth and failing limb,
What is now his prey to him.
And the elephants no more
Dread the angry lion's roar;
Ever wandering to and fro,
Craſhing through the woods they go,
Vainly ſeeking as they paſs
For ſome dewdrop in the graſs.
Winding ſlow his ſinuous track,
On the pathway hard and black,
Scorch'd and faint the ſerpent crawls,
Where the peacock's ſhadow falls.
If perchance his ſcathed creſt
In that welcome ſhade may reſt.
Lo! their ancient enemy,
Helpleſs there they ſee him die

Fierce as ſacrificial pile
Glows the ſun's red heat the while,
And the gorgeous peacock's eye
Cloſes in his agony!
Driven from their parched home,
Frogs in countleſs armies come,
And their fears by heat allayed,
Crouch them in the ſerpent's ſhade.
Heeding not the trembling throng,
Darting out his flickering tongue,
Lifteth he his head on high,
If ſome breeze may wander by,
For the ſun's refulgent gleam
Slays him with his ſcorching beam.
Where the ſparkling lake before
Fill'd its bed from ſhore to ſhore,
Roots and twiſting fibres wind
Dying fiſh in nets to bind.
There the cranes in anguiſh ſeek
Water with the thirſty beak,
Fainting neath the burning ray
That drinks their very lives away.
Elephants all mad with thirſt
From the woods in fury burſt;
From their mountain caverns, ſee,
Buffaloes ruſh furiouſly,
With hanging tongue, and foam-flecked hide,
Toſſing high their noſtrils wide,
Eager ſtill their ſides to cool
In the thick and ſhrunken pool,
Heedleſs, if they may but gain
Short relief; but all in vain!

"The wood is on fire, and flaſhing on high,
The red flames leap ſwiftly from earth to ſky.
'Tis a ſight of fear—how they burn up the graſs,
And ſcorch in their fury the leaves as they paſs.
In their triumphing progreſs they meet no ſtream,
For the mountains are dried by the fierce ſunbeam!

* * * * *

The victor rides on with the wings of the wind,
And leaves a desolate waste behind.
The trees and the creepers, around, below,
Sink in the clip of their furious foe.
How the caves of the mountain re-echo his roar!
How crackle the reeds as he passes o'er!
He flies through the grass with a shriek of fear,
And drives from the forest the terrified deer!"

Any one who has ever witnessed the effects of forest or dry grass conflagration, will bear testimony to the truth of these images; the poem indeed is full of them.

But we must again change our translator, and take a few extracts from the late Horace Hayman Wilson's metrical translation of another popular poem by Kalidas, author of the preceding who, as one of the famous nine gems, or geniuses of authorship, resided at the court of Vikram Aditya, king of Northern India, in the first half century before Christ, or 1900 hundred years ago. The argument of this poem is very simple. A divinity of the lower order, termed Taksha, has incurred the displeasure of the God of Wealth, and is banished for a year from the heavenly regions above the Himalaya, to a dreary portion of the South of India. In his absence he mourns his separation from his wife, and knowing that she suffers equally with himself, devises a means of sending her intelligence and consolation. He therefore addresses one of the great electric clouds which are sailing majestically, before the monsoon, through the air to the north-east, and entrusts to it his message, while he points out the way it should go:

"Yet ere thine ear can drink what love inspires,
The lengthened way my guiding aid requires.

Oft on whoſe path full many a lofty hill,
Shall eaſe thy toil, and many a cooling rill
Riſe from their ſtreams and ſeek the upper ſky,
Then to the north with daring pinions fly.
When on the wooded mountain's towering head,
Thy hovering ſhades like flowing treſſes ſpread,
Its form ſhall ſhine with charms unknown before,
That heavenly hoſts may gaze at, and adore."

The effect of the cloud's paſſage over the earth, parched by the heat of ſummer, its renewal of graſs and foliage, and the ſong of birds, always ſilent during the heat, is very truthful:

" Reviving nature, bounteous ſhall diſpenſe,
To cheer thy journey, every charm of ſenſe;
Bloſſoms with blended green and ruſſet hue,
And opening buds ſhall ſmile upon thy view;
Earth's blazing woods in incenſe ſhall ariſe,
And warbling birds with muſic fill the ſkies."

He leads the cloud paſt many remarkable places in the Dekhan and Central India. Over the Vindyan mountains, dallying with their hoary ſummits, and ſpreading in wreaths of miſt among their deep glens and precipices, over the capital Oojeyn, where it marks the people rejoicing at its coming, offering oblations and ſacrifices in the temples, and wandering in the cool groves about the city in happy converſe after the refreſhing rain: over the king in his hall of audience: over pleaſant domeſtic ſcenes and happy children at play: ſcreening the delicate beauty from the fierce ſun's rays, and hiding even crime in its deep ſhadow, while it fills the brooks with the ſweet plaſhing murmuring of running waters, and renews its green carpet of graſs and flowers upon the earth—the cloud ſails on, now hurried by the wind, now poiſed glittering in the calm blue ſky. Over othe

cities and plains and old battle fields ſacred to gods and demigods, and rich in legendary memories, which, with the incidents belonging to them are poetically ſet before us, and finally the meſſenger reaches his deſtination, the Rakſha's home, which is deſcribed, with its ſhady groves and flowers, and creepers twining about it. Then his wife—

" Half of my ſoul, and partner of my life,
Nipped by chill ſorrow, as the flowers unfold
Their ſhrinking petals from the with'ring cold,
I view her now; long weeping ſwells her eyes,
And thoſe dear lips are dried by parching ſighs.
Sad on her hand her pallid cheek declines,
And half unſeen through veiling treſſes ſhines,
As when a darkling night the moon enſhrouds,
A few faint rays break ſtruggling through the clouds!"

There the cloud is to watch her in all her expreſſions of ſorrow, and occupations during the day, till ſhe ſleeps—

" Sooth'd by expected bliſs, ſhould gentle ſleep
O'er her ſoft limbs and frame exhauſted creep,
Delay thy tidings and ſuſpend thy flight,
And watch in ſilent patience through the night.
Withhold thy thunders, leſt the awful ſound
Her ſlumbers baniſh and her dreams confound
Where her fond arms like winding ſhrubs ſhe flings
Around my neck, and to my boſom clings.
Behold her riſing with the early dawn,
Fair as the flower that opening buds adorn,
And ſtrive to animate her drooping mind
With cooling rain-drops, and refreſhing wind;
And murmuring ſoftly, gentle ſounds prepare,
With words like theſe, to raiſe her from deſpair."

But I need not give the meſſage. It is all that a loving heart can ſend, tenderly and gracefully expreſſed. The end is a happy one; for the cloud is diſmiſſed by the

lady to diſpenſe its refreſhing rain and grateful ſhade as it paſſes on, and the Takſha is forgiven, releaſed, and returns home joyouſly.

Now I find Hindus often accuſed, not only of wanting all tender emotions and paſſions of humanity, but alſo of utter inſenſibility to the beauties of nature. This poem, however (and there are many others of ſimilar character), gives ample evidence of the exiſtence of all ſuch feelings when it was written; and my own experience of the people leads me to believe ſincerely, that in theſe reſpects they have not altered. Thoſe who ſpeak and write of them the moſt, do, I think, in point of fact, know them leaſt. Crowded offices—the dull, diſagreeable, often painful realities of courts of law, or revenue—the conviction, as ſome one has ſaid, that we are always either trying or taxing the people—are not the means or localities where the better inſtincts and qualities of their nature may be known, or their higher emotions perceived or appreciated; and unfortunately, the differences of creed and ſocial poſition between ourſelves and Hindus in India, is too wide to be eaſily ſpanned by familiar intercourſe. I hope, however, that there are ſome exceptions to this. I hope, too, as the younger members of our ſervices take up their reſidences in India, that all will not think it beneath them, as too many do, to cultivate the friendſhip of intelligent Hindu gentlemen as many of India's moſt illuſtrious men have done before; and indeed I know of no one who ever became illuſtrious in that country unleſs he did ſo. I can ſtate of my own experience of primitive Hindu ſociety, that much cordiality and much natural

diſplay of affectionate feeling will be experienced, combined with tender admiration of beautiful objects of nature. Aryans like ourſelves, they are in many reſpects very like us, and will be found to have far more real ſympathy with natural objects of beauty, than Mohammedans. If this is the caſe in regard to familiar intercourſe, how much more ſo in regard to Hindu literature! Of the Mohammedan we can only ſay that it is in the laſt degree hyperbolical and conventional, except in matter-of-fact hiſtory; while to the Hindu, we cannot, I think, deny a tribute of eſtimation to that which we find, even through the weakened medium of tranſlation, at once poetical and elegant.

We have yet a department of Hindu literature unexplored, which in all languages where it exiſts at all, is important and diverſified. I allude to the Drama. The very mention of ſuch a thing as a Sanſcrit Play may perhaps ſtartle ſome of you, who perhaps never gave the Hindus credit for any thing ſo intellectual or imaginative; but it exiſts nevertheleſs, and is a very characteriſtic and moſt intereſting feature of Indian literature. It has occupied the attention of our Oriental ſcholars ever ſince the opening of the ſtores of that literature. As ſoon as Sir William Jones, as he tells us, heard that Sanſcrit dramas exiſted—he procured one, and in 1792 tranſlated "Sacontala;" which while it ſurpriſed, delighted as well the critical audience to which it was ſubmitted. Schlegel, the great German ſcholar and critic, ſaid of it, "that it preſented through its Oriental colouring, ſo ſtriking a reſemblance on the whole to our own romantic drama, that it might be ſuppoſed the love

of Shakeſpeare 'had influenced the tranſlator, if other Orientaliſts had not borne teſtimony to the fidelity of his tranſlation." High, however, as Sir William Jones ſtands as a tranſlator, I am diſpoſed to place the late Horace Hayman Wilſon ſtill higher as a more practical and literal renderer of the original text, and between theſe two eminent ſcholars we poſſeſs tranſlations of one play by Sir William Jones, and ſix in various ſtyles by Wilſon. As theſe were ſelected, as well for their intrinſic merit, as continuous popularity, they enable us to form a diſtinct idea of the dramatic taſte of the Hindus, and the perfection they attained in dramatic compoſition and performance.

The antiquity of the Hindu drama muſt, unqueſtionably be very great. The book of Munoo affords evidence that profeſſional actors and actreſſes exiſted more than a thouſand years before our era and moſt probably very long before that, for it contains laws for their regulation and licence to perform. It is poſſible that ſuch repreſentations of epiſodes in the Mahabharut and Ramayun, as we now ſee popular in India, were made ſoon after their compoſition, and there may have been many actual dramas which have not ſurvived. Be this as it may, we have, in the plays ſtill in exiſtence, ſixty of which are named by Mr. Wilſon, ſpecimens of the beſt age of the drama, that which immediately preceded and followed the Chriſtian era: and we find in them not only great intrinſic poetic merit, and cleverneſs of deſign, but they introduce us to the familiar Hindu life of the period at which they were written, with a very faſcinating intereſt. They are by

turns dramatic, patriotic, humorous and deſcriptive, and exhibit the varied action of human paſſions with graphic power. In reading theſe plays, though the ſcenery and alluſions are neceſſarily different, we are irreſiſtibly reminded of our own dramatic literature. If none of the Hindu dramatiſts reached the great power and character of Shakeſpeare, their works contraſt favourably with much by other writers, while each play has a marked character of its own, inſeparable from the mythological belief, manners, cuſtoms, and natural ſcenery of the country. There are no tragedies; the plays are romantic or melo-dramatic, riſing to tragic ſituations, but not to tragic cataſtrophes.

I had propoſed to have given a complete outline of one play, in illuſtration of this portion of my lecture, but time forbids it; and for the preſent I muſt content myſelf with offering you a very few extracts only, reſerving the ſubject at large for an illuſtrative lecture, entirely devoted to it, ſhould this be deſired. The play from which I ſhall now make quotations is the Mrich Chakáti or Toycart, written by Kuvéra, a Hindu king of Malwah, a century and a half before Chriſt, or upwards of two thouſand years ago. It has regular *dramatis perſonæ*, and is divided into acts and ſcenes: and there are ſtage directions, as 'aſide,' 'aloud,' 'apart,' 'whiſpering,' 'laughing,' 'weeping,' 'exit,' 'enter,' and the like. They have alſo details of dreſſes and properties, ſo that except for its diſproportionate length, it might be acted, and with intereſt, on the boards of any modern theatre.

Here then is part of the Prologue to the Toycart;

the language is Sanſcrit for the blank verſe, and Pracrit for the proſe; and the tranſlator is Horace Hayman Wilſon, whoſe faithfulneſs we cannot doubt.

PROLOGUE.

A ſcene in the Houſe of Repreſentation. Enter the Manager.

Hey! the boards are deſerted, where can all the actors have vaniſhed? Ah! I underſtand. Empty is the houſe of the childleſs, long empty is the manſion of one that has no friends; the univerſe is a blank to the blockhead, and all is deſolate to the poor. I have been chanting and reciting, till by the fatigue and heat of the day my eyes are ſhrunk like the ſeeds of the lotos in the burning ſun. I will call one of my wenches, and ſee if there be anything in the houſe for breakfaſt. [*He calls.*

Enter Actreſs.

Act. Here I am, ſir.

Manager. Welcome, welcome!

Act. What are your commands?

Man. Hark ye, girl! I have been bawling myſelf both hoarſe and hungry; is there anything in the houſe to eat?

Act. There is everything, ſir.

Man. Indeed! and pray what is there?

Act. For example, there is rice, dreſſed or undreſſed, ſugar, curds, in ſhort there is ſuſtenance for a century.

Man. Hark ye, my girl; is this *all* in *my* houſe! or do you jeſt?

Act. [*Apart.*] O, as he doubts, I will have a laugh againſt him. [*Aloud.*] Indeed, and indeed, ſir, there is all I have mentioned—in—the market.

Man. Ah you huſſey! may you be ſo diſappointed; the deuce take you! you have hoiſted me up like a ball on a turret-top, that I might tumble down again.

Act. [*Soothingly.*] Patience, ſir, patience; I did but jeſt.

Man. Then what is the meaning of all this unuſual preparation?

Act. [*Demurely.*] We hold a ſolemn faſt to-day, ſir.

Man. A faſt! for what?

Act. That we may have a deſirable maſter.

Man. In this world or the next?

Act. Ah, ſir! in the next to be ſure.

Man. [*To the audience.*] Here, gentles, is a pretty uſage, theſe damſels would engage a new maſter in the next world, at my expenſe in this!

Act. [*Slyly.*] Be appeaſed, ſir. I have obſerved this faſt, in order that I might have you again for my maſter in a future world.

This appeaſes the manager: and as a play or recitation forms part of every domeſtic feſtival or faſt among Hindus, the play is allowed to proceed, as part of an imaginary ceremonial. It opens by a ſcene between the hero, Charudatta, once rich, but reduced to poverty by extravagance, and his friend Maitreya. Charudatta laments his poverty—

> "The happineſs that follows cloſe on ſorrow
> Shows like a lamp that breaks upon the night;
> But he that falls from affluence to poverty
> May wear the human ſemblance, but exiſts
> A lifeleſs form alone."

His friend endeavours to cheer him, and truſts that the preſent trial will paſs from him. Charudatta continues—

> "I think not on my waſted fortune—
> As fate decrees, ſo riches come and vaniſh;
> But I lament to find the love of friends
> Hangs all unſtrung becauſe a man is poor.
> And then with poverty comes diſreſpect;
> From diſreſpect does ſelf-dependence fail.
> . . . . . And thus from poverty
> Each ill that pains humanity proceeds!"

This is a morbid view of the ſubject; but it appears to have been one object of the play to repel and cure

ſuch fancies. After their diſcuſſion of the ſubject, in which Maitreya's cheerful and philoſophic view of life ſeems to have good effect, Charudatta propoſes to ſend his friend to perform the Evening Oblations, and his reaſons for not going form a curious picture, no doubt true to nature, and not without a certain dry humour.

"*Maitreya.* I will not go indeed, ſend ſomebody elſe. With me every part of the ritual is apt to get out of its place, and as in the reflection of a mirror, the right becomes left and the left right. At the time of evening, too, the royal road is crowded with looſe perſons, cut-throats, courtiers, and courtezans. Amongſt ſuch a ſet I ſhall fare like the unhappy mouſe that fell into the clutches of the ſnake which was lying in ambuſh for the frog. I cannot go, indeed, maſter. Why not go yourſelf?"

Here is a new, or rather very old verſion of the ſaying, that the cat ſhuts her eyes when ſhe ſteals cream. Samſthanaka, the Rajah's brother-in-law, a moſt contemptible character admirably ſuſtained throughout, has caught the maid inſtead of the miſtreſs, whom he deſires to carry off.

"*Vita.* [*His Attendant.*] How now, the voice is that of another perſon.

Sams. O ſir, your female can change her voice when ſhe will, as the cat mews in a different key when ſhe ſteals cream."

The hero and heroine meet and ſalute each other with ceremonious courteſy. Maitreya ſays—

"Very pretty on both ſides, very pretty indeed; and whilſt you two ſtand there nodding your heads to each other like blades of grain in a rice field, permit me to bend mine, although in the ſtyle of a camel's ſtiff knees, and requeſt you will be pleaſed to hold yourſelves upright again."

Here, too, is a ſtriking ſimile in regard to the heroine,

the laſt line of which is remarkably ſpirited, poetical and original—

"While I was thus employed,
There iſſued from the fane a beauteous maid:
Stately her gait, yet graceful as the banner,
Love waves in triumph, o'er a conquered world!"

And here an eloquent tribute to woman's ſuperiority to man in poverty—

Charudatta. "Our very natures are transformed
By opulence: the poor man helpleſs grows,
And woman—wealthy—acts with a ſeemly vigour.
'Tis falſe! I am not poor. A wife whoſe love
Outlives my fortune: a true friend who ſhares
My ſorrow and my joy, and honeſty
Unwarped by indigence—theſe ſtill are mine."

One of the characters, Servillaka, courting the maid, thus rails at her, and women in general—

"Wealth, manhood, all we value are conſumed
By paſſion's fierce ungovernable fire!
Ah! what a fool is man to place his truſt
In woman or in fortune—ſlippery both,
As ſerpent fiends; and ſtill 'tis woman's trick
To ſpurn the fond, the faithful heart that loves her!
. . . . . The ocean waves
Are leſs unſteady, and the dying glow
Of eve leſs fleeting than a woman's fondneſs."

But the girl, after all, has the beſt of the argument, and puts her lover to ſhame, and he makes her this pretty amende. She ſays—

"You are beſt judge."

Servillaka.

"Nay, not ſo.
Nature is woman's teacher, and ſhe learns
More ſenſe, than man the pedant, gleans from books."

Vaſantaſéna, the heroine, is in a ſtorm, deſcribing the ſcene around her to her attendant,—

"The ſtars are all extinct; as fades the memory
Of kindneſs in a bad man's heart. The heavens
Are ſhorn of all their radiance, as the wife
Her glory loſes in her huſband's abſence.
. . . . . Now the cloud
Aſcends, now ſtoops, now roars aloud in thunder,
Now ſheds its ſtreams, now frowns with deeper gloom,
Full of fantaſtic change like one new raiſed
By fortune's fickle favours."

Here the ſimiles are ſtrikingly appoſite and original; the whole ſcene indeed in Act v. is full of pictureſque beauty, if not indeed grandeur of deſcription.

The following paſſage is a graphic and humourous picture of preparation for a banquet feaſt in the heroine's houſe. Maitreya is deſcribing one by one the various courts he enters, and comes at laſt to that of the kitchen, where, as uſual in India, all the heavy cooking is done in the open air.

"Ah, how my mouth waters! What favoury ſcent of oil and aſafœtida! The kitchen ſighs ſoftly forth its fragrant and abundant ſmoke. The odours are delicious; they fill me with rapture. The butcher's boy is waſhing the ſkin of an animal juſt ſlain, like ſo much foul linen. The cook is ſurrounded with diſhes. The ſweetmeats are mixing—the cakes are baking. [*Apart.*] O that I could meet with ſome one to do me a friendly turn—one who would waſh my feet and ſay, 'Eat, ſir, eat!'"

Vaſantaſéna is lying, ſuppoſed to be murdered. The Vita, as he ſtands over her body, ſays, weeping:—

"The ſtream of tenderneſs is now dried up,
And beauty flies as to her native ſphere.
Graceful and lovely waſt thou, hapleſs wench,
And faſcinating in thy playful ſportiveneſs.

Mirthful thy mind, affectionate thy heart,
And gentle as the moonbeams were thy looks.
Alas! love's richeſt ſtore, a mine exhauſtleſs
Of exquiſite delights, is here broke open,
Plundered with reckleſs hand, and left to ruin."

In theſe quotations I have purpoſely avoided ſelections which would lead to deſcription of the plot, in which there are many highly dramatic ſituations exciting ſuſtained intereſt, which I reſerve to another time; but I cannot refuſe one more, as a touch of Nature prettily conceived. The heroine's attendant, Radanika, brings Charudatta's child to Vaſantaſéna.

"*Radanika.* Come along, my child, let us ride in your cart.

Child. I do not want this cart; it is only of clay, I want one of gold.

Rad. And where are we to get the gold, my little man? wait till your father is rich again, and then he will buy you one. Now, this will do. Come, let us go and ſee Vaſantaſéna.—Lady, I ſalute you.

Vas. Welcome, Radanika. Whoſe charming boy is this? although ſo ill attired, his lovely face quite faſcinates me.

Rad. This is Rohaſéna, the ſon of Charudatta.

Vas. [*Stretching out her arms.*] Come here, my little dear, and kiſs me [*takes him in her lap*]. How like his father!

Rad. He is like him too in diſpoſition. Charudatta dotes upon him.

Vas. Why does he weep?

Rad. The child of our rich neighbour, the great landholder, had a golden cart, which this little fellow ſaw and wanted; I made him one of clay, but he is not pleaſed with it, and is crying for the other.

Vas. Alas, alas! this little creature is already mortified by another's proſperity. O fate! thou ſporteſt with the fortunes of mankind like drops of water trembling on the lotos leaf. Don't cry, my good boy, and you ſhall have a golden cart.

Child. Radanika, who is this?

Rad. This is your lady mother, child.

Child. You tell me untruth, Radanika. How can this be my mother, when ſhe wears ſuch fine things?

Vas. How harſh a ſpeech for ſo ſoft a tongue [*takes off her ornaments in tears*]. Now I am your mother. Here, take this trinket, and go and buy a golden cart.

Child. Away! I will not take it; you cry at parting with it.

Vas. [*Wiping her eyes.*] I weep no more. Go, love, and play. [*Fills his cart with her jewels.*] There, go; get you a golden cart. [*Exit Radanika with Child*"

Mirchchakati properly means clay cart, and the title of the play is taken from this incident. The jewels given to the child lead to the denouement of the drama.

It is impoſſible for you, I am aware, to form any judgment of the merit of the Hindu drama, from theſe brief, and neceſſarily, disjointed ſpecimens; but they will at leaſt have proved to you that it contains delineations of character; that it is not without poetical perception and execution of a high character, and that the remarkable elegance and beauty of ſome of the ſimiles I have quoted accord truly with thoſe realizations of both which we are accuſtomed to appreciate in our own beſt writers.

I had noted extracts from works by Indian Mohammedan authors, which are written in Perſian, to ſubmit to you, but I feel they would be out of place. For reaſons which I have given before, they would ſtand badly in compariſon with theſe vigorous and natural pictures of Hindu literature, and there is nothing that I know of, ſtrictly Indian, among their tales and poems, that is worth inveſtigation. Here and there a graceful fancy, or a loving ſentiment is found,

eſpecially among the common ſongs and ballads, but no action, no true delineation of character, no poetry of Nature. All is conventional, and unreal; the ſtandard by which Moore in "Lalla Rookh" makes Fadladeen the critic judge of Feramorz's tales is everywhere perceptible. The other is widely different, and I cannot but believe that the Hindus ſtill retain that deep appreciation of the beauty of their literature which centuries of intellectual depreſſion has not been able to extinguiſh.

And what of their literature now? You will naturally aſk whether the works of paſt ages, ſuch as we have been reviewing, have any preſent imitators among the varied maſſes of Hindu ſociety? and I reply ſadly—none. Literature no longer exiſts except in the paſt; it withered under the Mohammedan Conqueſt 700 years ago. The intellect, once ſo ſubtle and vigorous, is, like its contemporary, the Greek, dead, or ſunk into impenetrable apathy. I think, if it revives again, it can only be under the future influence of Chriſtianity; for the preſent, polytheiſm and idolatry though they poſſeſs the ſenſes, do not warm the heart; and they certainly repreſs, with a baleful power, any indication of the revival of mental exertion.

I have but ſketched outlines, too roughly perhaps, of this old literature. Such as they are, however, I truſt they may have been acceptable to you, as evidences, as I ſaid at firſt, that wherever the Divine Beneficence has vouchſafed mental development, it has not been without that reſult which, for all time, enſures admiration and ſympathy.

GERMAN LITERATURE

AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY AND THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT.

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GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE ſubject on which I have to addreſs you is confined to German Literature at the cloſe of the eighteenth and the commencement of the nineteenth century. But to render intelligible what I have to ſay, it is neceſſary, for a moment, to ſpeak of previous periods.

The earlieſt literature of every country is Poetry and Romance. In modern Europe, France was the parent of both. In the ſouthern provinces, poetry, conſiſting chiefly of love ſongs and ſatires, was cultivated by the nobility; in the north of France, narrative poems, often of conſiderable length, were recited by a claſs of minſtrels—men, for the moſt part, of humble birth, who travelled from caſtle to caſtle through the country. This literature paſſed into every country in Europe. There are early German tranſlations of "Lancelot du Lac," of "Percival" and of "Sir Triſtram." Even the "Nibelungen Story" has been ſhown by Fauriel to be connected with the early literature of Southern France. The ſtories of romance in fact, wherever originating, became common property.

The ſtudy of this romance literature in Germany is aſcribed to the intercourſe between Germany and France, created by the Cruſades and continued while Frankfort continued, practically, the ſeat of empire. When the Emperors of the Houſe of Hapſburg made Vienna their reſidence, the intercourſe with France ceaſed, and poetry and romance declined. You had for awhile the Maſter-ſingers and the dramatic exhibitions called Myſteries and Moralities; but the continued wars in which every part of the country was embroiled had trodden down all that could be called literature, which can ſcarcely be ſaid to have reappeared till the middle of the eighteenth century.

The revival of German literature cannot be referred to any particular diſtrict. The hiſtorians of that literature find it neceſſary to claſs the authors who appeared in the early part of the eighteenth century into ſchools, named from the reſpective diſtricts where leading writers appeared. The Swiſs, the Saxon, the Hamburg and the Berlin ſchools are mentioned.

Of the Swiſs ſchool, Bodmer, Haller, and Geſſner are the names which have ſurvived. The poetry of Germany was at this period altogether imitative, and the Zurich poets imitated the Engliſh. A tranſlation of Thomſon's "Seaſons" had appeared in Germany. It was immediately popular; and in every one of the Zurich poets Thomſon can be traced. Bodmer was the ſon of a clergyman, and was educated for the Church; but inſtead of purſuing the ordinary courſe of divinity ſtudies he ſought to ſhape a courſe for himſelf, got entangled in the meſhes of Bayle's ſcepticiſms, and

idled over Montaigne's Eſſays; became himſelf an eſſayiſt and a lecturer; ſettled at Zurich, lectured on Swiſs Antiquities and Hiſtory; gave up any thoughts of the pulpit and reading-deſk, ſupported himſelf for a while as a mercantile clerk, then found occupation in teaching hiſtory to a claſs at Zurich, and conducted a magazine, in which ſome of the early books of Klopſtock's "Meſſiah" firſt appeared. Klopſtock inoculated half Germany with a paſſion for religious poetry. Hexameters, not very eaſy to be read, were found by many who had tried the experiment not difficult to be written. An epigram of Leſſing's ſays it were deſirable that Klopſtock was leſs praiſed and more read; but read he was, and Leſſing himſelf tranſlated the firſt ſix books of the "Meſſiah" into Latin. Klopſtock's reputation ſet Bodmer verſifying. It would have been well for Bodmer if this paſſion for verſification had ſeized him in childhood, for then, like the other diſeaſes incident to childhood, it would have run its ſhort natural courſe; but he was paſt fifty when bitten by the hexameter mania, and he became actually rabid. And he tranſlated everything he could read into his unreadable hexameters,—a ſtrange arrangement of words, which, with bold disregard of accent, quantity, emphaſis, and whatever could help to time or regulate or meaſure verſe was yet called metre. The "Iliad" and the "Odyſſey," Coluthus's "Story of the Abduction of Helen," the "Adventures of Europa," the "Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius," all, all were Germanized by Bodmer. It was as though the Claſſical land was again conquered by the Barba-

rians. But it was not enough for Bodmer thus to have dealt with the Greeks. He felt that the barbaric element ſhould not be neglected. Half the romances of chivalry were tranſlated by him from French or Latin, or modernized from the ancient German originals. Bodmer's praiſe of Klopſtock in his magazine did much for the circulation of the poem. Bodmer's praiſe was acknowledged by Klopſtock in Odes which are ſaid to be of imperiſhable beauty. Alas! for "the life to come, in every poet's creed:"

> "I've lived long,
> And ſeen the death of much immortal ſong."

Alas, too, for human friendſhip! Klopſtock was perſuaded by Bodmer to viſit Zurich. The friends met and parted, Bodmer, ſhocked at what he thought Klopſtock's immorality—for Klopſtock danced and flirted and drank wine—and Klopſtock's orthodoxy, which was leſs impeachable than his practice, ſcandaliſed by Bodmer's ſcepticiſm. Bodmer's works in verſe were not confined to tranſlation, he left epics of his own proper manufacture. His "Noah" was tranſlated into Engliſh by a lady of the name of Collyer, whoſe hand had been dyed black and blue in German literature. In her tranſlation "The Death of Abel" is ſtill known in England. She, too, gave the "Meſſiah" to the Engliſh world, to the extreme indignation of Klopſtock, whoſe family kept up ſome correſpondence with England. Bodmer lived to the patriarchal age of eighty. He wrote on till the pen fell from his hand. The "Columbus," his laſt work, was left unfiniſhed.

Of Haller, "The Alps" is the principal poem. All his poems were youthful productions; all appear to have been written before he was twenty-ſix. His latter life was paſſed in the ſtudies of phyſiology. He held at Berne a Profeſſorſhip of Anatomy; was invited to Göttingen by the Elector of Hanover, our George II., and afterwards to Oxford. He declined the offer, and after ſerving for ſeventeen years at Göttingen he was offered the Chancellorſhip of the Univerſity; but age had come, and he preferred paſſing his laſt years in honourable retirement and reſt at his birthplace—Berne.

Of Geſſner, it is perhaps enough to mention the "Death of Abel." I do not know whether the exiſting generation of readers know much either of Geſſner's "Death of Abel" or of his "Idylls." Both were at one time popular in England and in France. In Byron's childhood the "Death of Abel" was ſtill popular. We find him ſaying, in the preface to one of his dramas, "Geſſner's 'Death of Abel' I have never read ſince I was eight years of age. The general impreſſion of my recollection is delight."

Leipſig, another centre of literature claimed to be regarded as the Paris of Germany, and while the Swiſs ſchool was buſy with its imitations of Engliſh writers the Leipſig world of letters took its tone from France, and the theatre at Leipſig gave very much a tone to literature. Gottſched gave lectures on literature. He tranſlated into German Alexandrines Addiſon's "Cato," as it more than any other Engliſh drama approached to exemplifying the French notion of the dramatic unities.

Gellert was alſo of this ſchool. I have not read his Fables, which, it would ſeem, have ſtill ſome popularity, as they have been recently reprinted in a ſumptuous edition.

I paſs to the Hamburg poets. Of them I feel it neceſſary only to mention Ebert and Klopſtock—Ebert, becauſe he tranſlated Young's "Night Thoughts" and Glover's "Leonidas," and becauſe both thoſe tranſlations had conſiderable effect on the formation of Klopſtock's literary taſtes, and the direction of his mind at the age when the mind is moſt influenced. It is impoſſible to give any account of the more modern poets of Germany without ſome mention of Klopſtock. His Odes are perhaps his beſt poems, but the great work with which his name is connected is the "Meſſiah;" and its effects on German literature can ſcarcely be overſtated. The poem is one which cannot be deſcribed by individual paſſages, for the effect is almoſt architectural—a vaſt ſolemn pile, ſomewhat of gloom, ſomewhat that ſeems rather to belong to the people whoſe piety has called it forth than to the architect, as though—to imitate Vico's language, with reſpect to the "Iliad"—the German people, and not the particular poet, was the creator of a great national work. It was publiſhed in ſucceſſive parts, long intervals between each period of publication. Each part contained five books, and in the intervals of its production anxiety, even of curioſity, ſeems to have been felt for parts yet unwritten.

The conception was an early one of the poet's mind. He had not when it was planned, in any true ſenſe,

yet read Milton. Perhaps, could he have read it in the original, it would not have inſpired but repreſſed him. He deſcribes himſelf as while yet a boy, and reading "Virgil" and "Homer," as accidentally falling in with a tranſlation of Milton. "Milton at once," he ſays, in a letter to Bodmer, "blew up the fire which had been kindled by Homer, and raiſed my ſoul to heaven and the poetry of religion. Often did I then, in imagination, behold the image of the epic poet as pictured in one of your critical works, and I looked at it as Cæſar on the buſt of Alexander—

> 'Cum ſpes arrectæ juvenum exultantiaque haurit
> Corda pavor pulſans.'"

The firſt form in which his conceptions clothed themſelves was in proſe. Then came the experiment of Hexameters. His Hexameters displaced the Alexandrines of the earlier poets, as the Hexameters themſelves, though ſtill uſed by the German poets, ſeem deſtined to be diſplaced in favour of leſs ſtately forms of verſe, where the line is of a leſs ſubtle ſweetneſs, leſs winding, leſs long-drawn out, preſenting to more rapid readers its meaning, a leſs body of meaning,—bringing it more directly, more immediately to the mind, but leſs fully ſatisfying ear and mind than the linked harmonies of thoſe earlier, often apparently leſs artificial, ſyſtems of verſe, the power of which is latent, till felt in its effects

> "Untwiſting all the links that tie
> The hidden ſoul of harmony."

How is it that in no modern writer do we find the

muſic which every educated ear recognizes every where in Spenſer? The harmonies interwoven through the whole ſtanza, and each line elaborated with reference to the whole; the meaning and the muſic being incomplete, both ſuſpended, as it were, till revealed by the expected cloſe, that very expectation being among the elements of the poet's power. In Pope there is not perhaps a ſingle unmetrical line, but the line or the couplet is with him the whole fabric, not with the poets by whom he was immediately preceded—not with Cowley, not with Waller, not with Dryden. Dryden calls himſelf of the ſchool of Spenſer, and if you read the poems of his old age—his tranſlations from Boccacio and Chaucer and Virgil, though he is in many attributes of the poet very diſtinct from the authors, whoſe ſtories he is telling, rather than tranſlating, as tranſlation is ordinarily underſtood, you find in the ſtructure of his verſe a variety which every where reminds you of Spenſer's complex ſtanza—

> "Dryden's car
> Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
> Two courſers of ethereal race,
> With necks in thunder clothed and long-reſounding pace."

Spenſer's own poems in the couplet metre fall almoſt into ſtanzas; the muſic prolonged from line to line through the whole of a period. But while it would be impoſſible not to advert to our Engliſh poets and the extent to which they were imitated by the Germans of Klopſtock's day, we muſt not allow ourſelves to depart from our proper ſubject. Blank verſe had not yet been familiarly uſed in German poetry,

nor indeed our rhymed heroic couplet. In all their more ſerious poetry the long Alexandrine line, in which Drayton's "Poly-Olbion" is written—the line which Pope tells us

"Like a wounded ſnake drags its ſlow length along"—

was the only one uſed, and it was lengthened even beyond Engliſh meaſure, as the double endings—the female rhymes as they are called—recurred with every ſecond couplet. Any perſon who has been led to examine the ſtructure of verſe in the great French dramatic poets ſees by what artifices of the Hemiſtich and Cæſura—now varying the emphaſis of words, now ſuſpending the meaning—Monotony is avoided, I can ſcarcely ſay, Variety is attained. In our Engliſh writers this metre was managed with leſs ſkill, indeed was ſoon thrown aſide as unmanageable, and where the Alexandrine was introduced among lines of a different ſtructure it became an abſolute rule to break it in the middle; it was otherwiſe regarded as unmuſical. Klopſtock's metre in the "Meſſiah" has the inconvenience of having the feet with which the line cloſes too diſtinctly marked; and in a language in which the proportionate quantity of each ſyllable is not weighed, as in the ancient languages, the firſt two-thirds of the line have no meaſure whatever. The ſculpture of the Greek line was in marble; in the German, feet of braſs ſupported crumbling fronts of clay. The beſt that could be ſaid of the German verſe of this period was, that it was not impoſſible to read it as verſe. With later poets, more ſkilful than Klopſtock—as, for inſtance

Goethe, in his narrative poems of "Reynard the Fox," and in "Herman and Dorothea"—the hexameter runs into a ſort of garrulous proſe, as diſtinct from the more ſolemn hexameter as the lines in Horace's "Satires" are from Virgil, or from his own in the "Epiſtles." Schiller avoided the unmixed hexameter. Even in tranſlating Virgil he adopted ſtanzas, regarding the hexameter as oppoſed to the genius of the German language. The hexameter and pentameter in combination, a metre eſſentially different, was frequently uſed by him; but I do not believe that in his works there is an inſtance of two hexameters in juxtapoſition. Of what is called the elegiac metre—the hexameter and pentameter in combination—you perhaps remember in Coleridge's tranſlation Schiller's deſcriptive picture

> "In the Hexameter riſes the fountain's ſilvery column;
> In the Pentameter aye falling in melody back."

I paſs for a moment to the Berlin ſchool of poets. In the court of Frederic the effort was to rival Paris, to discredit every thing German. There is but one name that need detain us, but that is a great one—Leſſing. Of the idolaters of France in that court all are forgotten—they were of the day; they, as far as we can ſee, interrupted German culture. Leſſing reſiſted the French taſte, and more by his writings on dramatic ſubjects than by his actual dramas, though they too had their reputation and were not without effect on German literature, did much to call the Germans from the idol worſhip, which the court of Berlin ſought to introduce. The publication of his great

work, the "Laocoon," was an æra in German literature, and its perfect ſucceſs in out-rooting from the public mind the prejudices with which it warred, makes it appear in our day of leſs value than it really was. No perſon now thinks of referring poetry and ſculpture to the ſame ſtandard, and yet the Eſſay in which Leſſing ſhowed that a different teſt ſhould be applied in judging of the "Laocoon" of Virgil, and of the ſculptured group in which the ſame ſcene is preſented to the eye, was regarded as revealing a new truth to the generation for which he wrote. "One muſt be," ſays Goethe, "a young man to render preſent to oneſelf the effect which Leſſing's 'Laocoon' produced upon us by tranſporting us out of the region of ſcanty perceptions into the open fields of thought. The long miſunderſtood maxim which identified painting and poetry —*ut pictura poeſis*—was at once laid aſide. The difference between theſe two forms of art was made clear, the ſummits of the two now appeared ſundered, however near their baſes might border on each other; the one labours for the outer ſenſe alone, the other for the imagination. All the conſequences of this ſplendid thought were illuminated to us as by a lightning flaſh." We can have no doubt that the effect was what Goethe deſcribes on the generation to which the "Laocoon" was addreſſed; yet, read in ours, it is difficult to realize to ourſelves the prodigious effect, ſo perfectly had the work performed its office, that the concluſions which Leſſing had forced on the public are now regarded as elementary, almoſt axiomatic truths. In how many Engliſh Eſſays of the period of Addiſon

do we find it ſtated as the teſt of a metaphor to try it by painting. How often have Addiſon's lines—execrable in every way—been quoted as a proof of this:

> "I bridle in my ſtruggling muſe with pain,
> That longs to launch into a bolder ſtrain."

The only fault which the critics of the day found with the lines was that you could not reduce them to picture. Execrable they are, becauſe there is nothing of paſſion to juſtify phraſeology, which, were there ſuch juſtification, is not more bold than the inconſiſtent metaphors in every Chorus of Æſchylus. At a later period than Addiſon's day came the poetry of Darwin, in which every thing was addreſſed to the eye—rather *ſeemed* addreſſed to the eye, for it was not picture, but the language of picture. You have every where abſtract conceptions, which cannot be actually pictured—the whole is a glare of colour. I take a paſſage at random; every page of the "Botanic Garden" ſupplies ſuch paſſages—

> "Here Time's huge fingers graſp his giant mace,
> And daſh proud Superſtition from her baſe,
> While each light Moment, as it paſſes by
> With feathery foot and pleaſure-twinkling eye,
> Feeds from its baby hand with many a kiſs
> The callow neſtlings of domeſtic bliſs."

We now feel all this to be nonſenſe; no writer of our day in England, in France, or in Germany would think of ſo writing, and yet Darwin was a man of great and indiſputable genius. This ſtyle was rendered impoſſible when once the principles which ſeparate

the domain of Poetry from that of Painting and Sculpture, were diſtinctly underſtood. The principles enunciated by Leſſing were thoſe acted upon afterwards in England and illuſtrated by Coleridge, whoſe admiration of Leſſing was ſuch that at one time he iſſued propoſals for a biography of the German critic and poet. May we not, when we look at the poetry which Coleridge firſt publiſhed, with all its faults of diction, "the paraſite plants of falſe poetry," as he himſelf called them in his prefaces to after editions, in which he ſought to correct theſe faults, be led to believe that it was the direct influence of Leſſing's writings which led him to a purer ſtyle? This will appear more credible to thoſe who are acquainted with one of his proſe works, which has been the ſubject of inveſtigation by Archdeacon Lee,* in every page of which book,—I ſpeak of the work publiſhed ſince Coleridge's death under the name of "Confeſſions of an Inquiring Spirit"—we trace the influence of Leſſing.

I have not had the courage to read Leſſing's plays, with the exception of "Nathan the Wiſe," and "Nathan the Wiſe" I only know through Mr. Taylor's tranſlation. The play has been ſucceſsful on the ſtage, having been abridged and adapted for repreſentation by Schiller. The German critic Menzel praiſes the ſtyle, preferring it to Schiller's, as leſs ambitious. Leſſing's reputation, however, reſts rather on his criticiſm than on his poetry.

I come to the Göttingen group, and of them, paſſing rapidly over Kaſtner and Zachariä, though both were

* Lee's "Donellan Lectures on Inſpiration," third edition, 1864.

influential in German literature, I ſhall only ſpeak of Bürger—a true poet.

He was the ſon of a Lutheran miniſter, was ſaid to be an idler; at ten years of age he could ſcarcely read or write. However he had a good memory, learned by heart Luther's hymns, made his way through the Bible with delight. The hiſtorical books—the Prophets, the Apocalypſe, were everything to him. He early ſhowed an ear for rhythm; he was ſent to the Univerſity of Halle, paſſed through the routine ſtudies for a Lutheran miniſter, and is recorded to have preached a probationary ſermon. However, he fell into diſſolute company, and it was felt deſirable that he ſhould abandon the thoughts of theology as a profeſſion. He then ſtudied law for a year or two, again took to diſſolute conduct, exhauſted any means that he had, and found it neceſſary to look round him for ſupport. He threw aſide his law-books, learned a number of modern languages, took to Shakeſpeare-worſhip. In conjunction with a friend, who had ſome talent and ſome money, he ſet up, in imitation of the French Literary Almanacks, a work of the ſame character, in which the ballads by which he is now chiefly known firſt appeared.

While Bürger was in everything elſe an idler, he was moſt diligent in the elaboration of his verſes. His ballads attained the perfection they poſſeſs by the perpetual uſe of the file; he would alter not merely words and lines in his poems, but ſuch were the changes he made, that often ſcarcely a veſtige remained of the firſt compoſition.

Of his ballads every one knows "Lenore," if not in the original, through one or other of the many tranſlations. Of theſe Taylor's was the firſt, perhaps the beſt, though Scott was among the tranſlators—

"Oh mother, mother! gone is gone,
My hope is all forlorn;
The grave my only ſafeguard is,
Oh! had I ne'er been born!

"Go out, go out! my lamp of life,
In griſly darkneſs die;
There is no mercy ſure above!
For ever let me lie.

* * * *

"Go out, go out! my lamp of life,
In endleſs darkneſs die;
Without him I muſt loathe the earth,
Without him ſcorn the ſky.

* * * *

"She beat her breaſt and wrung her hands,
And rolled her tearleſs eye,
From riſe of morn till the pale ſtars
Again o'erſpread the ſky.

"When hark abroad ſhe heard the tramp
Of nimble-hoofed ſteed,
She heard a knight with clank alight
And climb the ſtair with ſpeed.

* * * *

"All in her ſarke, as there ſhe lay,
Upon his horſe ſhe ſprung;
And with her lily hands ſo pale
About her William clung.

"How ſwift the flood, the mead, the wood
Aright, aleft, are gone!
The bridges thunder as they paſs,
But earthly ſound is none.

"Tramp, tramp, acroſs the land they ſpeed,
Splaſh, ſplaſh, acroſs the ſea;
Hurrah! the dead can ride apace,
Doſt fear to ride with me?

"Halloo, halloo! away they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horſe and rider ſnort and blow,
And ſparkling pebbles fly.

"And all, that in the moonſhine lay,
Behind them fled afar;
And backward ſcudded overhead
The ſky and every ſtar."

The tremendous rapidity with which they fly on, while the very heaven above them is "ruſhing to a backward ſky," is even more powerfully given in the original; while the ſpiritual thought aſſociated with our word "heaven," and the correſpondent German "himmel," brings before us other terrors than thoſe of this ghaſtly ride.

Wordſworth expreſſed exceeding admiration of this poem, and particularized the paſſage (Taylor's, however, more than Bürger's)—

"The bridges thunder as they paſs,
But earthly ſound is none."

The "Wild Huntſman" is known alſo to Engliſh readers through tranſlations by Taylor and by Scott. Scott's is the better known.

Another ballad, "The Parſon's Daughter," was preferred by Wordſworth to "Lenore;" this has been alſo tranſlated by Taylor. The ſubject of this poem is the ordinary one of ſeduction, deſertion, and inſanity. Schiller's "Infanticide Mother," and the priſon ſcene

where we meet Margaret at the close of the first part of "Faust," more than rival Bürger. In our own literature, some highly imaginative stanzas of Wordsworth's "Thorn," will remind the German reader of Bürger. Wordsworth's superiority, however, is almost infinite.

I must, for a moment, mention the Stolbergs, who are classed with the Göttingen group. Of Frederic Stolberg, the "Ode to a Mountain Torrent" has been translated, or rather imitated, by Coleridge:

"Unperishing youth!
Thou leapest from forth
The cell of thy hidden nativity;
Never mortal saw
The cradle of the strong one;
Never mortal heard
The gathering of his voices;
The deep-murmured charm of the son of the rock,
That is lisped evermore at his slumberless fountain.
There's a cloud at the portal, a spray-woven veil
At the shrine of his ceaseless renewing;
It embosoms the roses of dawn,
It entangles the shafts of the noon,
And into the bed of its stillness
The moonshine sinks down as in slumber;
That the son of the rock, that the nursling of heaven
May be born in a holy twilight!

"The wild goat in awe
Looks up and beholds
Above thee the cliff inaccessible;
Thou, at once full-born,
Maddenest in thy joyance,
Whirl'st, shatterest, splittest,
Life invulnerable."

F. Stolberg translated the "Iliad." It was, for a while,

more popular than Voſs's tranſlation. He was, we believe, the firſt who in modern languages called the Homeric Gods by their Greek names—Zeus, Aphrodite, Poſeidon, inſtead of Jupiter, Venus, Neptune. He alſo tranſlated Æſchylus.

I wiſh that time permitted me to dwell on Wieland, the moſt graceful of German writers; but I muſt haſten to the great poets, Goethe and Schiller, who alone are, in truth, Germany to us. We muſt, however, for a moment, dwell on Herder, a name dear to every ſtudent of German literature. Herder was born in 1744, five years before Goethe, was the ſon of a village ſchool-maſter at Morninghen, in Pruſſia, was educated at Königsberg, in the days of Kant, whoſe lectures he attended. In 1768, he viſited moſt parts of France and Germany as travelling tutor to the Prince of Holſtein Eutin, and at Straſburg became acquainted with Goethe. He was offered a profeſſor's chair at the Univerſity of Göttingen, but ſome difficulties aroſe, and through Goethe's influence, he was invited to Weimar as Conſiſtorial Counſellor and Court Preacher. He received from Bavaria letters of hereditary nobility. His death occurred in 1803. His laſt work was a hymn, which remained unfiniſhed. His works, collected after his death, amount to thirty volumes. Of his writings, the earlieſt, and one of the moſt influential, was a collection of popular ſongs and ballads from all ſources; more from the Percy "Reliques" than from any other ſource. There are many from the "Edda." Tranſlations from the Greek Anthology, for the moſt part in claſſic metres, occupy other volumes. Then come poems more pro-

perly his own, among which are ſome Negro Idylls, not unlike Southey's "Botany Bay Eclogues," and poems of that claſs in Southey's earlier volumes, and this I mention becauſe I believe this ſection of Southey's poems to have been created in imitation of German poems which were communicated to him by Taylor. Of Herder's proſe works I have read his "Ideas for the Hiſtory of Humanity" and his work on "Hebrew Poetry," the firſt one of the moſt intereſting books in any language, and the other, though ſuggeſted by Lowth's work, yet adding much to the information which Lowth gives and everywhere valuable for Herder's mind ſeen through it.

Let me now ſpeak of Schiller. Carlyle and Sir Bulwer Lytton have written his life; and I may, therefore, aſſume the facts known ſufficiently. At the military ſchool where he was educated, among the few books were the "Meſſiah" of Klopſtock, and the "Ugolino" of Gerſtenberg. Wieland's proſe tranſlation of Shakeſpeare was alſo there, and, what attracted him more than all the reſt, Goethe's "Goetz of Berlinghen." At fifteen, he wrote a ſchoolboy play in imitation of Goetz, and in 1781, appeared his play of "The Robbers," which is ſaid to have been ſuggeſted by the latter acts of "The Two Gentleman of Verona." There is no ſufficient object in ſtating Schiller's changes of reſidence, or ſtating in detail the dramas which he produced from this interval to the year 1789, when, through Goethe's influence, he was appointed profeſſor of hiſtory at Jena.

In 1790 he appears firſt to have conceived the plan of his "Wallenſtein," which, however, was not written

till ſome years afterwards. The "Wallenſtein" contains ſome fine paſſages, and has had the advantage of being tranſlated into Engliſh by Coleridge. That tranſlation, now regarded as one of the ornaments of our literature, was, when firſt publiſhed, ſo unſucceſsful, that the publiſhers ſold the ſheets for waſte paper. An accidental circumſtance made me early acquainted with Coleridge's "Wallenſtein," while I was yet an undergraduate. The copy in which I firſt read it, belonged to a man of true genius, Dr. Romney Robinſon, now of Armagh. I incline to think that at that time the book was little known. A paſſage quoted by Scott in "Guy Mannering" brought the work remarkably before the public. I will read the paſſage in which Scott's quotation occurs. You are aware of Wallenſtein's ſuperſtitious feelings, his dwelling on lucky and unlucky days, like the firſt Buonaparte. In Wallenſtein's day it is probable that every court had its official aſtrologer; while to ſome he would, of courſe, be an object of mockery, by others he was reverenced, and his predictions—interpretations of the language of the heavens—were believed. Something of myſtery—ſomething of concealment, however, perhaps, always connected itſelf with the exerciſe of his art. Thekla, the daughter of Wallenſtein has viſited the ſeat of war, and in a converſation with her aunt, the Counteſs Tertſky, and her lover, Max Piccolomini, we find her deſcribing her firſt ſight of the aſtrological tower.

"*Thekla.* In this ſhort time that I've been preſent here,
What new unheard-of things have I not ſeen!
And yet they all muſt give place to the wonder
Which this myſterious caſtle guards.

Countess. And what
Can this be then? methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house.
Thekla. Ay, but the road thereto is watched by spirits.
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.
Countess [*laughs*]. The astrological tower! How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you, even at your approach?
Thekla. A dwarfish old man, with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, opened me the doors.
Max. That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.
Thekla. He questioned me on many points; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.
Countess. He wished
To erect a figure for your horoscope.
Thekla. My hand too he examined, shook his head
With much sad meaning, and the lines methought
Did not square over truly with his wishes.

* * * * * *

Thekla. It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepped in; and now
The narrowing line of daylight that ran after
The closing door, was gone; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star;
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars; all seemed to come from them.
'These are the planets,' said that low old man;
'They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
Are imaged here as kings. He farthest from you,
Spiteful, and cold, an old man melancholy,

With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
He oppoſite, the king with the red light,
An arm'd man for the battle, that is Mars:
And both theſe bring but little luck to man.
But at his ſide a lovely lady ſtood,
The ſtar upon her head was ſoft and bright,
And that was Venus, the bright ſtar of joy;
On the left hand, lo! Mercury, with wings.
Quite in the middle, glitter'd ſilver bright
A cheerful man and with a monarch's mien;
And this was Jupiter, my father's ſtar;
And at his ſide I ſaw the ſun and moon.

Max. O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of ſtars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples ſpace
With life and myſtical predominance;
Since likewiſe for the ſtricken heart of love
This viſible nature, and this common world
Is all too narrow; yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is love's world, his home, his birthplace;
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and taliſmans,
And ſpirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himſelf divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majeſty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or foreſt by ſlow ſtream, or pebbly ſpring,
Or chaſms and watery depths; all theſe have vaniſhed;
They live no longer in the faith of reaſon!
But ſtill the heart doth need a language, ſtill
Doth the old inſtinct bring back the old names,
And to yon ſtarry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that uſed to ſhare this earth
With man, as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder viſible ſky
Shoot influence down; and even at this day

'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!"

A paſſage which has been leſs often brought before the Engliſh reader occurs in the third drama of the Trilogy, that bears the name of WALLENSTEIN. The night of Wallenſtein's murder, his ſiſter refuſes to leave him; ſhe dwells on ominous dreams in which ſhe imagines that a prophetic voice of warning has addreſſed her. Wallenſtein replies:—

"*Wal.* There is no doubt that there exiſt ſuch voices.
Yet I would not call them
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the ſun,
Ere it is riſen, ſometimes paints its image
In the atmoſphere, ſo often do the ſpirits
Of great events ſtride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future deſtiny. The king
Felt in his breaſt the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravaillac arm'd himſelf therewith.
His quiet mind forſook him: the phantaſma
Startled him in his Louvre, chaſed him forth
Into the open air; like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation feſtival;
And ſtill with boding ſenſe he heard the tread
Of thoſe feet that even then were ſeeking him
Throughout the ſtreets of Paris.
Counteſs. And to thee
The voice within thy ſoul bodes nothing?
Wal. Nothing.
Be wholly tranquil.
Counteſs. And another time
I haſtened after thee, and thou ran'ſt from me
Through a long ſuite, through many a ſpacious hall;

There ſeemed no end of it: doors creaked and clapped;
I followed panting, but could not o'ertake thee;
When on a ſudden did I feel myſelf
Graſped from behind—the hand was cold that graſped me—
'Twas thou, and thou didſt kiſs me, and there ſeemed
A crimſon covering to envelope us.

Wal. That is the crimſon tapeſtry of my chamber.

Counteſs [*gazing on him*]. If it ſhould come to that—if I ſhould
ſee thee,
Who ſtandeſt now before me in the fullneſs
Of life— [*She falls on his breaſt and weeps.*

Wal. The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee;
Alphabets wound not, and he finds no hands.

Counteſs. If he ſhould find them, my reſolve is taken.
I bear about me my ſupport and refuge. [*Exit* COUNTESS."

The poems of Schiller which I myſelf prefer, are thoſe which grew out of his metaphyſical ſtudies, "The Artiſts," and the poem entitled "Ideal and Life;" but they cannot be appreciated without ſome ſtudy, and the whole meaning of the poet can ſcarcely be felt except by thoſe who have read his proſe works. The "Ideal and Life" is the bright conſummate flower of the "Letters on Æſthetic Education." I the leſs dwell on this part of his works as I am not ſatisfied with any of the Engliſh or American tranſlations which I have ſeen of theſe poems. This is not altogether the fault of the tranſlators. The difficulty which Schiller himſelf felt in giving definite expreſſion to his conceptions, and the perpetual alterations of language by which he ſought to attain preciſion, you will find exhibited in his correſpondence with Körner, and yet more fully in that with Humboldt. He ſpeaks of the actual effect of the effort as injurious to his health. For his proſe philoſophical writings, he ſays that but half the man was required to execute the work.

In his dramatic, where a rhetorical ſtyle clothed popular conceptions, the other half was in requiſition. In the higher poetry, where ſcientific truth demanded a higher logic, where words were, in addition to their proper office compelled to do the work of algebraic ſymbols, the whole man, all the faculties of the mind, were required, and the whole man was inſufficient, except at gifted hours. In the Engliſh tranſlation of theſe poems I often find pleaſing paſſages, ſuggeſted no doubt by the original, not always inconſiſtent with Schiller's thought, though they often are. On the whole, whoever wiſhes to read theſe poems muſt read them in the original, and that original is not, I think, fully intelligible without careful ſtudy of Schiller's proſe works. In all this claſs of poems—indeed in all Schiller's poems, he looked within. At all times of his life he was little dependent on ſociety. From the firſt he was by circumſtances thrown into a ſevere ſtruggle with the Conventional. He did not know the world, or knew it but as an enemy. His characters, good and evil, were the creation of imagination—true creations, for we are all of one blood—and Schiller, dealing honeſtly with his mind, could not but caſt his characters in the mould of humanity. But as they are not tranſcripts from external hiſtory, the ſtudy of Schiller's philoſophical writings is an almoſt neceſſary preparation for that of his ſeverer poetry. In every, the ſmalleſt work of Schiller the ſame ſpirit is manifeſted. He tells you that in the hiſtory of the individual, in the hiſtory alſo of thoſe larger aggregates that we call peoples the Poet anticipates the philoſopher,—

"That, which as beauty charmed our youth,
Will one day meet us in the guiſe of truth."

But why quote any imitation of Schiller when v
have Coleridge deſcribing in his own caſe what Schill
ſought to give language to?

Coleridge tells of his boyhood and youth, and t
imagination in which he had lived through boyho
and youth, and how of his later habits of thoug
and feeling, the ſame ſpirit aſſumed ſucceſſively ne
ſhapes—

"And laſt a matron now, of ſober mien,
Yet radiant ſtill and with no earthly ſheen,
Whom as a faery child my childhood wooed
Even in my dawn of thought—Philoſophy;
Though then unconſcious of herſelf, perdie,
She bore no other name than Poeſy."

Schiller thought of poetry almoſt as a revelatio
She was a maiden from abroad. Her birthplace, as f
as man knew her birthplace, was Greece, and this
indicated in the very pleaſing poem, "The Maid
from a Foreign Land."

"With peaſants poor in lowly glade,
When the firſt larks were warbling there,
Came, with each coming year, a maid—
Viſion!—divinely fair!

"Of that rough vale ſhe was no child,
She came, none knew from what far place;
She vaniſhed, and the ſylvan wild
Retained of her no trace.

"The boſoms of the ſavage race
Expand; they ſee her, and revere,
For round her dwells a lofty grace,
That tempers love with fear.

"And flowers ſhe brought from her far land
Of happier ſuns, and fruits mature
From trees by ſofter breezes fanned
Beneath a ſky more pure.

"She gives, and all receive with joy,
To ſome, rich fruits—gay flowers to ſome;
The gray-haired on his ſtaff, the boy
Alike wend happy home.

"Welcome were all that came, but when
She ſaw two lovers fond and true,
Then gave ſhe her beſt gifts, oh! then,
Her flowers of heavenlieſt hue!"

In the year 1794 we find Schiller married, and reſident at Jena, where Wilhelm von Humboldt alſo lived. He here publiſhed a periodical called the "Horen." The original deſigner was Herder, whoſe influence on both Goethe and Schiller ſeems to have been greater than either was quite conſcious of. This publication brought Schiller and Goethe into intimate relations, and from this aroſe Goethe's return to the exerciſe of his poetical gifts, which he had abandoned for ſcientific purſuits. Schiller's ballads and Goethe's grew out of this publication, and their almoſt daily intercourſe by letter. The correſpondence has been publiſhed, and is dear to every lover of poetry, from its entire earneſtneſs on this fineſt flower of human culture—dear to every reader, from its perfectly ſincere and truthful exhibition of the characters of theſe two great men.

Of Schiller's ballads I prefer "Hero and Leander." Of this poem I will read a few ſtanzas:—

"See, upon each other gazing,
Yon grey towers their heads upraiſing

In the golden dawn, where ſwells
Helleſpont, with ruſh and roar,
Through the proud gates evermore
Rolling of the Dardanelles.
Hark! the breaker burſting yonder,
How it roars the rocks above!
Aſia it hath torn from Europe,
But no terrors hath for Love.

"Yonder walls were Hero's dwelling,
And the old tradition, telling
Of Leander, haunts the place;
Fair was ſhe as Hebe bluſhing,
And among the mountains ruſhing
See him lead the ſtormy chace.
Plighted are their hearts—but Fathers
Frown, and theirs are foe and ſtranger.
Sweet the fruit the bold hand gathers,
Hanging o'er the abyſs of Danger.

"On yon rock-tower, where the beating
Waves advancing and retreating,
Fling on Seſtos their white foam,
Gazing o'er 'the ocean-river'
Sate the maiden, gazing ever,
Ever, on Leander's home.
Swiftly o'er the bridgeleſs water,
Fly her wiſhes—oh! that they
Were a bark to waft him hither!
Vain—yet Love hath found a way.

* * * *

"And Leander's heart elated
With delight anticipated—
All on fire his eager blood—
Soon as daylight's fading glimmer
Dies away, the daring ſwimmer
Plunges in the Pontic flood.
With ſtrong arm his way he urges
Onward—on—to that dear ſtrand

Where the turret o'er the ſurges
Beckons him with lighted brand.

"Happy!—to the heart's ſoft pillow
Welcom'd from the warring billow
Claſp'd to that confiding breaſt!
Bliſs beyond all human meaſure,
Heaven on earth is in the treaſure,
To thy heart in ſecret preſſ'd.
Till Aurora wake the lingerer
In his dream of ecſtaſy,
And from Love's ſoft boſom warn him
To the cold bed of the ſea.

"And thus thirty ſuns in gladneſs,
Set and riſe upon the madneſs
Of their ſweet and ſtolen delight;
—Gleam of joyance unabiding!
Yet do their young hearts confiding,
Dream a future all as bright.
Know you not that toil and peril
Are the charm that heighten bliſs,
And the bough whoſe fruit is ſweeteſt
Smiles above the precipice?

"And Heſper and Aurora climb
The arch of heaven—but what is time
To them, whoſe life is one long dream!
They ſee not—they—the leaf that falls,
Nor hear they from his northern halls
The winter ice-wind ſcream.
Yea! they welcome coming winter!
Happy, happy time—think they,
Night on ſwifter wings deſcending,
Lingers with more fond delay.

"And the Scale in Heaven is ſteady—
And the night and day already
Of one length—and rich in hope,
Stood Hero watching from the tower
The ſteeds of day, in that ſoft hour
When down the weſtern heaven they ſlope.

And the ſea was like a mirror,
The bright ſurface of the deep
Stirr'd not—not a wing of zephyr
To diſturb that cryſtal ſleep.

"Lo! the ſilver waves in motion,
Gay with dolphins. Nymphs of Ocean
On, in dim proceſſion flow,
Are moving o'er the waters ſeen,
And Thetis, their majeſtic queen,
Is riſing from below.

* * * *

"Dark and darker grow the waters,
And ſhe lights the torch that ſcatters
Its feeble glimmer o'er the wave;
Raſh hand!—why wake the ſignal light?
Why in this tempeſt-boding night
Lure thy beloved to his grave?
From afar it roars and threatens—
Darker curl the billows drear—
And the ſtars from heaven are blotted
And the hurricane is near.

"Night falls heavy—lightnings quiver—
Like the down-pour of a river
From the heart of the black cloud
Deſolating rains are guſhing,
Winds from all their caverns ruſhing
Over main and marſh moan loud.
Every God of Heav'n ſhe prays to,
Every Goddeſs of the deep,
To pour oil upon the waters,
And the wild winds ſing to ſleep.

* * * *

"And the winds are huſhed—and panting
Up the eaſtern pathway ſlanting
Their courſe the ſteeds of Eos hold;
Ocean ſmoothes his face of terror,
Peaceful lies the mighty mirror,
Reſting in his bed of old.

Softly, with a playful murmur,
As upon the rocky ſtrand
Break the gently heaving billows—
Lo! they waft a corſe to land.

"He it is, whoſe promiſe plighted
Death hath ſeal'd, and,—reunited
Now, one glance, ſhe ſees him there.
Moan is none, nor tear-drop falling;
Statue-like the heart-appalling
Chillneſs of that calm deſpair.
From the wave that gives no comfort
To the blank ſky ſee her glance,
And a glow of kindling triumph
Lights her pallid countenance.

* * * *

"With hair flying and robes floating,
From the turret, ſelf-devoting,
See! ſhe plunges in the wave,
And, their holy forms receiving
Ocean's God, in triumph heaving,
Bears them onward—is their grave.
Pontus, with the rich ſpoil laden,
Thrills his living depths below,
Pouring from his urn exhauſtleſs
Streams that will not ceaſe to flow."

Of Schiller's "Infanticide Mother"—an early poem of his—I muſt read a few ſtanzas. It falls within a claſs of poems of which the Germans are fond; and which we find, in their literature, in every variety of metre—the MONODRAMA. Infanticide was at the period when Schiller's, Bürger's, and Goethe's poems were written, puniſhed with death, and it is ſaid that public opinion, influenced by theſe poems, or perhaps only expreſſed in them, led to legiſlative changes on the ſubject. The Louiſa of Schiller's poem is ſuppoſed to

ſpeak—half in ſoliloquy—half addreſſing friends allowed to viſit her cell—a few minutes before her execution. In Wordſworth's poem of the "Thorn," theſe horrors, perhaps too revolting to the imagination to be fitly the ſubject of poetry, are avoided. We all remember Goethe's "Gretchen," and the wild lyrical pathos of that harrowing ſcene—Bürger's ballad is throughout an affecting narrative, in which the ſufferings of the victim are told by the poet, not as it were exhibited in act—no violent paſſion is excited or deſcribed—Schiller is on the contrary everywhere eſſentially dramatic:

"Oh Ludolph! Ludolph! far or near,
Louiſa's death-pſalm follow thee!
A dull, damp tolling fret thine ear,
The laſt low knell that tolls for me!
If, to his breaſt—another preſt,
With murmuring words of love decoy,
—Pierce through his brain, drear bell, and ſtain
With blood the viſionary joy!

* * * *

"Here on this mother's heart—the child,
At reſt in ſweet and golden ſleep,
Like the young morning roſe-bud ſmiled,
—A ſmile ſo ſoft it made me weep,—
And evermore the language of
That ſweet repoſe ſaid, 'Death is fair,'
Then came with ſtrife of mother's love
The fancifulneſs of deſpair!

* * * *

"Anguiſh it is to look on thee—
Anguiſh—to miſs thee from my ſight;
His kiſſes—once ſo dear to me—
In thine like ſcourging furies ſmite,

And, evermore, the oaths he ſwore,
As from the grave in thunders dread
Again are breathed—and round me wreathed
A hydra twines—my child is dead!

"Oh Ludolph! Ludolph! far and faſt
Flee from that angry ſpectre—flee!
His icy arms are round thee caſt—
He howls in thunder after thee.
Think on his death-glance when the light
Of ſoft ſtars pants in ſilent ſkies:
The blood upon his garment bright
Will laſh thee back from Paradiſe.'

* * * *

It is impoſſible to ſpeak of Schiller without ſome mention of the "Song of the Bell;" and to us in Ireland that poem has a peculiar intereſt, as it has ſuggeſted the form in which Mr. Ferguſon's "Forging of the Anchor," and Mr. Starkey's "Death of the Oak"—both of them poems of great original power—have aſſumed. The "Song of the Bell" is familiar to you all, either in the original or in ſome one of the numberleſs tranſlations. The firſt form in which I happened to ſee the poem was in Lord Elleſmere's tranſlation, and paſſages have fixed themſelves in my memory which ſeem to me of exceeding beauty.

"Chooſe me ſplinters of the pine,
Chooſe them clean and dry,
That the ſpiry flame may ſhine
Up the tube on high.
Pour the molten copper in,
Mix it with the bubbling tin,
That the viſcous maſs may flow
Duly through the mouth below.

"That offspring of conſuming fire
And man's creative hand,
High from the ſummit of the ſpire
Shall murmur o'er the land.
Like flattery's voice, from yonder tower
Shall ſpeak the genius of the hour—
Shall bid the ſons of mirth be glad,
Shall tell of ſorrow to the ſad,
Reflection to the wiſe;
Shall add to ſuperſtition's fear,
And peal on rapt devotion's ear
The ſounds of Paradiſe.
All that his changeful fate brings down
On ſuffering man below,
Shall murmur from its metal crown,
Or be it joy or woe."

I muſt read a few lines more, deſcriptive of the young lover's feelings.

"Too lovely for a form of earth—
For ſurely earth has nought ſo fair;
A radiant ſhape of heavenly birth,
In virgin beauty greets him there.
The muſic then the lover hears,
May wake but once for mortal ears;
The golden gate of heaven appears,
Where ne'er before
His cold heart from this vale of tears
Had dared to ſoar.
Bright are his hours when footſteps rude
Avoid his haunted ſolitude—
Thoſe hours which fancy, unſubdued,
Aſſerts her own
When he on whom no friends intrude
Is leaſt alone.
He dwells upon her lighteſt grace,
To every fond attention true,
He lingers on her footſteps' trace—
The trace he bluſhes to purſue.

Oh! that the year were ever vernal,
And lovers' youthful dreams eternal!"

"William Tell" was Schiller's laſt great work, and one the moſt characteriſtic of his vivid power of making diſtinctly preſent to his mind objects which he had never ſeen,—a power which Wordſworth deſcribed as alſo characteriſtic of our Coleridge. Goethe, on his return from Switzerland, deſcribed the ſcenery of the Foreſt Cantons to Schiller, which led to the conception of Schiller's drama. Goethe, on Schiller's taking up the ſubject, abandoned his plan of an epic poem, of which the hero was to be William Tell. Of the impreſſion which Switzerland had made on Goethe there is no other record in his verſe than the opening ſcenes of his ſecond Fauſt. The ſubject could ſcarcely have been omitted in a poem which either by direct communication, or by the ſhifting glances of alluſion, brings forward in one way or other every incident of the poet's life. The ſcene with which Schiller's "William Tell" opens, exhibits the elevated rocky ſhore of the lake of the Four Foreſt Cantons oppoſite Switz. While the curtain is riſing the muſic of the Rauz des Vaches is heard. A fiſher boy from his boat is heard ſinging—

"The lake ſmiles bright in ſtirring light,
The little boy ſleeps on the ſunny flowers,
A voice ſails low
The waters along,
Like the flute's ſoft flow—
Like an angel's ſong,
A breath from Eden's bowers!
He wakens in wonder from his reſt,
The light ſpray falls upon his breaſt;

The waters are riſing, flow and flow—
The waters are ſinging ſweet and low;
Is it a dream? or is there a voice
That whiſpers winningly—
Mine thou art and mine to be!
Lovely little one, come to me!
From the deeps below I have looked on thee;
Sweet was thy ſleep, while I ſang from the deep,
'Lovely little one, come to me,
Mine for evermore to be!'"

HERDSMAN *on the hill.*

[*Variation.*]

"Farewell! farewell to the field,
Farewell to the ſunny lawn!
To the mountains we muſt away,
Summer is over and gone.

"Away! to the mountains away!
With the cuckoo's call when the green woods ring,
When the ſmall bird's ſong awakens the ſpring,
When the breeze is blythe and fields are gay,
When the rivulet ſparkles and ſings on his way,
We will hail the merry May.
Farewell! farewell to the field,
Farewell to the ſunny lawn!
To the mountains we muſt away,
Summer is over and gone."

CHAMOIS-HUNTER, *ſeen on a high rock.*

[*Second variation.*]

"On the mountains the thunder ſwings long and deep,
And ſhakes the rocks on the dizzy ſteep;—
O'er the trembling bridge
On the mountain ridge
Where the gulf yawns dark and the clouds ſweep dim
To the hunters path—but fear not for him!

"Over fields of ice, where no flower may breathe,
Where the black mists in billows are toiling beneath,
He looks for the dwellings of men,—but between
Is the black mist,—but hamlet and hut are unseen;
Away, in the breeze
Rolls the cloud, and he sees
Glimmers of broken light, glimpses of green."

It at first seems strange, but perhaps is not so, when we consider the great original powers of both Goethe and Schiller, and the circumstances under which they met, that they regarded each other with somewhat of coldness, if not, of repugnance. It was on Goethe's return from Italy, where he had unlearned much of the vehemence that characterized his earlier works—works, which Schiller was even then imitating, and thus, as the elder poet felt, vitiating the public taste. Long before they had met, Goethe's "Iphigenia," originally written for a court festival, and drawn up in prose, had been acted at Weimar and Erfurt, and Schiller himself had arranged it for one of the representations. In Goethe's hands it passed through many transformations. The original prose version was thrown aside for a metrical form, that metrical form again abandoned for a second prose version. This last was taken by Goethe with him to Italy, and from it was constructed the drama, as we now have it, in Iambic verse. In his drama of "Iphigenia," as in all his works, Goethe sought to express incidents of his own life. "Iphigenia" civilizes the barbarous people among whom she was thrown by a miraculous Providence, and in this allegory Goethe would express his own banishment from his proper country, his ideal Greece, and his influence

over that in which he lived; he is thus the "Iphigenia" of the piece, he, too, is the "Oreſtes." The wanderings, the errors and the ſtruggles of his early poetic life are here depicted, and his final reſtoration to tranquillity by finding the long loſt ſiſter, who, in this view of the Mythus, muſt be regarded as ſymbolizing Grecian art. Goethe, while anxious to aſſiſt every other man's objects, had become now ſilent and reſerved with reſpect to his own; Schiller did not know what to make of this ſilence and reſerve, ſo entirely in contraſt with everything known of Goethe previous to his viſit to Italy. There is a ſtriking paſſage in "Herder" in which he ſays, "My whole life is the interpretation of the oracles of my childhood," and we may ſay this of Goethe more confidently than of any other great poet, perhaps becauſe he had never been tried by the adverſity to which ſo many have ſuccumbed. Many of his poems remained through life plans unexecuted, even, becauſe ſo diſtinctly preſent to his thoughts that they required no external realization. Among ſuch contemplated works was a drama on the ſubject of Mahomet. This ſubject, regarded ſeparately from the facts of his own experience by which it was ſuggeſted, and thoſe of Mahomet's life by which it was in his projected drama to be illuſtrated, was that which the author of "Paracelſus" has embodied in his poem of "Sardello." It is this, "that every highly-gifted man is called upon to diffuſe whatever there is of divine within him; in attempting this, however, he comes in contact with the rough world,* and, in order to influence it, muſt place

* "Wahrheit und Dichtung," bk. xiv.

himſelf on the ſame level. Thus in a great meaſure he compromiſes his high advantages, and finally forfeits them altogether." The piece began with Mahomet, under the open ſky, ſinging a hymn. He firſt of all adores the innumerable ſtars as ſo many gods; but as Jupiter ariſes he offers to him, as king of the ſtars, excluſive adoration. Soon after the moon aſcends and claims the heart and eye of the worſhipper, and then the dawning ſun. The mind then riſes to the One Only, Eternal Infinite, to whom all theſe ſplendid but finite creatures owe their exiſtence. "I compoſed," adds Goethe "this hymn with great delight. It is now loſt, but might eaſily be reſtored for the purpoſe of a cantata, and would recommend itſelf to the muſical compoſer by the variety of its expreſſion. It would, however, be neceſſary to imagine it ſung, according to the original plan, by the conductor of a caravan, with his family and tribe; and thus the alternation of voices, and the ſtrength of the chorus will be provided for." I read this from the fourteenth book of Goethe's "Wahrheit und Dichtung." He has not ſtated what however adds to the intereſt, that this picture of the ſucceſſive worſhip of ſtars, moon, and dawning ſun—ending in adoration of the unſeen God who has created all—is found in the Koran, where Abraham is repreſented as the worſhipper; and the tranſlators of the Koran inform us that the paſſage is taken from the Talmud. Goethe tells the whole plan of his projected drama. In the firſt act Mahomet communicates his doctrines to his immediate family. His wife and Ali believe. In the ſecond act his efforts to

extend his doctrines create oppoſition, and he flies. In the third act he conquers his enemies; but then come treaties and compromiſes—"what in his character is earthly increaſes and extends itſelf; the divine retires, and is obſcured." In the fourth act he extends his conqueſts, and his doctrine becomes a pretence rather than an end; barbarities become abundant. A woman, whoſe huſband had by his orders been put to death, poiſons him. In the fifth act he feels that he is poiſoned. His great calmneſs, his return to himſelf, and to a higher ſenſe, make him worthy of admiration. He purifies his doctrine, eſtabliſhes his kingdom, and dies. "Such is the ſketch," ſays Goethe, "of a work which long occupied my thoughts, for uſually I was obliged to have the materials long in my head before I commenced their execution." Goethe adds that he had compoſed ſeveral of the ſongs and hymns which were to be introduced, "but that none now remained except that known by the name of 'Mahomet's Geſang,' which was to be ſung by Ali in honour of his maſter, at the higheſt point of his ſucceſs, juſt before the changed aſpect of affairs reſulting from the poiſon. The ſong deſcribes, under the image of a ſtream which it traces from its obſcure fountain through its progreſs to the ocean, the courſe of Mahomet and the triumph of Iſlamiſm." We find the ſame imagery in one of Joanna Baillie's dramas, which I may as well read, as it gives ſome aid in bringing Goethe's full thought to the mind. "By heaven! there is nothing ſo intereſting to me as to trace the courſe of a proſperous man through this varied world. Firſt, he is ſeen like a little ſtream, wearing its

ſhallow bed through the graſs, circling and winding, and gleaning up its treaſures from every twinkling rill as it paſſes. Further on, the brown ſand fences its margin, the dark ruſhes thicken on its ſide; further on ſtill the broad flags ſhake their green ranks, the willows bend their wide boughs over its courſe; and yonder at laſt, the fair river appears, ſpreading its bright waves to the light."

Time will not permit me to do more than cloſe the lecture by reading this ſong of triumph.

"Lo! bright in joy, the fountain from the rock
Sparkling with ſtarry gleam!—Above the clouds
Him, in his youth, did gracious ſpirits rear,
Between the hidden cliffs, in the thick coppice!

Lo! with the freſhneſs of young ſtrength
Down leaps he from the cloud—
Down with exulting dance,
Upon the marble rocks,
And ſhouts aloud to heaven!

And ſee! where playful as the days of childhood,
Adown the hillſide channel, a glad ſtream
He hunts the ſand-grains twinkling in the ſun.
See him now in bolder paſtime
Leader of his tribe from boyhood.
See him hurry, onward with him,
All his tribe of brother waters!

Downward ſee you in the valley
Flowers to meet his footſteps ſpringing!
And the meadows and the field flowers
How they live upon his breath!

Him detaineth not the valley
With its ſhadows—nor the wild flowers
That around his knees are clinging
And with loving eyes would woo him!

To the wide plain ſtill he preſſes;
Onward—onward ſee him ſwelling,
Rolling, winding, ever thither!

And the ſtreams wind circling toward him;
Fain would they be his companions.
See him where, in ſilver glitter,
Proud he moves along the lowlands—
And the lowlands they too glitter.

And the floods of the far valleys,
And the ſtreams all down the hill-ſides
Shout exulting to him—'Brother!
Are we not thy brothers? Brother!
Brother! take thy brethren with thee—

'With thee to thy ancient Father,
To the everlaſting Ocean,
Who ſpreads wide his arms of welcome;
But alas! in vain he ſpreads them—
Would in vain embrace his children
Thirſting long to know and find him.

Greedy ſands in the waſte deſert
Feed upon our life—above us
The ſun ſucks our blood—a hillock
Cramps us into ponds. Oh, brother!
Take thy brothers of the lowlands,
Take thy brothers of the mountains,
With thee—to thy Father—with thee!'

'COME YE ALL!'

And with lordlier pride now ſwells he.
A whole race, a mighty people
Bear aloft their prince—and onward,
Ever onward, rolls the triumph.
He gives names to countries—cities
Spring to birth beneath his foot.

Unreſtrained, ſtill roars he onward—
Leaves behind him flame-like turrets,
Proud minar, and marble manſion;
Everywhere a mighty witneſs!

Cedar houſes bears our Atlas
On his giant ſhoulders. Flowing
O'er his head a thouſand banners,
Fanned by every wind of heaven,
Tell to all of his dominion.

And he does bear on his brothers,
And his treaſures and his children,
To their Father, who ſo loves them,
From whoſe boundleſs heart for ever
Sounds to all the voice of welcome!"

LA LÉGENDE DES SIÈCLES.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER, M.A.,

DEAN OF EMLY.

LA LÉGENDE DES SIÈCLES.

THE ſpace which has been occupied in the preſent ſeries of lectures by criticiſms upon poetry need, I think, afford no juſt cauſe for regret. The aſſertion that a taſte for poetry is, (as Wordſworth has ſaid,) ſomething different from a taſte for ſherry; that there are certain laws by which a poem, like every other work of art, muſt ultimately ſtand or fall; is perhaps peculiarly important at this moment and in this place.

The poetry of Victor Hugo muſt, upon the preſent occaſion, be repreſented to you excluſively by the laſt coloſſal production of his old age, "La Légende des Siècles." It will be neceſſary for me to ſtate, in the firſt inſtance, that general argument of the work which its writer has put forward. This will be followed by a ſketch of the chief ſucceſſive cycles into which the poem is arranged. I ſhall accompany this portion of my lecture by ſome tranſlations in Engliſh verſe. An attempt to appreciate the author's place as a poet, will occupy the cloſing part of my addreſs. I wiſh it to be diſtinctly underſtood, that my remarks to-day are ſtrictly limited by the Legend of the Ages. The

faults, like the merits, of this remarkable production are peculiar to itſelf, and criticiſms, which might be inadmiſſible, if applied to M. Hugo's poetry generally, are well founded in reference to this poem.

I. Of "La Légende des Siècles," its author tells us that it is not ſo much a fragment as a leaf. It is to his entire conception what the firſt page is to the book, the periſtyle to the edifice, the overture to the ſymphony, the tree to the foreſt. His object, as announced by himſelf, is to repreſent Humanity as one moral being, with Progreſs for the real, though ſometimes almoſt impalpable link, which unites the various portions of its hiſtory.

Humanity has two aſpects, the hiſtorical and the legendary, of which the laſt is in one ſenſe as true as the former. It is the legendary ſide of the medal which the Legend of the Ages is intended to exhibit, with a careful preſervation, however, of hiſtorical colouring.

The author's project is ſtated to be a great poem, repreſenting exiſtence under its triple category—Humanity, or Progreſs: the Relative, or Evil: the Abſolute, or God. Each of theſe categories is to have its giant epopee. "La Légende des Siècles" repreſents only the firſt, and is to be followed by two others, whoſe titles are to be, "The End of Satan," and "God." This programme indicates ſignificantly enough that the poet belongs to that Hegelian ſchool, which conſiders evil as partial and relative good.

This framework is filled up by poems, chiefly hiſtorical, diſtributed into ſixteen cycles, extending from the Creation to the Trump of Judgment.

The firſt ſet of poems is grouped together as "D'Eve à Jéſus." The pieces, with two exceptions, are upon ſcriptural ſubjects.

The author is plainly not quite at home upon ſacred ground. The "Heavenly Muſe," I will not ſay of David and Iſaiah—but of Dante, Calderon, Milton, and Keble, has never viſited him. He knows the Bible only as he knows Herodotus or Oſſian, Siſmondi or Cantemir. To write greatly upon Chriſtian themes a man muſt feel as a Chriſtian. M. Hugo's Chriſtianity, I fear, has been but a ſhort parentheſis in his life, inſerted by the Abbé Lamennais and the Duc de Rohan, between the Voltairian influence of his mother, and the Saint-Simonian Pantheiſm of his later years.

I have tranſlated the poem which ſeems to me to be the moſt pleaſing of the ſeries.

BOAZ ASLEEP.

At work within his barn ſince very early,
Fairly tired out with toiling all the day,
Upon the ſmall bed where he always lay
Boaz was ſleeping by his ſacks of barley.

Barley and wheat-fields he poſſeſſed, and well,
Though rich, loved juſtice; wherefore all the flood
That turned his mill-wheels was unſtained with mud,
And in his ſmithy blazed no fire of hell.

His beard was ſilver, as in April all
A ſtream may be; he did not grudge a ſtook.
When the poor gleaner paſſ'd, with kindly look,
Quoth he, "Of purpoſe let ſome handfuls fall."

He walk'd his way of life ſtraight on and plain,
With juſtice clothed, like linen white and clean,
And ever ruſtling towards the poor, I ween,
Like public fountains ran his ſacks of grain.

Good maſter, faithful friend, in his eſtate
Frugal yet generous, beyond the youth
He won regard of woman, for in ſooth
The young man may be fair—the old man's great.

Life's primal ſource, unchangeable and bright,
The old man entereth, the day eterne;
And in the young man's eye a flame may burn,
But in the old man's eye one ſeeth light.

As Jacob ſlept, or Judith, ſo full deep
Slept Boaz 'neath the leaves. Now it betided,
Heaven's gate being partly open, that there glided
A fair dream forth, and hover'd o'er his ſleep.

And in his dream to heaven, the blue and broad,
Right from his loins an oak tree grew amain.
His race ran up it far, like a long chain;
Below it ſung a king, above it died a God.

Whereupon Boaz murmur'd in his heart,
"The number of my years is paſt fourſcore:
How may this be? I have not any more,
Or ſon, or wife; yea, ſhe who had her part

In this my couch, O Lord! is now in Thine;
And ſhe, half living, I half dead within,
Our beings ſtill commingle and are twin,
It cannot be that I ſhould found a line!

"Youth hath triumphal mornings; its days bound
From night, as from a victory. But ſuch
A trembling as the birch-tree's to the touch
Of winter is on eld, and evening cloſes round.

"I bow my ſoul to death, as kine to meet
The water bow their fronts athirſt." He ſaid.
The cedar feeleth not the roſe's head,
Nor he the woman's preſence at his feet!

For while he ſlept, the Moabiteſs Ruth
Lay at his feet, expectant of his waking.
He knowing not what ſweet guile ſhe was making;
She knowing not what God would have in ſooth.

Aſphodel ſcents did Gilgal's breezes bring—
Through nuptial ſhadows, queſtionleſs, full faſt
The angels ſped, for momently there paſſ'd
A ſomething blue which ſeem'd to be a wing.

Silent was all in Jezreel and Ur—
The ſtars were glittering in the heaven's duſk meadows.
Far weſt among thoſe flowers of the ſhadows,
The thin clear creſcent, luſtrous over her,

Made Ruth raiſe queſtion, looking through the bars
Of heaven, with eyes half-oped, what God, what comer
Unto the harveſt of the eternal ſummer,
Had flung his golden hook down on the field of ſtars.

The ſecond ſection, entitled "Decadence de Rome," contains the noble poem of "Androcles and the Lion." Its poſition in the volume is, in itſelf, a ſtroke of art. The corruption of Rome ſtands out in contraſt with the grand and holy ſhapes of the firſt era. This piece alone is ſufficient to ſtamp its author as a maſter. Thus might Tacitus have written had Tacitus been a poet. The whole eſſence of Roman hiſtory is here diſtilled into a vial, ſuch as one might conceive to have been poured out by one of the Apocalyptic angels. Leſbia, with the elegant Catullus at her feet, pricking with her ſharp golden pin the breaſt of the Perſian ſlave who arranges her treſſes: Delia, walking out with Tibullus, ſix thouſand gory ſhapes gibbeted upon either ſide of the road; the infamous Meſſalina; theſe—and ſuch as theſe—are the bloody and luſtful figures that are carved out, as it were, upon the darkening ſky of Rome, in the ſunſet of her decline. Theſe are the ſhapes which occupy the place from which Eve and Ruth have glided far away into the golden ſummer of the holy paſt.

I paſs over the third ſection, "Iſlam," with its wild traditions, and come to the fourth, "The Heroic Chriſtian Cycle." The "Parricide" opens the ſeries; a compoſition of high and terrible power. Canute has murdered his father, an old man, ripe for the harveſt of death, inviting the blow, and hardly conſcious of it. The uſurper, like many others, adorns by his virtues the crown which he has gained by ſo enormous a crime. He exhibits himſelf as a noble and generous prince, a man of genius in the arts of war and peace, an earneſt and ſincere Chriſtian. Death at laſt overtakes the gentle tyrant. The Biſhop of Aarhus chanted his ſolemn obſequies. The prieſts profeſſed that they had ſeen his beatified ſpirit with God; but when the tapers were extinguiſhed and the cathedral wrapped in gloom, a naked, guilty, ſhivering ſpirit, ſpotted with blood, walked forth to ſeek the expiation which it needed. I venture to produce a tranſlation of the greater portion of this ſtriking poem.

"Night came. The organ that had mourn'd the dead
Was ſilent in the ſanctuary. The prieſts
Quitting the high cathedral, left the king
Dead, in ſepulchral peace. Then he got up,
And girded on his ſword, and left the tomb,
(For walls and doors to phantoms are as miſt).
He paſſ'd acroſs the ſea, the ſea that ſhows
The domes of Altona and Elſinore,
And Aarhus, with their towers, upon its face.
Night liſten'd for the ſteps of the dark king,
But he walk'd ſilent, being himſelf a dream.
Straight to Mount Savo, gnaw'd by the tooth of Time,
Canute went on, and his ſtrange anceſtor,
Thus greeted, 'Let me for a winding-ſheet,
O Mountain Savo, whom the ſtorm torments,

Cut me a morſel of thy cloak of ſnow.'
Him Savo knowing dared not to refuſe,
Whereupon Canute ſtraightway took his ſword,
His ſword unbreakable, and from the mount—
The mount that ſhook before his warrior-form—
He cut ſome ſnow, and gat himſelf a ſhroud.
He ſaid, 'Old Mountain! Death gives little light,
Where ſhall I go to look for God?' The Mount,
With its obſtructed gorges, and its ſides
Deform'd and black, hid in a flight of clouds,
Anſwered, 'I know not, ſpectre. I am here.'
He left the icy mountain, and alone,
With his brow raiſed and white ſnow winding-ſheet,
Beyond the iſles, and the Norwegian ſea,
Paſſ'd into the grand ſilence of the night.
Behind him the dim world went ſlowly out.
He found himſelf a ghoſt, a ſoul, a king
Without a kingdom, naked, face to face
With an impalpable immenſity.
He paſſ'd on, ſaying, 'Tis the tomb: beyond
Is God.' When he had made three ſteps, he called.
But night is ſilent as the ſepulchre,
And nothing anſwer'd. Under his white ſhroud
Went on Canute. The whiteneſs of the ſheet
Gave hope to the ſepulchral journeyer,
And he went on, when ſuddenly he ſaw
Upon that ſtrange white veil, like a black ſtar,
A point that grew, grew ſlowly, and Canute
Felt with his ſpectral hand, and was aware
That a blood-drop had fallen on his ſhroud.
His haughty head, that fear had never bent,
He raiſed, and ſtared right forward at the night.
But he ſaw nothing; ſpace was black—no ſound.
'Forward,' ſaid Canute, raiſing his proud head.
There fell a ſecond ſtain beſide the firſt,
Then it grew larger, and the Cimbrian chief
Stared at the thick vague darkneſs, and ſaw nought.
Still as a bloodhound follows on his track,
Sad he went on. There fell a third red ſtain

On the white winding-ſheet. He had never fled,
Howbeit Canute forward went no more,
But turn'd on that ſide where the ſword arm hangs.
A drop of blood, as if athwart a dream,
Fell on the ſhroud, and redden'd his right-hand.
Then, as in reading one turns back a page,
A ſecond time he changed his courſe, and turn'd
To the dim left. There fell a drop of blood.
Canute drew back, trembling to be alone,
And wiſh'd he had not left his burial couch.
But when a blood-drop fell again, he ſtopp'd,
Stoop'd his pale head, and tried to make a prayer.
Then fell a drop, and the prayer died away
In ſavage terror. Darkly he moved on,
A hideous ſpectre heſitating, white,
And ever as he went, a drop of blood
Implacably from the darkneſs broke away
And ſtain'd that awful whiteneſs. He beheld
Shaking, as doth a poplar in the wind,
Thoſe ſtains grow darker and more numerous:
Another, and another, and another.
They ſeem'd to light up that funereal gloom,
And mingling in the folds of the white ſheet,
Made it a cloud of blood. He went, and went,
And ſtill from that unfathomable vault
The red blood rained upon him drop by drop,
Always, for ever—without noiſe—as though
From the black feet of ſome night-gibbeted corpſe.
Alas! who wept thoſe formidable tears?
The Infinite.—Toward Heaven, of the good
Attainable, through the wild ſea of night,
That hath nor ebb, nor flow, Canute went on,
And ever walking came to a cloſed door,
That from beneath ſhow'd a myſterious light.
Then he look'd down upon his winding-ſheet,
For that was the great place, the ſacred place,
That was a portion of the light of God,
And from behind that door Hoſannas rang.
The winding-ſheet was red, and Canute ſtopp'd.

This is why Canute from the light of day
Draws ever back, and hath not dared appear
Before the Judge whoſe face is as the ſun.
This is why ſtill remaineth the dark king
Out in the night, and never having power
To bring his robe back to its firſt pure ſtate,
But feeling at each ſtep a blood-drop fall,
Wanders eternally 'neath the vaſt black heaven."

The three or four following poems are in a lighter ſtrain. Roland and Oliver fight two or three days. It is a perfect hurricane of ſingle combat. At laſt Oliver, "the dove-eyed eagle," quietly exclaims: "Roland, we ſhall never end. Were it not better that we became brethren? Hearken, I have my ſiſter, the beautiful Aude, with white arms. Eſpouſe her."

"Pardieu! I will it well," cried Roland. "And now let us drink, for the affair was hot."

And thus it was that Roland eſpouſed the lovely Aude!

"Aymerillot" is an account of one of thoſe ſtrange and ſudden mutations of fortune which, in rude ages, ſo often exalted the adventurous ſoldier of one day into the peer and captain of the next. The good emperor, Charlemagne, in dolour for Roncevaux, and the fall of his nephew, Roland, and the twelve Peers, wiſhes to take the ſtrong fort of Narbonne, to wipe away the ſtain, and to encourage his army. His tried captains ſhrink before the danger of that dreadful attack. Aymerillot, "le petit compagnon," boaſts that he can take the fort, amidſt the laughter of the ſoldiers. The vaunt reaches the King's ears. He aſks the boaſter's

name. "Aymery, I am as poor as any poor monk. I am twenty years old; I have neither hay nor ſtraw; I can read Latin, and I am a bachelor. That is all, ſire. It pleaſed fortune to forget me when ſhe was diſtributing hereditary feoffs:

"Two farthings would cover all wherein I have a part,
But all the great blue Heaven could never fill my heart.

"I ſhall enter into Narbonne and be victorious. I ſhall afterwards puniſh thoſe who ridicule me, if any remain." And Charles, more radiant than one of the heavenly hoſt, exclaimed: "For this high purpoſe thou ſhalt be Aymery of Narbonne, and Count Palatine, and people ſhall ſpeak of thee civilly. Go, my ſon!" The next morning Aymery took the town.

"Bivar" brings out at once the unconquerable pride, the filial obedience, and the majeſtic poverty of the Cid. But "Le Jour des Rois" is a longer and more characteriſtic poem. It opens with one of thoſe groteſque pictures which the creator of Quaſimodo delights to draw. It is that of a beggar on a Spaniſh bridge in the year 860, ſquatted between two battlements, ſpectral, ſhivering in the horror of his monſtrous rag—ſo abject that man and woman, ſorrow and joy, burials, nuptials, beaſts, ſweep by him without touching him. Creſted ſoldier, ſhaven monk, love, murder, battle,

"Know not this cinder, mock them at this ſtraw."

Suddenly fire in every quarter of the horizon! On a given day the kings ſwoop down from the mountains, wrap the country in flame, and moiſten it with blood. The very daughters of the Croſs are not ſpared.

The return of the ſoldiers with their ſpoils is a wonderful picture. One ſees them winding away along the mountains, reddened with the ſetting ſun—drunken, bloody, bloated hell-hounds—trailing their ſpears, while the weſt burns like blood before them. But how does the poem cloſe? Not with the deep curſes of men and the wailings of women, but with fierce and withering contempt from the hideous beggar. The bridge, moiſtened with blood, is deſerted. The mendicant ſhakes his obſcene ſerge towards the Pyrenees, and cries out in the immenſity of night—

"Confront thyſelf, and own fraternity,
O mountain beautiful, O rags! O filth! O driven ſnow!
Compare beneath the winds of heaven, which ſhake them as they blow,
Thou thy black clouds, O mountain! O beggar, thou thy rags!
Hide thou thy filth in tatters, and thou thy kings in crags."

The fifth diviſion is headed "Les Chevaliers Errants." The general deſcription of chivalry attains the point where the higheſt philoſophical generalization meets with the higheſt power of poetical expreſſion. M. Hugo brings out the ſalient points of chivalry, its myſterious and (ſo to ſpeak) exceptional agency in a ſavage age. It is, as Bacon ſays of revenge, a wild kind of juſtice. It is, as Victor Hugo calls it, with inimitable fineneſs, "a magiſtracy of the ſword," "an arm thruſt forth out of the darkneſs, with this cry to the evil-doer, 'Thou ſhalt periſh.'" This thought, at once poetically and hiſtorically true, is perfectly carried out in Roland's ſudden apparition to deliver the boy-king, and in Eviradnus overhearing the hideous project of Sigiſmund and Ladiſlas.

"Eviradnus," the longeſt compoſition in the work, begins with a myſterious whiſper of crime, ſpoken by Sigiſmund to Ladiſlas:—

"Qu'eſt ce que Sigiſmond et Ladiſlas ont dit?"

The deſcription of Eviradnus, the aged knight, is admirable. It ſhows the author's profound appreciation of the ethical ideal of the knightly miſſion.

"People ſore preſſ'd by kings he doth redreſs,
With a ſuperb, intrepid tenderneſs.
Where in their horrid ſcales the princes caſt
Treaſon, and violence, and fiery blaſt,
Iniquity and horror, ſin and blood,
His grand ſword was the counterpoiſe of God.
Woe to the evil action that ſhall feel
The hand of him, the champion clad in ſteel.
And death falls from him in the battle ſtir,
As water falleth from the glacier."

The old Donjon of Corbus is a perfect caſtle-piece. M. Hugo's genius appears to be peculiarly at home in mediæval buildings. He ſeems to have the architecture by heart, and to have watched and liſtened in ſuch places, till every grim figure carven in ſtone, every cranny and gargoyle, every clump of ivy, the very lichen on the walls, like ruſt on a ſword, has told him its ſtory. There is a ſtrange cuſtom of Luſace, that the inheritor of its coronet ſhall ſleep a night in the tower. Mahaud the preſent Marquiſe, is a fair young girl:—

"Without the gift of beauty a queen is not a queen.
What boots to have a kingdom if royalty be not ſeen?
And, as 'twixt rain and darkneſs, the rainbow laugheth fair,
And as the young doe plays between the tiger and the bear,
So, 'twixt Allemagne's dark Emperor and Poland's ruthleſs Kin
Is ſhe, the weak and beautiful, the pure and ſtainleſs thing!"

And, having ſpoken of the Emperor and the King, be it known that two muſicians—a German and a Pole, Zeno and Joſs—have lately arrived, and made themſelves ſpecially agreeable to the Marquiſe; ſo much ſo, indeed, that when the time comes for the coronation, and for the cuſtom of Luface, the minſtrels accompany her to the donjon. Thus the ſtory proceeds, with a deſcription of the hall, where the feaſt is ſpread:—

"But that which makes that ancient hall more ghoſt-like and more drear,
'Tis not the torches, or the dais, or the tables ſet with cheer;
But in the lines of arches ſtretching far beyond the lights,
Thoſe two long rows of horſes with their two long rows of knights.
Each leans againſt his pillar, and holds his lance in reſt,
The right arm raiſed in ſilence, they ſit there, breaſt to breaſt,
With harneſs laced, and vizors down, and cuiſſes barr'd below,
And a poniard in a burniſh'd ſheath at every ſaddle bow;
The gorgets and the breaſtplates are buckled on with ſteel;
Each horſe ſtands full capariſon'd, with houſings to the heel.
With battle-axe and dagger, and broadſword at each ſide,
With foot in ſtirrup, hand on rein, booted and ſpurr'd they ride;
'Tis terrible to ſee them all, with nodding helm and plume,
For no one ſtirs and no one ſpeaks in all that awful room.
Beneath their monſtrous houſings loom the horſes, huge and grim;
If Satan kept black cattle, this were a herd for him.
Such ſhapes in an uneaſy dream acroſs the brain might flit,
So grave, and cold, and horrible their armèd riders ſit.
All down the miſty chamber they grow larger in the ſhade;
The very pillars are a-cold, the darkneſs looks afraid;
Oh, night, what are thoſe livid hoſts ſo fearfully arrayed?

* * * *

Then hiſtory tells her ſtory from theſe empty armours cold,
Of thoſe who did her glorious deeds in the great days of old,
Seems a viſion of a chieftain in all thoſe archèd nooks:
There ſit the ſavage marquiſes, and there the bloody dukes,

Who bore upon their penons, athwart the battle's din,
The good ſaints gilt and painted, upon a fiſh's ſkin.
There Geth, who led his wild Sclavonians to the field;
Mundiac, Ottocar, and Welf, who bore upon his ſhield
'No fear have I;' and Ladiſlas, the firſt in every liſt;
Great Otho, of the darken'd eyes; Zultan, and Nazamyſt.
From Spignus down to Spartibor, they pauſe in long array,
As if, upon the verge of time, ſome voice had bade them ſtay.

* * * *

And through that line of horſemen runs a pathway dark and ſtraight,
To the dais, where ſtand the table and the lonely chair of ſtate;
The marquiſes are left hand, the dukes are on the right,
And till that crumbling roof ſhall fall, they ſit there day and night,
All face to face, and ſide to ſide, alike in all but height;
And juſt outſide the double row, his high head backward thrown,
The ſculptors of the olden time had carved a knight of ſtone.
He ſtands before that funeral hoſt to lead them like a king;
That hoſt that ſhall not waken till the laſt trumpet ring.
'Tis Charlemagne, who his twelve peers ſo true and peerleſs found,
And made, of all the earth, for them one glorious table round."

Meanwhile Eviradnus, with his ſquire, watches by the old caſtle. The knight bids him obſerve thoſe three ſhapes advancing in the moonlight, and thus Mahaud and the two minſtrels are moſt pictureſquely deſcribed. Eviradnus diſmiſſes his ſquire and watches undauntedly alone. He goes into the hall where the feaſt is ready, takes down a ſuit of armour, ſeats himſelf on a ſaddle, and remains there like a ſtatue. The voice of one of the minſtrels ſounds a wild ſong of love in the moonlight. He is handſome, but in that beauty

"A devil there grimaces evermore,
Such flowers hath April that the ſlug crawls o'er."

So Joſs, Zeno, and Mahaud ſup in the chamber. The Marquiſe, after ſome raillery at Zeno's littleneſs, ſinks to ſleep, having had a medicated potion given to her by the prieſt, after the cuſtom of thoſe who ſlept in that ſepulchral place. Then the cloven foot comes out. They dice. Joſs wins the kingdom, Zeno the girl, whom he reſolves to murder, by flinging her down a trap-door in the chamber, in revenge for her raillery But Eviradnus comes down from his ſaddle. At firſt he acts the ſpectre. Afterwards he fairly tells the King and Emperor (for ſuch the minſtrels really are) who he is—kills the Pole firſt, and then knocks the tall German through the trap-door with the little king's corpſe. The poem certainly verges upon melodrama too much, but it is of intenſe intereſt, and cloſes thus charmingly:—

"He bears the lady back again to the fatal ducal chair,
Shuts down the ſpring of iron, and ſhuts out the dungeon air.
He ſets all things in order, and mutters ſoft and low,
'It hath not coſt one drop of blood; 'tis well it ſhould be ſo.'
But ſuddenly the tocſin ſounds for morning far away,
And a long thread of ſcarlet lies on the mountains gray.
Dawn breaks: the hamlets are aſtir, and bearing branches green,
A joyous people throng to greet their lady and their queen.
Upwoke the roſy dawn—upwakes with it Mahaud,
Looks round, and deems the glamour of the place has changed
things ſo,
That for her two fair minſtrels ſhe meets an old man's glance,
And there's a ſhade in thoſe ſweet eyes, regretting them perchance;
But courteouſly drew near to her that prince of honour bright,
'Madam!' ſaid Eviradnus—'How did you ſleep laſt night?'"

The "Thrones of the Eaſt," is the title of the ſixth epoch. It is introduced by "Sultan Mourad." This monſter's character is of the moſt hideous and infernal

complexion. Once only has he ever performed an act of kindneſs. He ſaw a hog, wounded by the butcher's knife, lying in the heat, the ſunſhine piercing its gaping wounds, like arrows of fire. He puſhed it under the ſhadow of a gateway. That night his ſoul was required. A dreadful catalogue of his crimes is ſpread before Eternal Juſtice, and the angel calls for ſentence upon the guilty ſoul. But ſuddenly, in the midſt of all the terrors and glories of the infinite ſpaces, the unclean beaſt ſtands forth, and Mourad is pardoned!

"Pork," ſays Mr. Pumblechook, "is a ſubject from which much moral gratification may be extracted." He could ſcarcely have expected this!

The Pantheiſtic raptures of "Le Satyre," repreſenting the Renaiſſance, are beyond my criticiſm, becauſe they are beyond my comprehenſion. "Ratbert," in the eighth cycle, headed Italy, is, I believe, conſidered in France the gem of the ſecond volume. And truly that picture of the child Iſora, and of her knightly grand-ſire, in their caſtle, evening by evening coming forth from the chapel, under corridors and pillars, peopled with angels mingled with knights, of whom the warriors ſeem to ſalute the old man, and the ſpirits to greet the child, is beautiful exceedingly. Pitiful, too, moſt pitiful, all darkened with ſhadows of death, that other picture where the brave and unſuſpecting ſoldier looks with love and pride upon the *toilette* of his little darling, preparing to welcome the Emperor who murders her, and holds hideous revel in the caſtle hall, which has been decked to receive him. But the horror is quite too atrocious for an Engliſh taſte.

But "La Roſe de l'Infante," is perhaps the moſt admirable thing in theſe volumes. The character of Philip is drawn in a few powerful lines; his ſlow and cautious nature, veiling its hatred ſo long, and at laſt ſending forth the great Armada, is embodied rather than deſcribed. The conception which links and yet contraſts the father and the child; the ſtrokes which bring out the Infanta's beauty and haughtineſs; above all, the poetic art which unites the child's roſe with the father's fleet, and the moral which links the leaves ſcattered on the pond with the ſhips driven by the ſtorm, are nothing ſhort of marvellous. The piece is not like one of thoſe cathedral windows, its panes cramped together with heavy lines of lead, to which M. Emile Montégut compares Victor Hugo's poetic workmanſhip: it is caſt at a ſingle jet, without ſpeck or flaw. I have attempted to render a conſiderable portion of it into verſe; but I am ſenſible how much my Engliſh heroics want the vigour of the ſplendid original.

She is ſo little—in her hand a roſe:
A ſtern duenna watches where ſhe goes,
What ſees ſhe? Ah, ſhe knows not—the clear ſhine
Of waters ſhadow'd by the birch and pine.
What lies before? A ſwan with ſilver wing,
The wave that murmurs to the branch's ſwing,
Or the deep garden flowering below?
Fair as an angel frozen into ſnow,
The royal child looks on, and hardly ſeems to know.

As in a depth of glory far away,
Down the green park, a lofty palace lay,
There, drank the deer from many a cryſtal pond,
And the ſtarr'd peacock gemm'd the ſhade beyond.

Around that child all nature ſhone more bright;
Her innocence was as an added light.
Rubies and diamonds ſtrew'd the graſs ſhe trode,
And jets of ſapphire from the dolphins flow'd.

Still at the water's ſide ſhe holds her place,
Her boddice bright is ſet with Genoa lace;
O'er her rich robe, through every ſatin fold,
Wanders an arabeſque in threads of gold.
From its green urn the roſe unfolding grand,
Weighs down the exquiſite ſmallneſs of her hand.
And when the child bends to the red leaf's tip,
Her laughing noſtril, and her carmine lip,
The royal flower purpureal, kiſſing there,
Hides more than half that young face bright and fair,
So that the eye deceived can ſcarcely ſpeak
Where ſhows the roſe, or where the roſe-red cheek.
Her eyes look bluer from their dark-brown frame:
Sweet eyes, ſweet form, and Mary's ſweeter name.
All joy, enchantment, perfume, waits ſhe there,
Heaven in her glance, her very name a prayer.

Yet 'neath the ſky, and before life and fate,
Poor child ſhe feels herſelf ſo vaguely great.
With ſtately grace ſhe gives her preſence high
To dawn, to ſpring, to ſhadows flitting by,
To the dark ſunſet glories of the Heaven,
And all the wild magnificence of even;
On nature waits, eternal and ſerene,
With all the graveneſs of a little queen.
She never ſees a man but on his knee,
She Ducheſs of Brabant one day will be,
Or rule Sardinia, or the Flemiſh crowd:
She is the Infanta, five years old, and proud.

Thus is it with king's children, for they wear
A ſhadowy circlet on their forehead fair;
Their tottering ſteps are towards a kingly chair.
Calmly ſhe waits, and breathes her gathered flower
Till one ſhall cull for her imperial power.

Already her eye ſaith, "It is my right;"
Even love flows from her, mingled with affright.
If ſome one ſeeing her, ſo fragile ſtand,
Were it to ſave her, ſhould put forth his hand,
Ere he had made a ſtep, or breath'd a vow,
The ſcaffold's ſhadow were upon his brow.

While the child laughs, beyond the baſtion thick
Of that vaſt palace, Roman Catholic,
Whoſe every turret, like a mitre ſhows,
Behind the lattice ſomething fearful goes.
Men ſhake to ſee a ſhadow from beneath
Paſſing from pane to pane, like vapoury wreath,
Pale, black, and ſtill it glides from room to room,
Or ſtands a whole day, motionleſs in its gloom,
In the ſame ſpot, like ghoſt upon a tomb;
Or glues its dark brow to the caſement wan,
Dim ſhade that lengthens as the night draws on.
Its ſtep funereal lingers like the ſwing
Of paſſing bell—'tis death, or elſe the king.

'Tis he, the man, by whom men live and die;
But could one look beyond that phantom eye,
As by the wall he leans a little ſpace,
And ſee what ſhadows fill his ſoul's dark place,
Not the fair child, the waters clear, the flowers
Golden with ſunſet—not the birds, the bowers—
No; 'neath that eye, thoſe fatal brows that keep
The fathomleſs brain, like ocean, dark and deep,
There, as in moving mirage, ſhould one find
A fleet of ſhips that go before the wind:
On the foam'd wave, and 'neath the ſtarlight pale,
The ſtrain and rattle of a fleet in ſail,
And through the fog an iſle on her white rock
Hearkening from far the thunder's coming ſhock.

Still by the water's edge doth ſilent ſtand
The Infanta, with the roſe flower in her hand,
Careſſes it with eyes as blue as heaven;
Sudden a breeze, ſuch breeze as panting even

From her full heart flings out to field and brake,
Ruffles the waters, bids the ruſhes ſhake,
And makes through all their green receſſes ſwell
The maſſive myrtle and the aſphodel.
To the fair child it comes, and tears away
On its ſtrong wing the roſe flower from the ſpray.
On the wild waters caſts it bruiſ'd and torn,
And the Infanta only holds a thorn.
Frighten'd, perplex'd, ſhe follows with her eyes
Into the baſin where her ruin lies,
Looks up to heaven, and queſtions of the breeze
That had not fear'd her highneſs to diſpleaſe;
But all the pond is changed, anon ſo clear,
Now black it ſwells, as though with rage and fear;
A mimic ſea its ſmall waves riſe and fall,
And the poor roſe is broken by them all.
Its hundred leaves toſſ'd wildly round and round
Beneath a thouſand waves are whelm'd and drown'd;
It was a foundering fleet you might have ſaid;
And the duenna with her face of ſhade,—
"Madam," for ſhe had mark'd her ruffl'd mind,
"All things belong to princes—but the wind."

Another piece which I cannot reſiſt the pleaſure of citing, is "Les Pauvres Gens." I heartily wiſh that M. Hugo had been tempted to give us more in this gentle and wholeſome vein.

THE POOR.

"'Tis night—within the cloſe ſhut cabin door,
The room is wrapp'd in ſhade ſave where there fall
Some twilight rays that creep along the floor,
And ſhow the fiſher's nets upon the wall.

In the dim corner, from the oaken cheſt
A few white diſhes glimmer; through the ſhade
Stands a tall bed with duſky curtains dreſſ'd,
And a rough mattreſs at its ſide is laid.

Five children on the long low mattreſs lie—
A neſt of little ſouls, it heaves with dreams;
In the high chimney the laſt embers die,
And redden the dark roof with crimſon gleams.

The mother kneels and thinks, and pale with fear,
She prays alone, hearing the billows ſhout:
While to wild winds, to rocks, to midnight drear,
The ominous old ocean ſobs without.

Poor wives of fiſhers! Ah 'tis ſad to ſay,
Our ſons, our huſbands, all that we love beſt,
Our hearts, our ſouls, are on thoſe waves away,
Thoſe ravening wolves that know nor ruth, nor reſt.

Think how they ſport with thoſe beloved forms;
And how the clarion-blowing wind unties
Above their heads the treſſes of the ſtorms:
Perchance even now the child, the huſband dies.

For we can never tell where they may be
Who, to make head againſt the tide and gale,
Between them and the ſtarleſs, ſoundleſs ſea
Have but one bit of plank, with one poor ſail.

Terrible fear! We ſeek the pebbly ſhore,
Cry to the riſing billows, "Bring them home."
Alas! what anſwer gives their troubled roar,
To the dark thought that haunts us as we roam.

Janet is ſad: her huſband is alone,
Wrapp'd in the black ſhroud of this bitter night:
His children are ſo little, there is none
To give him aid. 'Were they but old they might.'
Ah, mother, when they too are on the main,
How wilt thou weep: 'Would they were young again.'

She takes her lantern—'tis his hour at laſt:
She will go forth, and ſee if the day breaks,
And if his ſignal-fire be at the maſt;
Ah, no—not yet—no breath of morning wakes.

No line of light o'er the dark waters lies;
It rains, it rains, how black is rain at morn:

The day comes trembling, and the young dawn cries—
Cries like a baby fearing to be born.

Sudden her human eyes that peer and watch
Through the deep ſhade, a mouldering dwelling find,
No light within—the thin door ſhakes—the thatch
O'er the green walls is twiſted of the wind,

Yellow, and dirty, as a ſwollen rill.
'Ah, me,' ſhe ſaith, 'here doth that widow dwell;
Few days ago my good man left her ill:
I will go in and ſee if all be well.'

She ſtrikes the door, ſhe liſtens, none replies,
And Janet ſhudders. 'Huſbandleſs, alone,
And with two children—they have ſcant ſupplies,
Good neighbour! She ſleeps heavy as a ſtone.'

She calls again, ſhe knocks, 'tis ſilence ſtill;
No ſound, no anſwer—ſuddenly the door,
As if the ſenſeleſs creature felt ſome thrill
Of pity, turn'd—and open lay before.

She enter'd, and her lantern lighted all
The houſe ſo ſtill, but for the rude waves' din.
Through the thin roof the plaſhing rain-drops fall
But ſomething terrible is couched within.

Half-cloth'd, dark-featured, motionleſs lay ſhe,
The once ſtrong mother, now devoid of life;
Diſhevelled ſpectre of dead miſery,
All that the poor leaves after his long ſtrife.

The cold and livid arm already ſtiff,
Hung o'er the ſoak'd ſtraw of her wretched bed.
The mouth lay open horribly, as if
The parting ſoul with a great cry had fled—

That cry of death which ſtartles the dim ear
Of vaſt eternity. And all the while,
Two little children in one cradle near,
Slept face to face, on each ſweet face a ſmile.

The dying mother o'er them, as they lay,
Had caſt her gown, and wrapp'd her mantle's fold,

Feeling chill death creep up, ſhe will'd that they
Should yet be warm while ſhe was lying cold.

Rock'd by their own weight, ſweetly ſleep the twain,
With even breath, and foreheads calm and clear;
So ſound that the laſt trump might call in vain,
For being innocent they have no fear.

Still howls the wind, and ever a drop ſlides
Through the old rafters, where the thatch is weak,
On the dead woman's face it falls, and glides
Like living tears along her hollow cheek.

And the dull wave ſounds ever like a bell,
The dead lies ſtill, and liſtens to the ſtrain;
For when the radiant ſpirit leaves its ſhell,
The poor corpse ſeems to call it back again.

It ſeeks the ſoul through the air's dim expanſe,
And the pale lip ſaith to the ſunken eye,
'Where is the beauty of thy kindling glance?
And where thy balmy breath?' It makes reply:

'Alas! live, love, find primroſes in ſpring,
Fate hath one end for feſtival and tear;
Bid your hearts vibrate, let your glaſſes ring;
But as dark ocean drinks each ſtreamlet clear,

'So, for the kiſſes that delight the fleſh,
For mother's worſhip, and for children's bloom,
For ſong, for ſmile, for love ſo fair and freſh,
For laugh, for dance, there is one goal—the tomb.'

And why does Janet paſs ſo faſt away?
What hath ſhe done within that houſe of dread?
What foldeth ſhe beneath her mantle grey?
And hurries home, and hides it in her bed:
With half-averted face, and nervous tread,
What hath ſhe ſtolen from the awful dead?

The dawn was whitening over the ſea's verge
As ſhe ſat penſive, touching broken chords
Of half-remorſeful thought, while the hoarſe ſurge
Howl'd a ſad concert to her broken words.

'Ah, my poor huſband! we had five before,
Already ſo much care, ſo much to find,
For he muſt work for all. I give him more.
What was that noiſe? His ſtep! Ah no, the wind.

'That I ſhould be afraid of him I love!
I have done ill. If he ſhould beat me now,
I would not blame him. Did not the door move?
Not yet, poor man.' She ſits with careful brow
Wrapp'd in her inward grief; nor hears the roar
Of winds and waves that daſh againſt his prow,
Nor the black cormorant ſhrieking on the ſhore.

Sudden the door flies open wide, and lets
Noiſily in the dawn-light ſcarcely clear,
And the good fiſher dragging his damp nets,
Stands on the threſhold, with a joyous cheer.

''Tis thou!' ſhe cries, and eager as a lover,
Leaps up and holds her huſband to her breaſt;
Her greeting kiſſes all his veſture cover;
''Tis I, good wife!' and his broad face expreſs'd

How gay his heart that Janet's love made light;
'What weather was it?' 'Hard.' 'Your fiſhing?' 'Bad.
The ſea was like a neſt of thieves to-night;
But I embrace thee, and my heart is glad.

'There was a devil in the wind that blew,
I tore my net, caught nothing, broke my line,
And once I thought the bark was broken too;
What did you all the night long, Janet mine?'

She, trembling in the darkneſs, anſwered, 'I;
O nought, I ſew'd, I watch'd, I was afraid,
The waves were loud as thunders from the ſky,
But it is over.' Shyly then, ſhe ſaid—

'Our neighbour died laſt night, it muſt have been
When you were gone. She left two little ones,
So ſmall, ſo frail, William and Madeline;
The one juſt liſps, the other ſcarcely runs.'

The man look'd grave, and in the corner caſt
His old fur bonnet, wet with rain and ſea,
Mutter'd awhile, and ſcratch'd his head,—at laſt;
'We have five children, this makes ſeven,' ſaid he.

'Already in bad weather we muſt ſleep
Sometimes without our ſupper. Now. Ah well—
'Tis not my fault. Theſe accidents are deep;
It was the good God's will. I cannot tell.

'Why did He take the mother from thoſe ſcraps,
No bigger than my fiſt? 'Tis hard to read;
A learned man might underſtand perhaps—
So little, they can neither work nor need.

'Go fetch them, wife, they will be frightened ſore,
If with the dead alone they waken thus,
That was the mother knocking at our door,
And we muſt take the children home to us.

'Brother and ſiſter ſhall they be to ours,
And they will learn to climb my knee at even;
When He ſhall ſee theſe ſtrangers in our bowers,
More fiſh, more food, will give the God of Heaven.

'I will work harder; I will drink no wine—
Go fetch them. Wherefore doſt thou linger, dear?
Not thus were wont to move thoſe feet of thine.'
She drew the curtain, ſaying, 'They are here.'"

"Le Régiment du Baron Madruce" contains ſome ſuperb invectives againſt thoſe Swiſs mercenaries who ſold themſelves to do the work of tyrants. The pictures of Alpine ſcenery interwoven with the declamation are very noble:—

"When the regiment of the Halberdiers is proudly marching by,
The eagle of the mountains ſcreams from out his ſtormy ſky;
Who ſpeaketh to the precipice, and to the chaſm ſheer;
Who hovers o'er the thrones of kings, and bids the caitiffs fear.
King of the peak and glacier; king of the cold, white ſcalps—
He lifts his head, at that cloſe tread, the eagle of the Alps.

O, ſhame! thoſe men that march below. O, ignominy dire;
Are the ſons of my free mountains ſold for imperial hire.
Ah, the vileſt in the dungeon!—ah, the ſlave upon the ſeas—
Is great, is pure, is glorious, is grand compared with theſe,
Who, born amid my holy rocks, in ſolemn places high,
Where the tall pines bend like ruſhes when the ſtorm goes ſweeping by;
Yet give the ſtrength of foot they learn'd by perilous path and flood,
And from their blue-eyed mothers won, the old, myſterious blood;
The daring that the good ſouth wind into their noſtrils blew,
And the proud ſwelling of the heart with each pure breath they drew;
The graces of the mountain glens, with flowers in ſummer gay;
And all the glory of the hills, to earn a lackey's pay.
Their country free and joyous—ſhe of the rugged ſides—
She of the rough peaks arrogant, whereon the tempeſt rides:
Mother of the unconquer'd thought and of the ſavage form,
Who brings out of her ſturdy heart the hero and the ſtorm;
Who giveth freedom unto man and life unto the beaſt;
Who hears her ſilver torrents ring like joy-bells at a feaſt;
Who hath her caves for palaces, and where her chalets ſtand—
The proud, old archer of Altorf, with his good bow in his hand.
Is ſhe to ſuckle jailers? ſhall ſhame and glory reſt,
Amid her lakes and mountains, like twins upon her breaſt?
Shall the two-headed eagle, marked with her double blow,
Drink of her milk through all thoſe hearts whoſe blood he bids to flow?

* * * *

Say was it pomp ye needed, and all the proud array
Of courtlineſs and high parade upon a gala day?
Look up; have not my valleys their torrents white with foam—
Their lines of ſilver bullion on the blue hills of home?
Doth not ſweet May embroider my rocks with pearls and flowers?
Her fingers trace a richer lace than yours in all my bowers.
Are not my old peaks gilded when the ſun riſes proud,
And each one ſhakes a white miſt plume out of the thunder-cloud?
O, neighbours of the golden ſky—ſons of the mountain ſod—
Why wear a baſe king's colours for the livery of God?

O, ſhame! deſpair! to ſee my Alps their giant ſhadows fling
Into the very waiting-room of tyrant and of king!
O, thou deep heaven, unſullied yet, into thy gulfs ſublime—
Up azure tracks of flaming light—let my free pinion climb;
Till from my ſight, in that clear light, earth and her crimes be gone—
The men who act the evil deeds—the caitiffs who look on.
Far, far into that ſpace immenſe, beyond the vaſt white veil,
Where diſtant ſtars come out and ſhine, and the great ſun grows pale."

This Legend of Hiſtory cloſes with a glimpſe into the future. The "Twentieth Century" is its fourteenth ſection. It is taken up with "Pleine Mer," and "Pleine Ciel." Then comes an extravaganza, "Hors des Temps, La Trompette du Jugement." The nations, after all their battles and turmoil, at laſt find repoſe. How do you ſuppoſe? Why, by being emancipated from the law of gravitation!

"Défaite bruſquement par l'inviſible main,
La peſanteur, liée au pied du genre humain,
Se briſa, cette chain etaît toutes les chaînes!
Tout s'envola dans l'homme les fureurs, les haines,
L'ignorance et l'erreur, la miſère et *la faim*,
Le droit divin des rois, *les faux dieux Juifs* ou guèbres."

And again,

"Hors de la peſanteur, c'eſt l'avenir fondé."

Taking advantage, I ſuſpect, of Madame de Stael's fine ſaying, that "there is a point at which the genius of Newton and that of Homer meet," the poet obſerves of this ballooning of the twentieth century in its intellectual reſults,

"On voit s'envoler le calcul de Newton,
Monté ſur l'ode de Pindare."

As to its ſpiritual effect—

"Il mêle preſque à Dieu l'âme du genre humain."

II. A poetical work may be judged from various points of view. We may conſider the "Légende des Siècles" with reference to the order of poetic genius concerned in its production—with reference to the action and manners, as the old critics uſed to ſay—and with reference to its verſification.

1. Poetry was, in other times, claſſified according to the mould in which it was caſt, and the external ſhape which it aſſumed—epic, dramatic, lyric, didactic, idyllic, or ſatirical. The more reflective turn of modern thought and the progreſs of mental analyſis have introduced a new principle of diviſion. The powers of mind predominant in the compoſition of different poems form the baſis of claſſification. The diviſion of the faculties concerned in poetry into *fancy* and *imagination*, affords a ſatisfactory teſt for aſſigning the rank which a poet is entitled to hold.*

Imagination is the *protenſive* and *unifying* faculty. When it deals with individual images or objects, it confers upon them higher properties, or detects the univerſal laws of which they are inſtances or illuſtrations. When it acts upon objects in conjunction, it draws them to one luminous point. Fancy is definite; it has a quaint, tiny, delicate, yet definite meaſure, "no bigger than an agate ſtone." Imagination deals with the vaſt and indefinite—"his ſtature reached the ſky." Fancy is ſubtle, ſurpriſing, playful, occaſionally though rarely

* See Note I. at the end of the lecture.

pathetic. Imagination is ſerious and ſublime. Fancy is rapid and profuſe: ſhe truſts that the number and felicity of the images which ſhe ſcatters, may atone for their want of individual value: ſhe prides herſelf at times upon a curious and living ſubtlety, which copies the minuteſt tracery of ſome object which ſhe wiſhes to employ as an analogical illuſtration. The ſpecial work of imagination is to make finite objects *images* of the infinite and inviſible. A poet, poſſeſſed of all the neceſſary technical accompliſhments, in whoſe genius imagination preponderates, is a great poet. A poet, in whom fancy prevails, may be a ſplendid rhetorician, or a beautiful verſifier, but he is deficient in the ſerious and elevating power, which conſtitutes poetical greatneſs.

Now M. Victor Hugo poſſeſſes fancy rather than imagination. Thus of the ſteamer in "Pleine Mer," he writes,

"Du dôme de Saint Paul ſon mât paſſait le faîte."

How poor is this compared with Milton's deſcription of the wand of Satan! Milton's compariſon tends to the infinite: Hugo's is ſimply an exaggeration of the Kentucky ſtamp. With the exaggerating, he alſo frequently exhibits the diminiſhing effects of mere fancy. I will not be hard enough to object to

"Arcturus, oiſeau d'or, ſcintille dans ſon nid,"

"Arcturus, golden bird, who flickers in his neſt;"

nor even to

"Ces fleures de l'ombre",

of the ſtars in the poem upon Ruth. But what ſhall we ſay to

> "La lueur lactée
> La fourmilière des abîmes!"

The "Conſecration of Woman," the firſt poem in the work, is a ſignal inſtance of this predominance of fancy. Nothing is grand and ſerious, all is glaring and coloured. The very fogs and ſhadows are illuminated. Avalanches of gold melt into the blue of heaven. The flowers cannot ruſtle among their leaves in unobtruſive lovelineſs: they are iſolated, and ſtand out from the landſcape, like blotches of light—

> "The young world knew no wrinkle in that hour,
> Call not the lily pale, 'twas light in flower."

The figure of the mother of all living is unworthy of this great genius. Eve is ſimply a voluptuous blonde. The angels who float round her are not the ſpiritual creatures of Milton. They are but larger editions of thoſe who,

> "Save the powder from too rude a gale,
> Nor let th' impriſon'd eſſences enhale;
> Nay, who in dreams, invention may beſtow,
> To change a flounce, or add a furbelow."

They are copied from the ſaloon of a ſteamer or of a *reſtaurant*, rather than from the Old Teſtament. Eve herſelf is overſhadowed by palms, ſmothered in pinks, in blue lotuſes, in roſes with half-cloſed lips. She is rather a flower in fleſh and blood than anything elſe—

> "As if, of all thoſe ſoul-like bloſſoms grand,
> The faireſt into woman might expand!"

My concluſion then is that M. Victor Hugo does not poſſeſs that imagination which is characteriſtic of the greateſt poets, and of them only.

2. Teſted by its action, and by the manners delineated in it, the poetry of "La Légende" leads us to a ſimilar reſult.

M. Hugo has a rich pictorial fancy. Is he equally opulent upon the ethical ſide of his work? I think not. His deſcriptions are wonderfully varied, and wonderfully fine: his delineations of moral phenomena are narrow and monotonous. He can delineate conſcience in a majeſtic and ſupernatural repoſe, as in Eviradnus; he can repreſent it in commotion, as in Cain and Canute; he can throw himſelf into pſychological *rapport* with enormous guilt, and with incredible virtue. His view of humanity is taken from its two extremes—every figure is ſublimed to a demi-god, or degraded to a demon. There are men fiercely brutal, like the ten kings, and Mourad, like Sigiſmund, and Ladiſlas. There are men wildly remorſeful, like Cain and Canute; though even here his extraordinary fancy exaggerates ſpiritual phenomena into phantaſmagoric terrors. There are men perfectly brave and pure, like Eviradnus and Roland. This monotony of violent contraſts wearies and diſappoints.

As the landſcape of hiſtory is unrolled by M. Hugo, the ſpectator is more than wearied or diſappointed. You ſhow me, he ſays to the illuſtrious poet, a fearful nightmare, a ſtartling melodrama, rather than the genuine legend of the progreſs of humanity. I am ſick with blood, and ſtupified with horror. I want ſome-

thing more wholeſome than this ſombre repetition of meanneſs and brutality. If we muſt have ſenſation novels, let ſenſation poetry be far from us. Let not the epiſodes of Therſites and Cacus fill up the epic of hiſtory. The true and only root of great hiſtorical poetry is, that it be in ſome ſenſe *heroic*,* and founded upon a ſenſe of the dignity of human nature. Events, ſuch as they are, poſſeſs neither amplitude nor intereſt, nor, in the view which we ordinarily take, juſtice ſufficient to gratify the cravings of the heart. There is a ſomething in our nature which yearns after the delight of ſuch creations, of which it is no exaggeration to ſay that it is the hiſtorian of ſome glorious paſt, and the prophet of ſome glorious future. This is the immortal fountain of poetry within us. The narrative poetry which does not give ſatisfaction to theſe cravings, does not ſtand among the higheſt of its kind. It is below a great poet to meaſure his power by the mere intenſity of the effect which he can produce. In the work of a great poet I am entitled to look for delight and eleva-

* I may be allowed to quote Cowley's magnificent, but half-forgotten lines:—

"When the wiſeſt poets ſeek
In all their livelieſt colours to ſet forth
A picture of heroic worth,
(The pious Trojan or the prudent Greek),
They chooſe ſome comely prince of heavenly birth,—
They feed him not with nectar and the meat
That cannot without joy be eat;
But in the cold of want and ſtorm of alien chance,
They harden his young virtue by degrees.
The beauteous drop firſt into ice doth freeze,
And into ſolid cryſtal next advance."

tion. As I read this poem, I confeſs your power; but as I ſurvey it upon the whole, and with that ſenſe of intellectual remoteneſs which is given by conſidering its general effect, the ſum of my impreſſions is not delight. In ſpite of exquiſite paſſages and wonderful lines, it is ſomething approaching to diſguſt. You delineate a few exceptional figures of virtuous and ſuperior men; for the reſt, humanity may be divided into two portions—a few drivers, called kings, with ſtrong laſhes, and myriads of donkeys. Is the progreſs of man nothing better than this? You exhibit him at laſt emancipated from the law of gravitation, and living ſomewhere near the ſtars in enormous balloons;—I have no great faith in him after all, if he is the *genus homo* of M. Victor Hugo. Fool and knave do not change their natures becauſe they are lifted up higher than Mont Blanc. In ſhort, your humanity is not humanity: your progreſs is not progreſs; and your legend is very like a lie!

In this dark draft of humanity, tyranny is the darkeſt ſhape. The ex-Legitimiſt could ſpeak kindly of kings and emperors. The death of Charles X. was touchingly commemorated by Victor Hugo. The removal of Napoleon's aſhes to Paris has been celebrated by him in ſome grand and ſonorous lines; but at preſent, Shelley's vague rhetoric againſt kings and prieſts is weak and vacillating, compared with M. Hugo's inexorable hatred. Picture upon picture appals; declamation upon declamation peals in our ears. There is Canute the parricide—ſweeping like a ſhadow through the night, unable to aſſoil his head with a ſhroud of

the driven ſnow. There are the kings ſwooping down upon a gentle country and its innocent inhabitants. The ten princes are ready to imbrue their hands in their nephew's blood. The ſelfiſhneſs, cruelty, and unbelief of kings are ſo many axioms taken for granted, and acted upon by themſelves. But it is in Eviradnus that the poet's wrath glows with the whiteſt heat. Who that has read will ever forget that fearful burſt of invective!

> "Under this haughtineſs that none can enter,
> This arch triumphant with the limitleſs centre:
> Under this royalty, veil'd from the rude world;
> Under theſe crowns begemm'd, beſtarr'd, empearl'd;
> Under high exploit, prompt and bloody plan,
> One is a monſter, one a beggar-man."

If M. Hugo wiſhes to make his work correſpond with its titles and with its pretenſions, he muſt ſearch for kings of a different ſtamp: he muſt turn from the blood-ſtained annals of provincial hiſtory, from names that are remembered only to be execrated, to other pages and names that ſparkle on the forehead of hiſtory. Alfred, Charlemagne, and St. Louis have ſurely a better right to a place in the "Legend of the Ages" than any of the monarchs who are mentioned in theſe two volumes.

There is another obſervation which I muſt make. The character of the Perfect Man juſt appears in "Chriſt and Lazarus;" but it is introduced with a frigid indifference, which contraſts ſtrangely with the reſt of the volume. It reminds one of Gibbon's tone in comparing Chriſtianity with Paganiſm. It is not

that facts are misstated; but the sunset of Paganism is emblazoned with the richest tints of that opulent pencil: the sunshine of Christianity is leaden and colourless. So is it with M. Hugo. No beauty streams from an opened heaven upon the Divine Man: no noble blossoms spring before His path: no massive lines carve out His moral features in marble and colossal grandeur: no tender touches move us to tears. He who can burst into ecstasy at the pardon of the monster Mourad by the pleading of a hog, has no lyrical delight for the most exquisite tenderness and self-devotion. It must be a broken profile, a mutilated likeness of humanity, where humanity's finest development is, at least, unappreciated.

I may not have given sufficient credit to M. Hugo for such poems as "Boaz Endormi," and "Les Pauvres Gens." I should, perhaps, have remembered his own assertion, that when his whole work shall have been written, apparent errors of perspective will be seen to adjust themselves. The pictures of Rubens before which we stand in silent admiration, as they are suspended from the vast walls of Antwerp Cathedral, were severely criticised when they were hung in a confined space. It is not to be forgotten, as the illustrious exile sadly and pointedly remarks, that if *riant* pictures are rare in the "Légende des Siècles," they are also rare in history. That M. Hugo possesses power which the present work has scarcely called into exercise, every lover of French literature must be aware; but judging this production as a whole by itself, I believe that it is clearly liable to the objections which I have stated.

3. M. Hugo's verſification is much admired by the moſt competent critics of his country. There are many lyrical pieces in the "Légende" whoſe rhythm has been praiſed by ſo exquiſite a judge as M. Emile Montégut. The great bulk of the two volumes, however, is in the claſſical French Alexandrine. That meaſure poſſeſſes a certain full-blown ſtatelineſs of its own. It is well adapted for poetical narrative, and for ſounding ſentiment; and in the hand of a maſter, like Victor Hugo, it yields to no meaſure in any modern language for thoſe Miltonic enumerations of names which are ſo charming to educated ears. But for the expreſſion of ſubtle ſhades of thought, it is peculiarly intractable, and in a long poem I am reminded of Byron's line,

"The whetſtone of the teeth, monotony in wine." *

III. It is now more than time for me to cloſe the taſk with which I have ſo long exerciſed your patience. Some of the poems which I have not attempted to tranſlate might tax all the elegant ingenuity of Mr. McCarthy, or of Dr. Waller. But ſuch as the tranſlations are, they may ſhow that I have tried at leaſt to enter into the ſpirit of Victor Hugo's poetry. I admire his learning, his ſinewy rhetoric, his ſounding declamation, his pictorial richneſs. It is eaſy to cite paſſages like Shelley, in their coloured fluidity and fierce pathetic indignation; like Macaulay, in their ſwinging rhyme; like Tennyſon, in their compreſſed pictures and pregnant ſentiment; like Dryden, in their ſonorous ſtrength. But I am perſuaded that his work falls

* See Note II. at the end of the lecture.

ſhort of being a great work, in all that is moſt eſſential to poetical greatneſs—in its want of imagination, as diſtinguiſhed from fancy; in the monotony of its manners, and the unpoetical nature of its action. How is this? When we conſider M. Hugo's great endowments, the anſwer is inſtructive. The various faculties of our nature are not iſolated, they are intimately connected. We imbibe falſe principles at the peril of our whole being. He who has loſt the central points from which alone humanity can be contemplated—the Fall and the Redemption—can never write the Legend of the Ages. He in whom a blind hatred for particular claſſes of men and particular great political inſtitutions has become a paſſion, can never be the poet of the hiſtory of humanity, for the muſe of that hiſtory is love, and not hatred. A man muſt be partaker of Shakeſpeare's all-embracing toleration, before he can aſcend to Shakeſpeare's altitude. We can ſcarcely tell how much of the calm depth and tranquil fervour of our poetical literature, of its wholeſome common ſenſe, of its "medicinal power," may be owing to the unrecognized influence of thoſe happy inſtitutions under whoſe ordered freedom loyalty to the monarch is conſiſtent with loyalty to the people, and from whoſe vantage ground we can view the paſt with an almoſt paſſionleſs impartiality. True tolerance, wiſdom and judgment, are the requiſites for every great work, and therefore for every great poem. The failure of men of the firſt order in producing works of the firſt order is thus a leſſon in the higheſt morality, as well as in the higheſt criticiſm:

"Scibendi rectè ſapere eſt et principium et fons."

Note I.

In the hiſtory of language, there are ſome few inſtances in which refinements of diſtinction periſh. Thus, *country*, in the ſenſe which includes a relation to a body politic, a civil conſtitution, and peculiar obligations, is, by Cowley at leaſt, invariably written *countrey*; while in the leſs complex meaning, oppoſed to the town, it appears in its modern ſpelling. But the tendency of language is to grow more and more ſubtle, to edge off its words more ſharply, to deſynonymize.

A remarkable illuſtration is ſupplied in the words *imagination* and *fancy*. Theſe terms were at one period employed almoſt indiſcriminately by the moſt accurate maſters of language.

Burgerſdyk may ſtand for the older ſchool of logical metaphyſicians, juſt about to diſappear before the advance of Leibnitz and Locke. According to him, the office of *fancy* is to *imagine*, or, in Ariſtotelian phraſe, to form *phantaſies*, *i.e.*, images and likeneſſes, *repreſentative* of things which have been perceived by the external ſenſes. Theſe images of fancy repreſent either ſingle objects which have been previouſly preſented, as gold, mountain, horſe, man; or two or more objects compounded, as golden mountain, centaur. In Hobbes, imagination and fancy begin to part company, and ſplit aſunder. The philoſopher of Malmeſbury repeats the current doctrine of imagination with much affectation of originality; and originality there is, not in the doctrine itſelf, which is ſimply that juſt ſtated, but in the

exquiſite illuſtrations which accompany it. But in his letter to Sir William Davenant, he diſcriminates fancy as emphatically the faculty which produces the ornaments of a poem, as the poetic element in human nature generally. I ſhall eaſily obtain pardon for quoting this admirable paſſage:—

"Judgment begets the ſtrength and ſtructure, and fancy begets the ornaments of a poem. Memory is the world (though not really, yet ſo as in a looking-glaſs) in which the judgment, the ſeverer ſifter, buſieth herſelf in a grave and rigid examination, whereby the fancy, when any work of art is to be performed, finds her materials at hand and prepared for uſe; ſo that when ſhe ſeems to fly from one Indies to the other, and from heaven to earth, and to penetrate into the future, and into herſelf, and all this in a point of time, the voyage is not very great, herſelf being all the ſearch; and her wonderful celerity conſiſteth not ſo much in motion, as in copious imagery diſcreetly ordered and perfectly regiſtered in the memory. So far forth as the fancy of man has traced the ways of true philoſophy, ſo far it hath produced marvellous effects to the benefit of mankind. All that is beautiful or defenſible in building, or marvellous in engines and inſtruments of motion; whatſoever commodity men receive from the obſervation of the heavens, from the deſcription of the earth, from the account of time, from walking on the ſea, and whatſoever diſtinguiſheth the civility of Europe from the barbarity of the American ſavages, is the workmanſhip of fancy, but guided by the precepts of true philoſophy."

But imagination was in proceſs of time to loſe the dominion which had been conceded to her even by the ſcholaſtic philoſophy. The ſuperior livelineſs of perception by ſight is painted on the very face of the Greek language. Of verbs ſignifying ſenſation, thoſe which denote this ſenſe govern an accuſative; thoſe which denote others, a genitive; as if the ſight acted upon its objects, while the other ſenſes were rather patients of them. This may explain to us the curtailment of the domain of imagination in ſome writers. Thus, Reid ſays that "imagination, in its proper ſenſe, ſignifies a lively conception of objects of ſight." And Addiſon remarks—"It is the ſenſe of ſight which furniſhes the imagination with its ideas; ſo that by the pleaſures of imagination I mean ſuch as ariſe from viſible objects. We cannot have a ſingle image in the fancy that did not make its firſt entrance through the ſight."

Meanwhile, imagination had come to be employed as a term of contempt. Biſhop Butler, in the Analogy, uſes it to expreſs the miſtake of poetic reſemblance for logical analogy. With that grave writer, it is "that forward deluſive faculty, ever obtruding beyond its ſphere—of ſome aſſiſtance, indeed, to apprehenſion, but the author of all error;"—"the deluſive cuſtom of ſubſtituting imagination in the room of experience." Butler's philoſophic editor, Biſhop Fitzgerald, ſeems to inherit his maſter's contemptuous uſage of imagination. In his Index to the Analogy, under imagination, we find this notice:—"Men of warm *imagination*, apt to fancy coincidences." And the place referred to is this:—"Such as are *fanciful* in any one certain way,

will make out a thouſand coincidences which ſeem to favour their peculiar follies."

Thus imagination had paſſed through three phaſes. In the older pſychology, it was the faculty repreſentative of the "ſenſible ideas" which are preſented by the objects of the ſenſes. In later philoſophical uſage, it was the repoſitory of images by the lively channel of ſight. And then it was pretty generally uſed as an expreſſion of grave banter.

We have already ſeen that Hobbes had begun to diſcriminate fancy from imagination. If even his fine proſe has been unable to throw a charm over this dull diſquiſition, let us obtain pardon by turning to a paſſage of ſomewhat earlier date in Ben Jonſon's "Viſion of Delight."

"Break, Phant'ſy, from thy cave of cloud,
And ſpread thy purple wings;
Now, all thy figures are allow'd,
And various ſhapes of things;
Create of airy forms a ſtream;
It muſt have blood, and nought of phlegm;
And though it be a waking dream,
Yet let it like an odour riſe
To all the ſenſes here,
And fall like ſleep upon their eyes,
Or muſic in their ear."

When Phant'ſy, unable to reſiſt this exquiſite ſtrain, breaks forth from her cloud, and ſpeaks, the poet manifeſtly attributes to her the capricious, the incongruous, the gay colours and ſweet flowers, rather than the awful beauty and ſublimity of nature.

"If a dream ſhould come in now to make you afeard,
With a windmill on his head, and bells at his beard—

> The haunches of a churn, with the feet of a pot,
> And the tail of a Kentiſh man to it: why not?
> Why, this, you will ſay, was phantaſtical, now,
> As the Cock and the Bull, the Whale and the Cow.
> But, vaniſh! away!—I have change to preſent you;
> And ſuch, as I hope, will more truly content you.
> Behold the gold-haired form deſcending here,
> That keeps the gate of heaven and turns the year.
> * * * * *
> The gaudy peacock boaſts not, in his train,
> So many lights and ſhadows, nor the rain—
> Reſolving Iris * * behold!
> How the blue bindweed doth itſelf infold
> With honey-ſuckle; and both theſe entwine
> Themſelves with bryony and jeſſamine."

On the whole, then, imagination and fancy led a vagabond, precarious, and fluctuating exiſtence in language. Sometimes they were uſed indiſcriminately, like gout by the man who could not ſpell rheumatiſm. Sometimes imagination was baniſhed into the realms of Queen Quinteſſence of Entelecheia, while fancy was made the Gloriana of the poetic fairy-land from which ſhe was driven. Very often imagination was hypoſtatized into the airy, feminine element of the human mind, and was pitched by grave philoſophers at pleaſant eſſayiſts, or by matter-of-fact perſons at people whom they did not quite underſtand. The diſtinction, as drawn in this lecture, is due to Wordſworth.

Note II.

We have much reaſon to thank thoſe great writers who have won for Engliſh blank verſe its poſition in our literature. Well ſaid Waller, and almoſt prophetically,

in his day, "Rhyme continues ſtill, and will do ſo, till ſome excellent ſpirit ariſe that has leiſure enough and reſolution to break their chain, and free us from the troubleſome bondage of rhyming. But this is a thought for times at ſome diſtance." With all his wonderful maſtery of the rhymed heroic, with all the muſic of his triplets, and all the majeſty of his Alexandrines, even Dryden paid homage in theory to blank verſe:

> "Barbarous nations, and more barbarous times,
> Debaſed the majeſty of verſe to rhymes—
> But Italy . . .
> With pauſes, cadence, and well-wedded words,
> And all the graces a good ear affords,
> Made rhyme an art, and Dante's poliſh'd page
> Reſtor'd a ſilver, not a golden age.
> Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we ſee,
> What rhyme improved in all its height can be,
> At beſt a pleaſing ſound and fair barbarity!"

On the conſtruction of blank verſe (with all deference to one of the fineſt critics and poets of this age), Mr. Arnold has a theory againſt which I muſt appeal. "Milton's muſe," he ſays, "has the true oratorical flow of ancient tragedy, produced mainly, I think, by his making it, as the Greeks made it, the rule, not the exception, to put the pauſe at the end of the line, not in the middle. Shakeſpeare has ſome noble paſſages, particularly in his 'Richard the Third,' conſtructed with this, the true oratorical rhythm; indeed, that wonderful poet, who has ſo much beſides rhetoric, is alſo the greateſt poetical rhetorician ſince Euripides. Still it is to the Elizabethan poets that we owe the bad habit, in

dramatic poetry, of perpetually dividing the line in the middle. The conſtant occurrence of ſuch lines produces, not a ſenſe of variety, but a ſenſe of perpetual interruption."

Let it be conſidered, whether blank verſe, where the meaning terminates and the emphaſis falls upon the laſt ſyllable through a long ſeries of lines, does not leave the impreſſion of a ſort of break-down in the rhymes a marred and tuneleſs attempt at meaſure, like Quaſimodo's in the "Hunchback." To obviate this, the poet ſhould from time to time lift us lightly over the fence of the laſt ſyllable, and put us on into the next line It is this which diſcriminates the blank verſe of it greateſt maſters—Milton, Shakeſpeare, Cowper, and Wordſworth—from that of Thomſon, and even of Tennyſon. Between the two managements of the meaſure there is a difference analogous to that between a ſtraight French canal and a ſtream meandering in many circlets of ſilver. Shakeſpeare eſpecially, in his moſt elevated paſſages, has a beautiful way of carrying on the thought from line to line, ſo that not only does each line ſatisfy the exactions of the ear, but we have a number of interwolved rings of harmony. Each joint of the paſſage when it is cut, quivers with melody. The alliteration is carried on from one line to the next, and wonderfully aſſiſts the effect. For inſtance—

> "Ariadne *paſſioning*
> For Theſea's *perjury*."

> "The moon like to a ſilver *bow*,
> New bent in Heaven."

If we ſuppoſe the "Tempeſt" to repreſent the culmination of Shakeſpeare's ſtyle and verſification, we ſhall expect to find this characteriſtic in its more elevated paſſages. And we do find it; for example—

> "Many a *time*
> The harmony of their *tongues* hath into *bondage*
> *Brought* my *too* diligent ears."

I might cite a multitude of paſſages. I need only indicate Ariel's threat in the Third Act.

> "You fools! I and my *fellows*
> Are miniſters of *fate: the* elements
> Of which your ſwords are *temper'd*, may as *well*
> *Wound* the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at-ſtabs
> Kill the *ſtill-cloſing* waters, as *diminiſh*
> One *dowle* that's in my plume."

> "*Thee*, of thy ſon, Alonzo,
> *They* have bereft, and do *pronounce* by me,
> Lingering *perdition*."

Contraſt with this the verſification of "Two Gentlemen of Verona," throughout, and the effect of ſuch lines in Milton, as

> "Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled ſince,
> Of fairy damſel met in foreſt wide,
> By Knight of Logres or of Lyonneſſe,
> Arthur, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.

Had the genius of the French language admitted of a meaſure analogous to our blank verſe, I believe that ſuch a poem as the "Légende des Siècles" would have gained infinitely in naturalneſs and general effect.

CHAUCER.

BY JOHN O'HAGAN, ESQ.

CHAUCER.

CHAUCER is a poet who has miſſed his deſtiny. The two centuries between him and Shakeſpeare have been fatal, not indeed to his fame, but to the kind of fame for which his qualities marked him, the fame of a repreſentative national poet, reflecting the ſpirit and character of his nation, and helping to mould it in the future. Appreciation he certainly has not wanted.

Some critics have claimed for him in the hierarchy of Engliſh poets no meaner place than that next in rank to Shakeſpeare, but we may perhaps ſhrink from a pretenſion ſo lofty. There is nothing in him to approach the ſublimity of Milton, nor the ſubtle and majeſtic melody of Spenſer; but in the gifts which confer a wide and laſting popularity he is immeaſurably beyond both. If ſtrength and directneſs of conception, ſimplicity and fulneſs of expreſſion, great, but never overſtrained or exaggerated, humour, a power almoſt perfect of delineating character and manners, a hearty ſympathy with human nature in its pathetic as well as

its comic phaſes, an admirable art of narration, and all this ſpringing from a geniality of diſpoſition which never admits the leaſt ſhadow of miſanthropy or paradox,—if theſe be the qualities which render an author the delight, not of an audience fit though few, but of his countrymen of all claſſes and to all time, then (one great name apart) we may trace the line from himſelf to Burns, without finding any to compete with him. This is the high deſtiny which, as I ſaid, he has miſſed.

Circumſtances were too ſtrong for him. The Engliſh language, in his day, had not yet reſted in its final form, but was in a ſtate of fuſe and tranſition, which not even genius like his could arreſt. Subſtantially, it was the ſame language which we now ſpeak; but many of the old Teutonic inflections remained, which the progreſs of time tended to diſcard. Many words ſtill lingered which have been diſplaced by their ſubſtitutes, and the French and Saxon elements were ſtill held in imperfect fuſion, and had long to wait for complete aſſimilation. It is doubtful whether, even if Chaucer had been accompanied by a body of writers of kindred talents, and ſucceeded by an age of eaſe and literary taſtes, the language could have been then fixed. At all events, there was not the chance.

Almoſt immediately after him came the long and ſavage civil Wars of the Roſes, and then again the religious convulſions. All this time the current of language flowed in its deſtined channel, obeying thoſe natural and irreſiſtible laws which Profeſſor Müller has ſo admirably expounded; and when, in the next era of peace, the Engliſh tongue became for ever fixed and

cryſtallized in the magnificent Elizabethan literature, much of the language of Chaucer was already obſolete. From thenceforth the poſſibility of his becoming a popular favourite was gone.

His enthuſiaſtic biographer, Mr. Godwin, repines at this ſentence, and would reverſe it if he could. "The veil which ſeparates a writer like Chaucer from us is ſo ſlight," he ſays, "that it is unpardonable not to take the little pains which would remove it and enable us to enjoy the riches which lie beneath. Men learn foreign languages for the ſake of the great works written in them; why then ſhrink from a difficulty, trifling in the whole, of obſolete expreſſions or antiquated ſtyles in a great author of our own?" Theſe words ſpoken to ſcholars have indeed great might, but addreſſed to the many they fall without an echo. It cannot be. Men take up poetry for delight, not for labour, and no writer has the chance of winning a houſehold divinity who does not ſpeak to us in our own familiar daily idiom. It is different in the caſe of foreign languages. When a ſtrange tongue is maſtered ſufficiently to reliſh its literature, there is at leaſt no break of uniformity to mar our pleaſure; but in a work in our own language the recurrence of obſolete forms of expreſſion produces a jarring and diſſonant effect painful to the ear and ſenſe. Even Burns, who in popular gifts is akin to Chaucer, ſuperior to him in paſſion and lyrical muſic, far beneath him in width and range of ken,—even Burns, I have obſerved, is rarely thoroughly enjoyed by thoſe who have to turn to a gloſſary for his meaning. The fame of Burns has ſtruck its living roots in the heart of a

whole people born to his language and liſping it from their earlieſt years. It is this which has been wanting to Chaucer.

A modern interpreter indeed, and one of the higheſt order, he has to ſome extent found in Dryden. Dryden's verſion of the romance of "Palamon and Arcite" is a noble poem, done with a free, nervous and maſculine hand. It is delightful to read, but ſtill it is as much Dryden as Chaucer; and the ſame may be ſaid of the reſt of Dryden's imitations.

When, therefore, I was honoured by the requeſt to read an eſſay upon ſome literary ſubject before this audience, it occurred to me to take for my theme this old poet; to aſk you to accompany me back for the ſpace of five hundred years, and in the mirror of genius to catch a glimpſe of the England of the days of Creſſy and Poitiers. Upon this theme I am not conſcious of having anything of novelty or ſubtlety to give you. The very quotations which I ſhall read to you are, for the moſt part, thoſe which are beſt known.

Of Chaucer's perſonal hiſtory our knowledge is on the whole ſcanty; yet many incidents of his life have been gleaned, and we know far more of him than we do of Shakeſpeare. He ſeems to have had a highly active, honourable, and ſucceſsful career. His biographers have aſſerted that he was educated both at Cambridge and Oxford. The former is a fair inference from a deſcription of himſelf given in his "Court of Love," the latter ſeems mere conjecture. That he was highly educated is certain. His works ſhow an intimate acquaintance with Latin literature, eſpecially

the authors then moſt in vogue, Seneca, Ovid, Boetius. His fondneſs—an undue fondneſs indeed—for the French writers of verſe is diſplayed by the extent of his tranſlations from them, while he manifeſts a genuine veneration for his great contemporaries, if I may ſo call them, Dante and Petrarch. Dante was not indeed altogether coeval, as he died ſome years before Chaucer was born; but Petrarch he knew in the fleſh, and he refers touchingly to that acquaintance in the prologue to the tale of the "Clerk of Oxenford." He was evidently ſkilled too in all the ſcience of his time.

Amongſt his works is a treatiſe on the Aſtrolabe, written for his young ſon; and the flood of ſcorn which he pours out on the pretenſions of Alchemy (for his manly intellect was intolerant of impoſture of every kind) forms one of the moſt amuſing paſſages of his tales. But his life was far from one of literary ſeclu-ſion. Edward III. appointed him to the office of Comptroller of the Cuſtoms in the Port of London, taking good care that his office ſhould be no ſinecure, for in the patent of his appointment, it is preſented, "That the ſaid Geoffrey write with his own hand his rolls touching the ſaid office, and conſtantly reſide there, and do and execute all things pertaining to the ſaid office in his own proper perſon, and not by ſubſtitute." Mr. Tyrwhitt is indignant with Edward for this un-worthy employment, as he conſiders it, of a great poet, and is of opinion that his majeſty was either totally inſenſible of our author's poetical talents, or at leaſt had no mind to encourage him in the cultivation or exerciſe of them. In this opinion we will probably ſee little

reaſon to concur. Edward, it is likely, ſaw no incompatibility between the poſſeſſion of high ſpiritual gifts and the mere proſaic qualities of induſtry and accuracy in affairs. Chaucer was evidently, in addition to everything elſe, a man of much ſhrewdneſs and worldly wiſdom, as there is no doubt Shakeſpeare alſo was, and having accepted theſe cuſtom-houſe duties, he probably thought he would be nothing the worſe, either morally or intellectually, for the faithful diſcharge of them. At all events, ſo far from the king neglecting him, it is certain that he went on conferring upon him ſtill further honours and rewards.

In the very laſt year of the king's life he was ſent to France, with two other gentlemen, to treat of a marriage between the Prince of Wales and a daughter of the French king. He was a ſoldier withal. It appears, from an authentic depoſition of his own in the records of the Court of Chivalry, that he accompanied Edward in arms to France in the diſaſtrous expedition of 1359, and that he was then taken priſoner. How long he was a captive, or how he was exchanged or ranſomed, does not appear. It is a life like this, at once adventurous and contemplative, a life of action and affairs, yet with the intellect ever buſy obſerving the ways and characters of men, and perpetually ſecreting and aſſimilating the fruits of ſuch obſervation, that produces the ripeſt wiſdom, and, when joined with a high faculty of expreſſion, forms the writers who, in their turn, form the world.

In the midſt of this buſy life Chaucer wrote his voluminous works. His earlieſt poem was compoſed

when he was only eighteen years of age, his laſt, and incomparably his greateſt, when he was over ſixty.

And now, before referring to them more particularly, a word or two muſt be ſaid as to his verſification. Nothing has been ſhown more clearly than that Chaucer's lines are, in reality, as perfect in rhythm and metre as any verſes of modern times. Yet read as we now read them, they would not for the moſt part ſcan at all. The difficulty is ſet right by ſome very ſimple conſiderations as to the mode of pronunciation in his day. In the firſt place, we muſt remember the final *e*, which then terminated almoſt every word now ending with a conſonant. This final vowel had even then, it is probable, become mute in proſe, but it was ſounded in poetry when the verſe required it. This we all underſtand by the example of French verſe. In French proſe the final *e* is mute, but in verſe it is ſounded according to the exigency of the line, ſounded not fully, as in Italian, but with a kind of reſting of the voice upon it, before proceeding with the next ſyllable. Again, in Chaucer's time, both the poſſeſſive caſe and the plural were formed not merely by the addition of *s* but of *es*; a ſyllable was added, juſt as at this day in German: "man's joy" was "mannés joy," "the tender crops," "the tender croppés," and the like. Further, all words adopted from the French were pronounced in the French way, with the laſt ſyllable accentuated: ſentence was ſenténce, conſcience, conſciénce; liquor, licóur. As to the naſal pronunciation, which now and for centuries has marked the French language, it never exiſted, in all probability, in Norman French at all, and

its abſence perhaps formed one of the diſtinctions between the French of Paris and the French of the Engliſh ſchools, to which Chaucer pleaſantly adverts.

But as to accentuation, he ſimply took the French words as they were ſpoken. Archbiſhop Trench has pointed out, that when foreign words are firſt adopted they are adopted in the very form worn in their native place, but they are gradually aſſimilated, and obey the genius of the language into which they are received.

Chaucer's earlieſt work was the "Court of Love," when he was little more than eighteen years of age, and bearing the inevitable marks of imitation and immaturity. Juſt as in the eighteenth century poetic faſhion followed the didactic line of Pope, and fifty years ago the paſſion and miſanthropy of Byron, and to-day ſeeks to imitate the ſubtle ſtructure of Tennyſon's verſe, ſo in Chaucer's early days, the aſpiring poet would be attracted by William de Lovris and his compeers. The poets of the north of France vied with thoſe of the ſouth, in exalting and deifying the paſſion of love. It was the irreſiſtible ſpirit of the times. The troubadours and jongleurs had begun with ſimple ballads, the loves of knights and dames, ſuch as are dear to every people. Their ſucceſſors went on elaborating and exaggerating, till ſimplicity was loſt in pedantry, till their utmoſt warmth was frigid, and their higheſt vein was vapid and conceited. They framed a kind of religion out of love, with its creed, commandments, and obſervances; and to theſe they added endleſs perſonifications and endleſs ſpeeches of the perſonified virtues and vices. Chaucer's earlieſt work was caſt ſomewhat in this mould.

He figures himſelf tranſported to the Court of Love, not of his free-will, but called by royal ſummons as a recreant and defaulter. He is but ill-received, "with rough and angry face," for a reaſon which will make my hearers ſmile; it is, that he had delayed ſo long, even till the advanced age of eighteen, to pay his homage to the univerſal divinity.

"Then gan I me preſent to fore the king,
Trembling for fear with viſage pale of hew;
And many a lover with me was kneeling,
Abaſhed ſore unto the time they knew
The ſentence yene of his intent full trew;
And at the laſt the king hath me behold,
With ſtern viſage, and ſaid, 'What doth this old,

"Thus firre y ſtope in years come ſo late
Unto the Court?' 'Forſooth my liege,' quod I,
'An hundred time I have been at the gate,
Afore this time yet could I never eſpy
Of mine acquaintance any in mine eie,
And ſhamefaſtneſſe away me gan to chace,
But now I me ſubmit unto your grace.'"

And he is pardoned upon his repentance, and made to take the oath to be true and faithful, and a ſervant of love with all obeiſance and humility, until his death. Such was the ſpirit of the time, fantaſtic as it ſeems to our age of realiſm. To be a vaſſal in the "Court of Love" from the very earlieſt years, was one of the laws of gentleneſs. The noble lady who received a youth into her houſehold as a page, for training to be a future knight, taught him, with other points of breeding and courteſy, that he was bound even then to ſelect ſome damſel of his own years, to whom he ſhould pay humble, faithful, obſequious ſervice, as his acknowledged queen and

miſtreſs. And the young lady was alſo trained early to aſſume her ſuperior part, to be high and diſtant with her young admirer, and without being over cruel, never to acknowledge his devotion, or only by rare and trifling favours. All this had its evil as well as its good effects; but it tended eſſentially, as has been ſo often ſaid, to produce all that is beſt and higheſt in the manners of modern Europe. I will cite a ſtanza or two from this work of Chaucer; it ſhows at leaſt how early he had become a maſter of the rhythm of Engliſh verſe, ſo much ſo that although his genius immeaſurably matured with his years, in this reſpect he ſeems hardly to have made an advance. The meaſure is one which, to the laſt, ſeemed a favourite with him, the ſame meaſure as Shakeſpeare's Lucrece. In giving theſe and other extracts, the only liberty I will permit myſelf is to give, as far as poſſible, the words in their modern dreſs, ſo that we may at leaſt have no unneceſſary ruſt of age to mar our appreciation.

"And, for that I was lettered, there I read,
The ſtatutes whole of love's court and hall.
The firſt ſtatute that on the book was ſpread,
Was to be true in thought and deedés all
Unto the king of love, the lord royal,
And to the queen as faithful and as kind
As I could think with heart and will and mind.

"The ſecond ſtatute, ſecretly to keep,
Counſel of love not blowing everywhere
All that I know, and let it ſink and fleet.
It may not ſound in every wightés ere
Exiling ſlander aye for dread and fear,
And to my lady which I love and ſerve,
Be true and kind her grace for to deſerve.

"The third ſtatute was clearly writ alſo,
Withouten change to live, and die the ſame,
None other love to take for weal nor woe,
For blind delight, for earneſt, nor for game,
Without repent for laughing or for grame,
To biden ſtill in full perſéverance,
All this was wholly the King's ordinaunce."

The only word now quite obſolete in the foregoing lines is "grame," for ſorrow. The German "graam."

If I were to dwell on the intermediate works of Chaucer, the limits of this lecture would hardly permit me to ſpeak of thoſe tales which have eſtabliſhed his fame. I now therefore turn to them.

The Canterbury Tales were compoſed, as I mentioned, late in life, or rather, the prologue and framework of them were; for the probability is that many of them were written much earlier. But it is in the prologue and dramatic caſt of the poem that the evidence of the greateſt genius lies, and it may ſeem as a wonderful work to have been written at ſuch advanced years. But we may remind ourſelves of Dryden producing ſome of his beſt tales at ſeventy; and of him who, "long chooſing and beginning late," gave to the world in the decline of age his immortal ſong.

The framework of the Canterbury Tales is ſaid to have been borrowed from Boccaccio. This may be true as regards the idea of giving unity and dramatic intereſt to a number of ſeparate ſtories by ſuppoſing them to have been narrated ſucceſſively for mutual entertainment by perſons aſſembled together on ſome ſpecial occaſion. But what a difference in the execution! In Boccaccio there is indeed in the preface the much-admired deſ-

cription of the plague in Florence, but when once he has collected his fair bevy of ladies and courtiers in the garden at Fiesole, to charm away the tedium of life and the dread of death by a hundred tales of love and frivolity, all interest in the narrators absolutely ceases. There is nothing to distinguish one figure from another, nothing marked or distinctive in character. Chaucer brings together "well nine-and-twenty in a company," living types every one of them of the England of his day; types of a time far from moulded into the smooth uniformity which our advanced civilization has produced, and is tending still more to produce, but teeming with individual life and character,—the English of the fourteenth century painted by one of themselves: such might have been his title-page.

The manner of their assembling must be familiar to most of my hearers; how, in the early spring, when April, "with his showers sweet," had pierced to the root the drought of March, and bathed in that liquor every vein, when the sweet breath of Zephyr was felt over every holt and hearth, and the small birds sleep all night with open eye, then the same stirring of the blood which runs through nature urges folk to go on pilgrimages. And so it befell that in the Tabard Inn, in Southwark, Chaucer met this gallant company bent on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas,

"The holy blissful martyr for to seek."

He then describes them, knight and squire and yeoman, monk and friar, prioress and wife of Bath, doctor and sergeant at law, miller and reve, parson and ploughman. The difficulty is to choose between these

pictures, which have one and all the accuracy of a photograph, with the fulneſs and colour betokening the hand of a great painter. It is, as I ſay, hard to chooſe, yet how can I forbear to give the portraits of the knight and his ſon, true ſpecimens of the ideal of chivalry, a noble ideal, however often defaced in fact.

"A knight there was, and that a worthy man,
That from the timé that he firſt began
To riden out, he lovéd chevalrie,
Truth and honóur, freedom and courteſie;
Fule worthy was he, in his lordés war,
And thereto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,
As wel in Chriſtendom as in Heatheneſſe,
And ever honoured for his worthineſſe."

He then deſcribes his military ſervices at Alexandria, with the Teutonic order in Pruſſia, in Lithuania, in Ruſſia, in Granada, againſt the Moors, and in Armorica,

"At mortal battles hadde he been fifteen,
And foughten for our faith at Tramiſſene,
In liſtés thrice, and ay had ſlain his foe.
This ilké worthy knight, had been alſo
Sometime with the lord of Palatie,
Againſt another hethen in Turkie,
And evermore he had a ſovereign price,
And though that he was worthy, he was wiſe,
And of his port as meek as is a maid.
He never yet no villainy ne ſaid
In all his life unto no manner wight,
He was a veray parfit gentle knight."

It has been obſerved as curious that Chaucer brings his ideal of knighthood from battles in Spain and Egypt, or Ruſſia, rather than from the fields of Creſſy or Poitiers. This has been explained by the high value ſet

upon all exploits againſt the heathen and the romantic, as well as religious importance attached to the Cruſades. But in all probability Chaucer had in his mind ſome ſpecial knight, whoſe actual military ſervices he has deſcribed. It is however undoubtedly remarkable that Chaucer, all Engliſh as he is, nowhere ſeems to reflect the patriotic feeling of England as againſt France, a feeling which muſt have ſtrongly pervaded ſociety in his day. Perhaps he thought it unworthy of a poet to foſter hatred between Chriſtian nations; perhaps he condemned too ſtrongly in his heart the unjuſt and diſaſtrous wars in which thoſe glories were won, to take pleaſure in recounting them. The knight repreſents the chivalrous idea, matured and chaſtened by time, action, and ſuffering; the ſquire is the ſame idea in the firſt bloom and fluſh of early manhood, with all the grace and buoyancy of love and hope.

"With him was his ſone, a youngé ſquire,
A lover and a luſty bachelier,
With lockés curled as they were laide in preſs,
Of twenty years he was of age, I gueſs;
Of his ſtatúre he was of even length,
And wonderly deliver, and great of ſtrength,
And he hadde been ſome time in chevauchie.
In Flanders, in Artois, and Picardie,
And borne him well, as of ſo little ſpace
In hope to ſtanden in his lady's grace;
Embroidered was he, as it were a mead
Alle full of freſhé flowers white and red;
Singing he was, or fluting all the day,
He was as freſh as in the month of May;
Short was his gown, with ſleeves long and wide:
Well could he ſit on horſe, and fayré ride;
He couldé ſongés make and well indite,

Jouſt and eke dance, and well pourtray and write;
So hot he lovéd, that by nightertale
He ſlept no more than doth the nightingale;
Courteous he was, lowly and ſerviceable,
And carved before his father at the table."

The word "deliver" in the foregoing paſſage, meaning active or nimble, may occur to you as an expreſſion uſed by Evan Dhu to Mrs. Flockhart in deſcribing Waverley:—"I was no ſpeaking of his being weel faured, but clean made and deliver, and a proper lad of his inches, wha wadna cry barley in a bruilzie." In the above deſcription we ſee the qualities, phyſical, mental, and moral, which were then held to be the higheſt grace of life. Strength and agility of body, horſemanſhip, ſkill in the tournament and in the dance, muſic, poetry, painting—a very fair bead-roll of accompliſhments—and then to be by open profeſſion a lover, and to give full vent to the free and joyous ſpirit of his years—for it is plain that the faſhion had not yet ſet in for young gentlemen to be ſad as night only for wantonneſs—and add to all theſe, humility, courteſy, and deference to his elders.

It is a pity that Chaucer has nowhere painted us a lady who might form a counterpart to the knight or ſquire. His Griſelda in the Clerk's tale, to which I ſhall by-and-bye refer, is beautifully drawn; but the very exceſs of her meekneſs and ſubmiſſion is felt as a fault. There are two female figures in the Canterbury Tales, the Prioreſs and the far-famed Wife of Bath. The latter is drawn with too free a pencil to permit me here to dwell upon it. Handſome and bold and ſelf-aſſerting, not only of the earth earthy, but with a thou

and undiſguiſed contempt for anything *but* the earthly view of life, ſhe is the very oppoſite pole to the romantic enthuſiaſm of the ſquire whom ſhe makes bluſh by rallying him upon his love. But the portrait of the Prioreſs is moſt delicately finiſhed, and is one of thoſe which moſt convince me that living figures ſat for their portraits. Chaucer might on the one hand have given us a picture of cloiſtered ſanctity; of "the eternal ſunſhine of the ſpotleſs mind;" or, on the other, he might have indulged in unbecoming pleaſantry, ſuch as was far too common with his Italian contemporaries. He does neither. He draws for us a lady, gentle, pious, well-bred, and tender-hearted, preciſe too, and dignified, but with little courtly affectations and worldly delicacies, and, ſo to ſpeak, ſomewhat of a *petite maîtreſſe*. Her very name ſomehow ſuggeſts her character, "for ſhe was clepéd Madame Eglantine." She ſang the divine ſervice, "entuned in her noſe, full ſweetly." She ſpoke French well and cleverly; but, adds Chaucer,

> "After the ſchool of Stratford atte Bowe,
> Her French of Paris was to her unknowe."

He deſcribes her manner of eating, how careful ſhe was not to ſoil herſelf. Obſerve, this was before the introduction of forks, and when the moſt delicately bred lady had to manage as beſt ſhe could, with knife and finger—

> "At meaté ſhe was well ytaught withalle,
> She let no morſel from her lippés fall,
> Nor wet her fingers in her ſaucé deep,
> Wel coode ſhe carry a morſel and well keep,
> So that no drop might fall upon her breaſt."

And then her pet lap-dogs, "ſmall-hounds," as he calls them—

"Which ſhe fed
With roaſted fleſh and milk, and waſtel bread,
But ſore wept ſhe if one of them were dead;
Or if men ſmote it with a yardé ſmart,
For all was conſciénce and tender heart."

He introduces three eccleſiaſtics into his aſſemblage, a London clergyman, the pariſh prieſt of a poor country pariſh, a Benedictine monk, and a friar. The marked contraſt which he has drawn between the firſt and the two latter, has been taken as proof of a diſlike on his part to the religious orders. I do not conceive it ſo. I think that here, as elſewhere, Chaucer drew from living figures, not from abſtract prepoſſeſſions or antipathies. If it were otherwiſe, he would have painted his monk and friar not merely worldly, jovial, and ſelf-indulgent, which he has done, but vicious and hypocritical, which he has not. The monk is deſcribed as

"A manly man, to be an Abbot able,
Full many a dainty horſe had he in ſtable;
And when he rode, men might his bridle hear,
Gingling in a whiſtling wind as clear,
And eke as loud, as doth a chapel bell
There where this lord was maſter of the cell."

And he deſcribes his impatience of the ſtrict rule of St. Benedict and St. Auſtin, his paſſion for hunting, and his dreſs—

"I ſaw his ſleeves purfiled at the hand
With fur, and that the fineſt of the land,
And for to faſten his hood under his chin,
He had of gold ywrought a curious pin;

A love-knot in the greater end there was.
His head was bald, and ſhone as any glaſs,
And eke his face as it had ben anoint,
He was a lord full fat, and in good point.
His eyes were deep, and rolling in his head,
That ſteamed as a furnace doth of lead;
Supple his boots, his horſe in great eſtate,
Now certainly he was a fair prelate,
He was not pale as a forpined ghoſt.
A fat ſwan loved he beſt of any roaſt."

The auſtere figure of the pariſh prieſt ſtands in marked contraſt to the others. He calls him the parſon of a town; but I need hardly remind you that town in thoſe days had a very different ſignification from what it bears in ours. It meant, in fact, ſometimes a ſingle grange or farm-houſe; ſometimes, as here, a country diſtrict.

This is the well-known deſcription of a good pariſh prieſt, which Dryden has imitated and ſpoiled; ſpoiled by overlaying it with metaphor and ornament, and by dragging in, as was Dryden's wont, political alluſions. He makes, in fact, of Chaucer's Parſon a ſtout non-juror, who, having ſworn allegiance to Richard, ſuffered himſelf to be ejected from his pariſh, rather than transfer it to Henry the uſurper. Of all this there is not a ſyllable in Chaucer, whoſe entire abſtinence from reference to the exciting events of his time, is one of the moſt curious features in his works. He paints an exemplary prieſt, and nothing more.

"There was a good man of religion,
That was a pooré parſon of a toun,
But rich he was of holy thought and work,
He alſo was a learned man, a clerk,
That Chriſtés goſpel truély would preach,
His pariſhions devoutly would he teach.

Benign he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adverſity full patient.
* * * *
Wide was his pariſh and houſes far aſunder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thunder,
In ſickneſs and in miſchief to viſite
The fartheſt in his pariſh, much and lite
Upon his feet, and in his hand a ſtave,
This noble example to his ſheep he gave,
That firſt he taught, and afterwards he wrought,
Out of the goſpel he the wordés caught,
And this figure he added yet thereto,
That if gold ruſté, what ſhould iron do?"

I muſt make ſome end of theſe extracts; and yet, if it were only for profeſſional ſympathy, I cannot help referring to the "Sergeant-at-Law, ware and wiſe,"—it is curious how preciſely Chaucer enumerates in him the points of an accompliſhed lawyer, and one in the front rank of his claſs. He had been often juſtice of aſſize "by full patent and commiſſion," he was great on title, his "purchaſing might not be in ſuſpect," he knew all the caſes and deciſions from the time of King William downwards, he was a draughtſman, in whoſe conveyances no man could find a flaw—"no wight could pinch at his writing," and, a point in which I fairly defy any modern lawyer to approach him, he knew the ſtatute book by rote. After deſcribing him as full of buſineſs, Chaucer adds one of thoſe keen and delicate touches which ſhow the conſummate obſerver of men,

"And yet he ſeeméd buſier than he was."

Thus all the company are drawn, high and low, each according to his craft, and excelling in it. The

Doctor ſkilled in phyſic and ſurgery, deeply read in the old medical literature, Galen and Avicenna, and a dozen more; but "whoſe ſtudy was but little in the Bible." The Franklin or Country Gentleman, luxurious and hoſpitable to exceſs, ſo that—

> "It ſnewéd in his houſe of meat and drink,
> Of every dainty that a man could think."

The Clerk of Oxenford, devoted to ſtudy, who loved better to have twenty books at his bed's head of Ariſtotle and his philoſophy, than rich robes or muſic, his lean horſe, thread-bare cloak, and hollow face, and the gravity and weight of the few words he ſpoke,

> "Of ſtudy did he take moſt care and heed,
> Not a word ſpake he more than there was need,
> And that was ſaid in form and reverénce,
> And ſhort and quick, and full of high ſenténce;
> Sounding in moral virtue was his ſpeech,
> And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach."

The lower characters are juſt as graphically done: the Sompnour, with his "fiery pimpled face," the very prototype of Bardolph; and the Pardoner, with his long ſmooth hair, as yellow as wax, a conſummate knave, and the only one in the aſſembly. And again, the knight's Yeoman, who,

> "Was clad in coat and hood of green,
> A ſheaf of peacock arrows, bright and keen,
> Under his belt he bare full thriftily:
> Well could he dreſs his tackle yeomanly,
> His arrows droopèd not with feathers low,
> And in his hand he bore a mighty bow."

Could a more perfect picture be deſired of one of thoſe invincible archers whoſe limbs were made in

England, one of the race who, in the ſame generation,

"Had turned to flight on that famed Picard field
Bohemia's plume and Genoa's bow, and Cæſar's eagle ſhield."

Still theſe are but ſo many iſolated portraits, however admirably drawn; ſomething was wanted to combine them and give artiſtic unity and effect to the whole. This central figure, the key-ſtone, ſo to ſpeak, of the arch, is found in the hoſt. This hoſt, manly, jovial, and portly, may remind us of mine hoſt of the Garter, in the "Merry Wives of Windſor;" but, if it may be ſaid without hereſy, the hoſt of Shakeſpeare bears no compariſon with that of Chaucer. He it was who, delighted beyond meaſure at receiving ſuch a noble company beneath his roof, after having ſerved them wine and victual of the beſt, propoſed to ride with them himſelf to Canterbury, and that, to beguile the tedium of the way, each pilgrim ſhould tell the company a ſtory as they were going. This propoſition was joyouſly accepted, and ſo came the "Canterbury Tales."

The firſt lot fell upon the knight, and he narrated the romance of Palamon and Arcite, on which I dwell the leſs, ſince it is acceſſible in the really ſplendid verſion of Dryden. It is a genuine tale of mediæval chivalry, though the ſcene is laid in Athens, and the kings of Thrace and India are amongſt the actors.

But in this Chaucer only followed the ſpirit of his time, which never for a moment regarded the ordinances of chivalry or the ſocial forms of feudaliſm as a local and tranſitory phaſe of human hiſtory, but took them to be univerſal and eternal; ſo that, wherever from the

beginning of the world kings had reigned, or brave men fought, there they conceived there had been knights and ſquires, jouſts and tournaments, homage and fealty.

The love, too, that is drawn in this tale—the common love of Palamon and Arcite for the fair Emilia, which turns at once their devoted friendſhip into mortal enmity —is thoroughly mediæval in its conception. It is ſudden, irreſiſtible, ſupreme, *"ut vidi, ut perii!"* one momentary glance at the object, and the paſſion becomes thenceforth not only a law of life, but a law ſuperſeding every other, except knightly honour. Thus, when Palamon finds unexpectedly his early brother in arms now his deadly foe, and finds him an outcaſt in peril of his life, he brings him food and arms, each helps to gird on the harneſs of the other as carefully as if he had been his ſquire. They diſpute each to relinquiſh the better ſword to his antagoniſt, and when this friendly conteſt is ſettled, then at laſt they engage with deadly fury. The ſtory is ſpread over years, and, during all that time, their love is ſuppoſed—I do not ſay to increaſe, for that he repreſents as impoſſible, but—to undergo no change or diminution. And all this without a word or glance of encouragement. For, to the laſt, Emilia remains cold and ſtately, praying to Diana that ſhe might remain her votareſs, and yielding only at the king's command to be the prize of the victor in the great tournament in which their pretentions were decided. I do not ſay that all this is nature; it is romance, the exalted idea of ſomething that *does* exiſt in human nature. No one could paint the things that lie in daily life more keenly, truly, and humorouſly, than Chaucer;

but when he ſang of knights, "Le Donne I Cavalieri, gli armi, gli amori," he roſe to a vein as lofty as his theme.

The Knight's ſtory is followed by one of a very different deſcription, one which, with two or three others in the collection, it was perfectly unpardonable in Chaucer to have written, and which form an ineffaceable blemiſh on his memory. It is no excuſe to ſay for him that the times were coarſe and rude. There was, no doubt, a great deal of coarſeneſs and rudeneſs, and there was no formed public opinion to protect public morals. But all this is no palliation for a man of Chaucer's high gifts ſtooping to clothe in verſe, and to place ſide by ſide with the brigheſt emanations of his genius, ſuch ribald tales as might paſs amongſt the idle ſervitors in a baron's hall. It was a ſin againſt art, too, and againſt the very beſt conception of his poem; for how could he aſk us to fancy that the knight and ſquire would tolerate ſuch tales to offend the ear of the prioreſs and the nuns, or that the Parſon, ſuch as he is deſcribed, would have remained a moment longer in the company? The utmoſt that can be ſaid is that they are but two or three out of the maſs, and that the greater number are free from ſtain.

One of the moſt beautiful of the ſtories is told by the Clerk of Oxford. It is the well-known ſtory of Griſelda; a ſtory of Boccaccio, tranſlated into Latin by Petrarch, from whom Chaucer learned it, and of whom he ſpeaks touchingly and affectionately, as Francis Petrarch, Poet Laureate, whoſe ſweet rhetoric had illumined all Italy with poetry. From him he learned the tale at Padua, and he adds,

"He now is dead, and nailed in his cheſt;
I pray to God to give his ſoulé reſt."

The ſtory is the ſtory of a maiden of the humbleſt birth, choſen for his bride by a royal marquis, who afterwards puts her obedience to the moſt agonizing trials, without ever diſturbing her ſweet and perfect ſubmiſſiveneſs. He takes from her, ſucceſſively, her only daughter and her only ſon in their infancy, perſuading her that they muſt be put to death, becauſe his people would not ſuffer her ignoble blood to inherit. He ſent them away to be trained by his ſiſter, and when his daughter was growing up to womanhood, he again pretended to Griſelda that his people inſiſted that he ſhould marry a damſel of noble birth, and that ſhe muſt not only depart from his palace, but ſtrip off the rich dreſs in which ſhe was arrayed, put on once more the wretched clothing that ſhe had when firſt he ſaw her, and return to the poverty of her father's houſe. In all this ſhe obeys him as meekly as ever, and when ſhe ſees the new bride, rejoices that ſo fair a creature had come to take her place. The end may be well conceived. The marquis, ſatisfied with this extreme proof of devotion, takes his wife again to his arms, preſents to her their long-loſt ſon and daughter, and ſets her up thenceforth as the very type of a perfect wife. The portions of this ſtory which contain the trials of Griſelda are too painful, but the beginning, deſcribing the lowly eſtate of Griſelda and her behaviour in it, is very beautiful.

The tale of Griſelda is paralleled by another ſtory of womanly excellence, told by Chaucer himſelf: the only

proſe diſcourſe in the entire work, with the exception of that by the Parſon. Chaucer deſcribes himſelf as ſummoned ſharply by the hoſt to give his contribution to the general entertainment. "'What man art thou?' quoth he, 'thou lookeſt as thou wouldſt find a hare, for ever on the ground I ſee thee ſtare;'" little fancying, as the poet would have us believe, that thoſe downcaſt eyes had ſuch far-ſighted and penetrating quality. Chaucer thereupon breaks out into a ridiculous ſtory of a knight errant and a giant, done in a jingling metre, which, however, is one quite familiar to us. It is an evident ſatire upon the abſurdities of ſome of the jongleurs. I will give you a couple of ſtanzas to ſhow the metre.

"His ſhield was all of gold ſo red,
And therein was a boaré's head,
A carbuncle beſide.
And there he ſwore on ale and bread
How that the giant ſhould be dead,
Betide what might betide.

"Now hold your mouth for charity,
Both noble knight and lady free,
And hearken to my ſpell
Of battle and of chivalry,
Of ladies' love and druerie
Anon I will you tell."

There are ſome thirty ſtanzas of the ſame falſe gallop of verſe; but he could get no farther, for the hoſt breaks in upon him, with moſt comical indignation, calling it in plain words "rhyme doggerel," ſhowing how old are the name and thing ſo deſignated.

"Mine ears are aching of thy drafty ſpeech,
Now ſuch a rhyme the devil I beteach;
Tho doeſt nought elſe but miſſpendeſt time.
Sir, in a word, thou ſhalt no longer rhyme."

And Chaucer, after a vain effort to continue his doggrel, takes refuge in plain proſe, in a tale of Melibeus and his wife Prudence; how, with her ſage counſel, fortified, it muſt be owned, by an inordinate amount of quotation from authors, ſacred and profane, ſhe diſſuaded him from taking revenge upon his enemies, and made him heap coals of fire upon their heads, and win them over at laſt to ſubmiſſion and amity by gentle and lenient dealing. To this ſtory the hoſt liſtens with an attention very different from that which he had paid to the rhyme of Sir Topas, and when it was ended breaks out in quite another ſtrain. The hoſt, as we may remember, is deſcribed in the prologue as a gallant and portly citizen.

"A ſeemly man our hoſté was withal,
For to have been a marſhal in a hall;
A largé man he was with eyen ſteep,
A fairer burgeſs is there none in Chepe,
Bold of his ſpeech, and wiſe and well ytaught,
And of manhood him lackéd righté nought."

And it is plain, from the poſition he aſſumed among knights and lord abbots, that he looked upon himſelf as one uſed to play the firſt part in whatever company he might find himſelf; but bold as he was, and lacking nothing of manhood, there was one domeſtic enemy before whom he trembled, ſo that the ſtory of the wife of Melibeus impreſſed him much—

"When ended was the tale of Melibée,
And of Prudence and her benignité,
Our hoſt ſaid, 'as I am a faithful man,
And by the precious Corpus Madrian,
I had far liefer than a barrel of ale,
That goodé leſe my wife had heard this tale,

For ſhe has nothing of ſuch patience,
As was this Melibeus' wife, Prudence.
I ſwear to you, that when I beat my knaves,
She bringeth me the great clubbèd ſtaves,
And crieth, ſlay the doggés every one,
And break them, both their back and every bone.
And if that any neighebour of mine
Will not in church before my wife incline,
Or be ſo bold to treſpaſs on her place,
When ſhe comes home ſhe rampeth in my face
And cries, falſe coward, wilt thou wreak thy wife,
By Corpus Domini, I will have thy knife,
And thou ſhalt have my diſtaff and go ſpin;
From day till night right thus ſhe will begin.
This is my life unleſs that I will fight,
And out of doors anon I muſt me dight,
And well I wot, ſhe'll make me ſlay ſome day,
Some neighbour, and then let me go my way;
For I am perilous with knife in hand,
All be it that I dare not her withſtand."

Reflections of the ſame character, but in a bitterer vein, fall from the Merchant, at the end of the ſtory of Griſelda. I would not venture to touch upon matters ſo delicate as this, if it were not to ſhow you that the worſhip of the ſex, in thoſe days of chivalry, had its reverſe ſide, and with the proviſo that it is all a ſtory of five hundred years ago. I mentioned Chaucer's contempt for the Alchemyſts. In truth it is not contempt alone, but the utmoſt indignation at the cheat and deluſion which he ſaw the whole thing to be. He brings it out in this way. A certain Canon and his yeoman or ſervant, who were not among the original pilgrims, joined them on the road. The Canon was very poorly arrayed, and poorly mounted. They aſk to join the company, which is conceded upon

the common terms of their contributing a ſtory or two. The hoſt, being much ſtruck with the Canon's appearance, aſks the yeoman who and what he is? Upon which the yeoman anſwers, "Homely as you ſee him, he could take and pave all the ground from this to Canterbury with ſilver or with gold." "Benedicite," ſays the hoſt, "this is a marvellous thing to me! Why goes he ſo ſluttiſh, then, if he has the means to buy better cloth?" "How can I tell," ſays the yeoman, "I believe he is 'too wiſe,' he has over great a wit, and miſuſeth it as often happens." This does not ſatisfy the hoſt, who takes the yeoman aſide and queſtions him more cloſely—

"'Where do you dwell, if it to tell may be?'
'Why, in the ſuburbs of a town,' quoth he,
'Lurking in corners, and in alleys blind,
There where theſe robbers and theſe thieves by kind
Holden their privy fearful reſidence,
As they that dare not ſhewen their preſence.'"

Again the hoſt croſs-queſtions him, and aſks him what made his face ſo diſcoloured, and then the truth begins to come out.

"I am ſo uſed the hot fire to blow,
That it hath changed my colour all, I trow,
I am not wont in no mirror to pry,
But labour ſore, and learn to multiply;
We blunder ever and pore in the fire,
And for all that we fail of our deſire,
We lack for ever our concluſion.
To many folk we do illuſion,
And borrow gold, be it a pound or two,
Or ten or twelve, or many ſommés mo,
And make them wenen at the leaſté way
That of their pound we cannen maken tway,

Yet it is falſe, and aye we have good hope,
It for to do, and after it we grope.
But ſtill that ſcience is ſo far before,
We never may, although we to it ſwore,
It overtake; it ſlides away ſo faſt,
And it will make us beggars at the laſt."

The Canon begins to overhear theſe revelations and rides up to ſtop his ſervant's mouth; but finding that he cannot do ſo, rides off himſelf, and then the ſervant's tongue is completely looſed, and he pours out a ſtream of maledictions on the philoſopher's ſtone, and all that ſeek it. All the jargon and nonſenſe of their pretended myſtery is ſet out with great and very humorous detail; and he tells a ſtory of a canon who, he pretends, was not, though he manifeſtly was, his maſter, who, by an ingenious ſleight-of-hand, introducing ſome ſilver filings into the crucible, perſuaded a prieſt that he had attained to the tranſmutation of metals, and ſucceeded at leaſt in tranſmuting the prieſt's money into his own pocket.

After all, the Canterbury Tales have been left unfiniſhed; he does not even bring his Pilgrims as far as Canterbury, much leſs give us the ſecond ſeries of tales promiſed on their return; and one of the moſt beautiful, indeed the moſt beautiful, of the tales, judging by its commencement, has been left a fragment,—the Squire's tale, which excited the deſire of Milton to evoke the ſpirit of Chaucer for its completion,—

"To call up him that left half told
The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold,
Of Camball and of Algarſife,
And who had Canace to wife,

That owned the magic ring and glaſs,
And of the wondrous horſe of braſs
On which the Tartar king did ride."

The work concludes with what he calls the Parſon's tale, which is not in any ſenſe a narrative, but an excellent theological eſſay on the ſacrament of penance. Taken as a picture of the era, theſe tales repreſent to us a time, not of much poverty or ſtruggle for exiſtence, but of general though rude well being; a time, ſo to ſay, luſty and full of blood. The garments even of the humbler claſſes are comfortable and even rich in a ſenſe. The Carpenter's wife in one of the ſtories wears a robe and broad fillet, all of ſilk. There was more travel, too, and intercourſe between England and the reſt of the world than we would be likely to conceive. The very Wife of Bath had been in Rome and Spain, and thrice in Jeruſalem. The ſocial intercourſe between the higher and lower claſſes was more free and familiar than it ſince became, the very certainty of the acknowledgment of rank and of the reſpect due to it tending to produce this reſult. But the land of England was ſtill in many parts waſte and uncultivated, and we find the wild mares running free in the fens of Cambridgeſhire.

And now, this much we may ſay, of which of the five centuries from Chaucer's time to our own has any author given us a picture ſo luminous and perfect as he has done of the fourteenth? This is the marvellous office of genius. Through the night of centuries we ſtrain our eyes and minds to diſcern how lived and felt in their daily, as in their higher life, that race of our

foreſathers whoſe images now ſeem to us faint and unſubſtantial, and cold as the ſculptured figures on their tombs. When upon this world of men and women, ſo long dead and buried, there breaks a ſtream of light, like a ſunbeam through the denſeſt cloud, illuminating with magic power one little ſpot of the paſt, making it to us like the bright and buſy preſent; of all the kings and queens, nobles and ſtateſmen, warriors and churchmen of that ſtirring age, how few are to us anything but the mereſt ſhadow of a name; while thoſe thirty pilgrims who met by chance at the tabaret, and journeyed together from Southwark to Canterbury, have become, to uſe the phraſe of a great modern poet, "pilgrims of eternity!"

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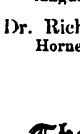

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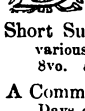

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